SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1223 02507 1946

A CENTURY OF ENGLISH FOX-HUNTING

G. F. UNDERHILL

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/centuryofenglish0000geor

Books on Sport and Veterinary Science.

W. A. KERR, V.C. (formerly Second in Command Southern Mahratta Horse), Author of "Riding," "Riding for Ladies," etc.

The Stable Key; or, Stud and Stable Studies. Illustrated with a splendid series of reproductions from Photographs and Original Drawings, and printed on paper specially manufactured. Two volumes, royal 8vo, handsomely bound in strong buckram. Price £3 3*s*. net (or separately 31*s*. 6*d*. net each volume). Illustrated Prospectus on application. [*In the press.*

FRANK T. BARTON, M.R.C.V.S., Author of "The Horse Owners' Companion," etc.

The Veterinary Manual for Horse Owners. A valuable and up-to-date work, written in simple language. Crown 8vo. Fully Illustrated. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

FOX RUSSELL, Author of "Colonel Botcherby," etc.

Outridden. A new Sporting Novel. Crown 8vo. Boards, 2*s*.; cloth, 2*s*. 6*d*. 2nd edition, completing 20th thousand.

W. W. GREENER, Author of "The Gun and Its Development," etc.

Sharpshooting for Sport and War. 200 pages. 90 Illustrations. 1*s*. and 1*s*. 6*d*. net.

"THORMANBY," Author of "Kings of the Turf," etc.

Boxers and their Battles. Anecdotal Sketches and Personal Recollections of Famous Pugilists. With numerous Portraits. Crown 8vo. 6*s*. Also Colonial Edition.

W. C. A. BLEW, Author of "History of Steeplechasing."

Racing. Famous Racehorses—Trainers—Jockeys—Touts and Tipsters—Turf Finance, etc. Crown 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*. Colonial Edition.

Capt. M. H. HAYES, Author of "Points of the Horse."

Among Horses in Russia. Medium 8vo. With 53 Illustrations. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

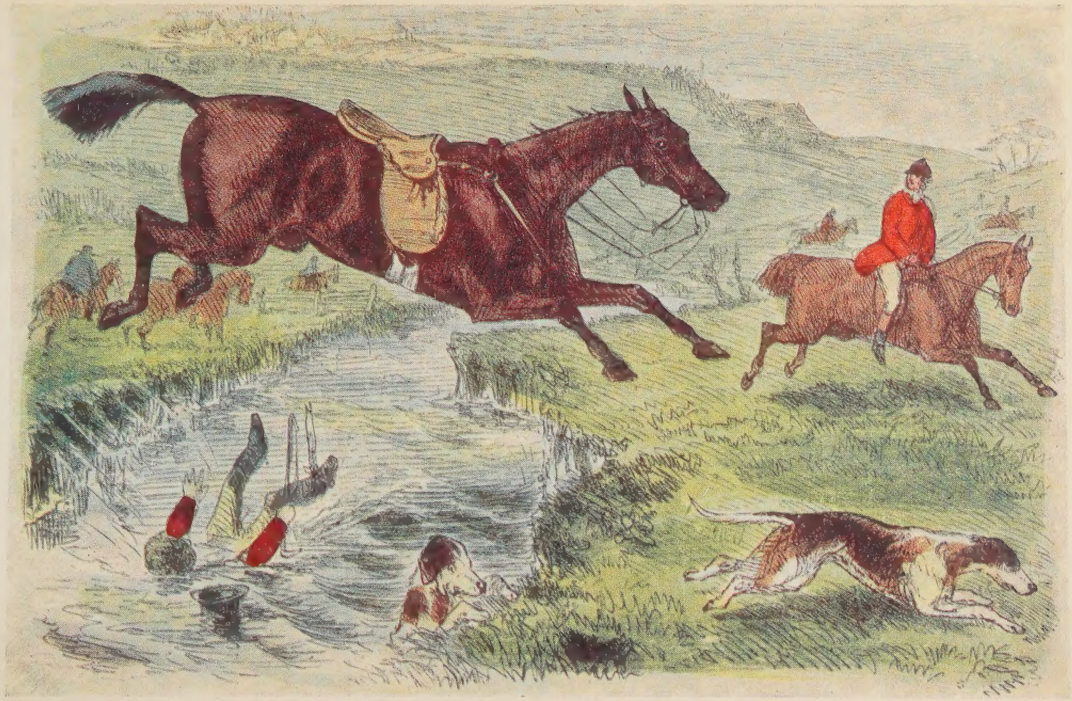
Capt. M. H. HAYES.

Among Horses in South Africa. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

NAT GOULD, Author of "The Double Event," etc.

Nat Gould's Sporting Sketches. Being Recollections and Reflections on a variety of subjects connected with Sport, Horses, and Horsemen, never before published. Illustrated. Cloth extra, 6*s*. Popular Edition, 2*s*.

A CENTURY OF ENGLISH FOX-HUNTING



THE HUMOURS OF FOX HUNTING

(From a Drawing by JOHN LEECH).

Frontispiece.

A CENTURY

OF

ENGLISH FOX-HUNTING

BY

GEORGE F. UNDERHILL

AUTHOR OF "HUNTING AND PRACTICAL HINTS TO HUNTING MEN,"
"RIDING FOR LADIES," ETC.

R. A. EVERETT & Co.
42, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.
LONDON
1900

All rights reserved

799
Un2

146085

N. P. PUBLIC LIBRARY

PLYMOUTH
WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON
PRINTERS

3 1223 02507 1946

PREFACE

A PREFACE must to a certain extent partake of the nature of an autobiography, and I fear that the majority of readers regard autobiographies with suspicion. Moreover, there are few books which require a preface to the first edition, though in subsequent editions it is only fair that the author should have an opportunity of making explanations in cases where he has been misunderstood. Nor, beyond acknowledging the kind help which I have received from friends and acquaintances, should I have made any prefatory remarks to the following pages, if it were not that I have been urgently persuaded to do so by those whose literary experience is far greater than my own. I have often heard it stated that the character of a book reflects the character of the author, and such undoubtedly must be the case when the book has any claim for originality. But in a work which only pretends to a moderate degree of research there can be little if any index to the character of the author, who accordingly should not be accused of personal vanity for writing a preface. For my own part, I can only

say that it was with great diffidence that I began this, and with greater diffidence that I concluded it. After an experience of fourteen years as a hunting journalist I knew at the outset that the mass of material which it would be my duty to condense would be enormous; but it was not until I had made some considerable progress that I realised how great was the task which I had undertaken. From time to time I was compelled to change the plan of the work, for every week new methods of treating my subject suggested themselves. Three points I always kept in view: I had to demonstrate that fox-hunting has been an important factor in the agricultural economy and social country life of the century; I had to place certain statistics before my readers; thirdly, I had to place before my readers certain reliable biographies and anecdotes. Hardly, however, had I commenced my work before the South African War broke out, followed by the enrolment of the Imperial Yeomanry, which denuded the hunting-field of many of the keenest supporters of fox-hunting, and suggested a comparison with the Napoleonic and the Crimean Wars, and the influences of fox-hunting on cavalry warfare and scouting. In view of the increased importance of scouting in modern warfare and the disasters which happened to our troops through inferior scouting, I wrote the chapter on "Fox-hunting and Warfare," to demonstrate that fox-hunting is an excellent school for scouting; but I must ask my

critics to remember that I wrote only as a civilian who believes that fox-hunting enables a man to gain a more accurate knowledge of the country than any other sport or pastime.

My readers may occasionally recognise an old acquaintance in a new garb, but, excepting my own contributions to hunting literature, I have to the best of my belief always stated the name of my authority. In regard to my own writings, I must tender my warm thanks to Mr. Knowles, the editor of *The Nineteenth Century*, for allowing me to quote from my article on "Fox-hunting and Agriculture," which appeared in the magazine in May, 1898, and to Mr. A. J. Stanton, the editor of *Country Sport*, for similar permission to quote from various articles which I have written for his paper since the commencement of 1896. I must also thank Mr. G. S. Lowe, the editor of the *Sporting Life*, for the advice and assistance which he has always rendered me during our journalistic acquaintanceship. For the chapter which deals with the bibliography of hunting I am mainly indebted to my old friend Mr. J. Herbert Slater. I wish that it had been within my power to embrace in this chapter a survey of hunting engravings and prints; but in the first place I should have been trespassing upon Mr. Slater's preserves, and in the second place a comprehensive survey would have been beyond the limits of the book.

It may be said that I have left unwritten much

which ought to have been written, more especially in regard to "Biographies in a Nutshell," and that I have omitted to mention many names which deserve a place in this history. I must cry "*Peccavi!*" But to enumerate all the giants of the hunting-field would have meant a history of national fox-hunters, and would have been far beyond the scope of this modest volume. Besides, the majority of these giants have been written about in the pages of *Baily's Magazine* and in Mr. "Thormanby" Wilmot Dixon's book, entitled *Kings of the Hunting-field.* Nor have I ventured to deal with the subjects of hound-breeding and kennel-lore, for these subjects mainly interest Masters of Hounds, and when Masters disagree it is not for the author to decide. In conclusion, I only hope that my critics will be to my faults a little blind, and to my virtues, if they can find any, ever kind.

GEORGE F. UNDERHILL.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION

Scarcity of records at the beginning of the century—Hunting conducted on a rough-and-ready system—Popularity of modern fox-hunting—Benefits to agriculture—Statistics of financial profit—Personal influence of hunting men on agriculture—Strangers in the hunting-field—Non-subscribers and peripatetic fox-poachers—Shooting-tenants and syndicates of non-resident shooting-tenants—Crowds at meets of hounds—Their ignorance and carelessness . . . . . *page* 1

CHAPTER II.

MASTERS OF HOUNDS

A list of Masters of English foxhounds during the nineteenth century, with their packs and their dates of Mastership . *page* 25

CHAPTER III.

BIOGRAPHIES IN A NUTSHELL

Mr. John Corbet, of Sundorne Castle—His career in Warwickshire—Trojan—Will Barrow—Stratford-on-Avon—The Black Collars—Famous runs with Mr. Corbet's hounds—Mr. Thomas Assheton-Smith—Young days—Succeeds Lord Foley in the Quorn country—His irritability—His horsemanship—He founds the Tedworth Hunt—Squire Osbaldeston—The "Hercules" of horsemen—M.F.H. for thirty-five seasons—His ubiquity in sport—His kennel-lore—Vaulter—His horsemanship—His behaviour in the field—His Newmarket ride—His racing career—The

"Rush" episode—Lord Middleton succeeds Mr. Corbet after only two days' interregnum—His popularity with the farmers—His good nature—His supporters—His dislike for hunting reporters—Abolishes the club at Stratford-on-Avon—Divides the old Warwickshire country—Lord Althorp—Early gambling—His enthusiasm—Hound-lore—His clumsiness on a horse—His political career—Squire Forester, of Willey—Tom Moody, his whipper-in—His country from the Clee Hills to the Wrekin—The Beggarlybrook after-dinner run—Dibdin—Phœbe Higgs—Parson Stephen—Mr. John Mytton—A mother's spoilt darling—His first marriage and date of his decline—"Nimrod's" mistaken opinion of Mrs. Mytton—His strength—Denial that he drank himself to death—Mr. Tom "Gentleman" Smith—His Masterships—Succeeds Lord Chesterfield in the Pytchley country—Hampered in finance—His literary success—His theory about foxes, fur, and feather—His hound-lore—Cub-hunting in the afternoon—His private history—His quarrel with Mr. Assheton-Smith—Final meet at Broadhalfpenny—Sir Watkin Wynn—He founds his kennel and stud regardless of money—Fire at Wynnstay—Retires to the Continent—"Merry" John Walker—Charles Payne—Sir Watkin's horsemanship—The seventh Duke of Beaufort—His rheumatism—His hunting science—His political career—His courtesy in the hunting-field—His obituary notices—His theory about breeding hounds . . . . *page* 97

CHAPTER IV.

FURTHER BIOGRAPHIES IN A NUTSHELL

The Reverend John Russell—His early education—Exmoor hunting career—His associates in the hunting-field—Dick Christian—His unique position in the hunting-field—Taught riding by Stevenson—His horsemanship—His opinion about Liecestershire hunters—Reflections on his life—Mr. Dixon, "The Druid"—Ophthalmia—Rugby days—Rugby Steeplechases—His life at Doncaster—The *Doncaster Gazette*—Friendship with Mr. James White, "Martingale"—"Old Mortality of the Turf"—His knowledge of hunters and hacks—Conscientiousness as an author—Powers of endurance—Death—Major Whyte-Melville—Lord Rosslyn's epitaph—His riding abilities—His amiability towards man and horse—His knowledge of hunting—His modesty—His generosity—Mr. Apperley, "Nimrod"—Dual existence—Rode with

seventy-three packs—Never wrote till he was forty-four—His hunting career—His vanity—His extravagance—Straitened financial circumstances—Experiences in Hampshire—His courage in literature—His egotism—Remarks on his works—Mr. Surtees—His modesty—Early books—"The Yorkshireman"—"Charley Stubbs" . . . . . *page* 158

CHAPTER V.

MORE FAMOUS HORSEMEN OF THE CENTURY

Welter weights—Mr. G. S. Lowe's opinions—Welter M.F.H.'s—Mr. Tom Edge—Mr. Gurney—Mr. Little Gilmour—Colonel Wyndham—Mr. Tyler—Mr. E. Davey—Mr. Henry Greaves—Mr. Villebois—Mr. John Chaworth Musters—Mr. Chandos Pole—Mr. Henry Chaplin—Mr. Fenwick-Bisset—Mr. Trist—Compton Wyngate run—Wolford Wood run—Wellesbourne Pastures run—Sersay Wood run—Exmoor runs . . *page* 197

CHAPTER VI.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE HUNTING-FIELD

"Geoffrey Gambado"—Peter Beckford—Henry Alken—William Somerville—William Blane—"Nimrod"—Mr. Surtees—Old sporting papers—Encyclopædias—Georgina Bowers—Mr. A. E. Pease—Mr. Delmé Radcliffe—"Brooksby"—"Cecil"—Mr. Warburton—Lord Ribblesdale—W. C. Blew—"Harry Hieover"—"Scrutator"—"Wanderer"—Mr. G. Finch Mason—"Thormanby" . . . . . *page* 214

CHAPTER VII.

STABLE MANAGEMENT

Sanitation—Situation—Light—Structure—Ventilation—Major Fisher's opinion—Windows—Gangways—Doorways—Flooring—Loose boxes *v.* stalls—Pillar reins—Mangers—Saddle-rooms—Saddlery—Relations between master and man—Tom Moody—Charles Davis—Comparison between servants in 1800 and 1900—Farriers—Veterinary science—"Cecil's" formulæ . . *page* 237

CHAPTER VIII.

CUB-HUNTING AND THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON

Advertising cub-hunting fixtures—The pros and the cons—Shooting—Gamekeepers' enmity towards foxes—Mr. J. Scott Kerr—Preservation of foxes and pheasants—Non-resident shooting tenants—Sporting orthodoxy—Abuses of cub-hunting—Conditioning hunters—"Cecil's" opinions . . . *page* 269

CHAPTER IX.

LADIES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD

Lady Violet Greville—Origin of the side-saddle—Hunting parsons—The late Empress of Austria—Riding masters—Polo for ladies—Riding habits—Lady cyclists . . . . *page* 284

CHAPTER X.

FOX-HUNTING AND WARFARE

The Yeomanry—Authority of Lord-Lieutenants—The War Office notice—Enthusiasm of hunting men—Colonel Bower—Lord Chesham—The Imperial Yeomanry—Apathy of the War Office—The hunting-field as a training ground for soldiers—Scouting—Major-General Baden-Powell—The Transvaal War—Lord Tredegar—Lord Lonsdale—Lord Essex—Lord Dudley—Lord Harris—Duke of Marlborough—Major Dalbiac—Lord Cardigan—Riding forces from the hunting-field . . . *page* 301

CHAPTER XI.

THE SUPERVISION OF GAMEKEEPERS

Non-residential shooting-tenants—The law relating to poaching—The poulterer—Friction between shooting-men and fox-hunters——The tenant farmer—How to engage a gamekeeper—Personal experiences—Destruction of wild birds . . . *page* 325

CHAPTER XII.

SPORT AND ITS RELATION TO THE STATE

Financial considerations—Sport as a bulwark of national prosperity —Reformation—Unscrupulous hypocrites—The equality of sportsmen—Should sport request State aid?—Education in sport— —Management of sport—The agricultural wage. . . . *page* 336

A CENTURY

OF

ENGLISH FOX-HUNTING

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION

IN writing the history of a period which extends for a century the historian must rely upon trustworthy records. In regard to fox-hunting the records are numerous, but their authenticity is doubtful. At the beginning of the century the hunting correspondent was unknown, and it was left to the local poet to commemorate in rhyme the doings of the chase. The main object was to place the names of the local gentry in rhyme, bisect the product with local geography, and trisect the result with hunting phraseology. Masters of hounds, with a few exceptions, were either negligent in posting up their hunting diaries, or did not pretend to keep a diary. They cared nothing for fame, as presented by journalism ; nor could journalism have given them any fame, for until Mr. C. J. Apperley commenced

to write for *The Sporting Magazine*, in 1822, sporting journalism was confined to prize-fighting, cock-fighting, and Newgate criminal trials; and the circulation of sporting news was practically confined to London. We must remember that, with the exception of the mail and slow coaches, there were no lines of communication between town and country, and that fox-hunting was entirely in the hands of the nobility, the squirearchy, and the sparsonarchy. In order to vary the dull routine of country life they organised fox-hunting. Mr. Hugo Meynell, who was Master of the Quorn from 1753 till 1800, had founded a system, which, with very few alterations, is in vogue at the present day. Hitherto fox-hunting had been carried on in an irregular fashion. If a fox had been viewed, or, by leaving traces of his depredations behind him, was known to be in the neighbourhood, a heterogeneous pack of hounds was collected, and the whole of the countryside took part in a fox-hunt. The first edition of *Handley Cross* was published in 1843, so that at all events it was probably founded on the author's experiences during the late thirties. But we have no direct evidence of the fact, for Mr. Surtees was a reserved and taciturn man, who never took the public into his confidence. It is strange that the man who created Mr. Jorrocks, James Pigg, Mr. Soapey Sponge, Lucy Glitters, Mr. Facey Romford, and a host of other characters too numerous to mention, should have been in private

life a misanthropist. He expended his fund of wit and humour on pen, ink, and paper, instead of in the society of his brother fox-hunters. But, though Mr. Jorrocks conducted the Handley Cross Hunt on the rough-and-ready system, even in the first decade of the century many hunting establishments were organised on a sound business basis, and the principle, that those who enjoy the sport should pay for the sport, was recognised.

Many years, however, were destined to elapse before railway communication brought to the hunting-field the commercial population of the provincial towns, and the urban resident was regarded as a stranger in the land. There was a jealousy between the rural and urban communities, remnants of which still exist at the present time. The hunting-field was an agricultural club, and the town outsider was dubbed "a cockney tailor," unless he could lay claim to being a "Corinthian." *Life in London*, by Mr. Pierce Egan, was first published in 1821, and in 1822 a burlesque, entitled *Tom and Jerry, or Life in London*, was performed at Davis's Royal Amphitheatre. In 1823 a French version of *Life in London* was published, entitled *Le Diorama Anglais, ou Promenades Pittoresques à Londres*, and in 1822 *Life in Paris*, by Dick Wildfire, had been published. "Corinthianism" was now a pronounced element in sport, though it was unpopular amongst the fox-hunting community, who regarded the Corinthians as patrons of sport rather than as sportsmen. The

end of the Napoleonic War sounded the death-knell of the Corinthians. The Duke of Wellington and his officers, fresh from the glory of Waterloo, returned to England to bring out a second edition of cavalry charges in the pastures of Leicestershire, and fox-hunting was the most popular medium for healthy enjoyment, healthy excitement, and healthy exercise. The time had arrived when patronage of sport included participation in sport. The era which created a Beau Brummel, considered "Old Q.," Duke of Queensberry, to be the leading sportsman of the day, and permitted criminal chicanery to be practised on the turf, was swept aside. The dissipation of the Regency had ceased to be amusing, and had become disgusting. Moreover, the unhealthy excitement engendered by the patronage of without the participation in sport had caused many people to become hostile to hunting. There were then, as there are now, and probably always will be, members of the community who are incapable of appreciating healthy amusement. Those members may be divided into two classes, namely, those who practise cruelty and those who profess Puritanism. At the beginning of the century, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, bull-fighting, and the baser form of prize-fighting were not only tolerated, but encouraged by the patrician classes. Fortunately, there were many patricians living in the country far away from the madding crowd that thronged around Carlton House and Almack's.

These landowners, disgusted with the profligacy of London, devoted their leisure to classical scholarship. What was the result of their study? We have only to read the pages of history in order to learn that the gladiatorial shows of Imperial Rome were supported by the luxurious habits of men and the immorality of women. The patricians considered that it was beneath their dignity to take any active participation in the national games; so they were mere spectators, who paid their servants in proportion to the amount of blood which they shed. I have not been able to discover an instance of a patrician driving his own horses in a chariot race; nor is it any exaggeration to say that, after the retirement of Tiberius to Capreæ, the sport of Imperial Rome was solely emblematic of indolence and cruelty. It was cancerous, instead of being invigorating, to the heart of the State, with the result that the pristine bravery of the Romans was watered with cowardice when the Goths besieged Ravenna.

Let me, before dealing with the anecdotal history of fox-hunting, which I hope will amuse my readers, and the statistics, which, though necessarily dull, will, I trust, be found to be authentic, state in a few words the reasons for the popularity of modern fox-hunting.

Fox-hunting has long been regarded as one of the principal factors in our agricultural economy. If it were, what some of its enemies declare it to be, merely the amusement of the wealthy few, it would

long since have been relegated to ancient history together with the port-wine-drinking squires of the last century; but every schoolboy who has studied the rudiments of political economy knows that the sport produces national wealth—directly, through the encouragement of the horse-breeding industry and the consequent demand for fodder, and indirectly, through the circulation of money throughout the country, which would otherwise be diverted into foreign channels. It may be said, without exaggeration, that fox-hunting is the foundation of our national country life, for if it were not for hunting the large country seats would either be closed or let to tenants, between whom and the farmers there could be no sympathy. Farms would fall into decay, and the capital, without which the poor farmer is helpless, would be taken abroad; thus the small farmer would find himself without a market for the produce of his farm. This is a dismal picture to draw, suggesting probabilities of agricultural ruin; but for this reason it behoves us to examine carefully whether fox-hunting maintains its influence on agriculture and its popularity amongst the farming community. In my advocacy of the national sport I confess that I am inclined to be optimistic, but the most extreme optimists are obliged to admit that there are many signs in country life, which portend against the welfare of hunting. New customs have arisen which are inimical to the sport. More men hunt, and owing to the suburban builder and the

increased area of our manufacturing districts, there is less land for them to hunt over, with the result that we find more complaints from the farmers. The finances of hunting, as represented by the subscription lists, are not in such a flourishing condition as they ought to be, considering the number of men who hunt. The increased railway facilities, which enable a man to breakfast in London and to be present at covert-side in Leicestershire, have added largely to the list of men, who never subscribe a halfpenny towards the expenses of the sport which they enjoy and towards the damage which they cause through their ignorance of agriculture. Agricultural depression has obliged many landlords to let their shootings to non-resident tenants, and, what is worse, to syndicates of non-resident tenants. There has been a decrease in large graziers, who can afford to hunt, and an increase in small farmers who cannot afford to hunt; or, to put it in other words, large holdings have decreased and small holdings have increased. The character of the hunting-field, which was originally the club of the neighbourhood, to which the tenant farmer was as welcome as the Lord Lieutenant, has lost the social significance of local surroundings. The hereditary autocracy, as possessed by the Beaufort, Yarborough, and Fitzwilliam families, has given way to the limited government of the Master of a subscription pack. Many of these changes are the inevitable result of that rule of modern life which tells us that the old order

changeth, but I fail to see why the new order should not maintain the agricultural influence of fox-hunting.

It is an axiom that hunting depends upon the sufferance of the farmers, since it is within the power of the farmers to enforce the law of trespass. But until recent years no man would have dreamt of calling in the law to his aid; for, firstly, the yeoman farmer and the tenant farmer were good sportsmen and rode to hounds; and, secondly, they were ruled to a great extent by the public opinion of the landowners. These are merely sentimental reasons. There was a further economical reason, namely, that the farmer reaped directly the profits derivable from the sport. He sold his young horses to the hunting man in his own country, whom he supplied with fodder. He might not make such a large profit out of the transaction as if he had sold through the dealers, but he knew that the small profit was due to the local hunting. He might sell a dozen horses in the open market, without knowing or even caring to inquire whether they were to be used as hunters. He did not care how many horses were sold annually for hunting purposes; he only cared how many he could sell in his own local hunt. He saw that hunting benefited him individually, and therefore he supported it without giving a thought to the good which it might do to the farming community. It was a selfish procedure, but it was essentially human. Again, it must be remembered that the greater part of the money accruing from the direct advantages of

hunting goes into the pockets of men who possess, either by ownership or tenancy, large holdings. As a rule their land is pasture, with inclosures varying from fifty to a hundred acres, in which barbed wire, the bugbear of hunting, would be worse than useless. They are breeders of horses and livestock rather than farmers in the strict sense of the word. In order to keep their livestock within bounds they must have strong fences, such as would stop 75 per cent. of men who ride to hounds. To them barbed wire means risk to their young horses and damage to the hides of their cattle, since it is the instinct of cattle to press against the barbs, with the result that the hide, when sent to the tanner's yard, is found to be blemished. Their fences are too strong to be trampled down, and the damage done to their pasture by a large field of horsemen and horsewomen galloping over it is infinitesimal. Moreover, as a rule, their circumstances are such that they can afford to enjoy the sport. Herein lies the crux of the case: the man, who can afford to enjoy a sport, will support that sport, whatever it may be, under any circumstances. How much more will he do so when it brings him financial profit!

The details of this financial profit will be first stated in the form of statistics. There are 150 recognised packs of foxhounds in England alone. For each pack we may assume that on the average there are 100 horses used exclusively for hunting purposes, *i.e.* 15,000 horses are kept in England for

fox-hunting. Take the average life of a horse in the hunting-field at five years, and the average price paid for him at £100, and we find that £300,000 is spent annually on hunters, a large proportion of which must go into the pockets of the breeder, *i.e.* the farmer. Again, every one of these 15,000 horses costs in fodder, at the lowest estimate, ten shillings a week; *i.e.* £7,500 is spent weekly, or £390,000 per annum, on fodder for hunters, out of which sum at least £350,000 goes into the pockets of the farmer, leaving the handsome sum of £40,000 as commission for corn factors, corn dealers, *et hoc genus omne.* It will be seen that in the above statistics I have taken no notice of the enormous number of horses, such as covert hacks, trappers, and general utility horses, which would never be bred, purchased, and kept if it were not for hunting. I shall make no mention of the keep of hounds, nor shall I allude to the numerous Horse Shows, promoted by hunting men, in this chapter. But nobody can with truth deny that these form details of financial profit, which goes into the pockets of large farmers. Unfortunately the number of these farmers is annually decreasing, though it is agreed on all sides that extended stock-farming is the chief remedy for depression. Sir Matthew Ridley, in the autumn of 1887, at Blackpool, described it as "the best remedy." The Chancellor of the Exchequer, at Seaham, during the same year, stated that "the future of agriculture in this country depended really on the breeds of stock."

The Duke of Devonshire, in another speech during the same year, spoke of stock-breeding as "the very sheet-anchor of British agriculture." Here we have the utterances of three Cabinet Ministers delivered before and received with enthusiasm by agricultural audiences. Yet the annual statistics prove that stock-breeding is on the decrease.

In 1897 the diminution of farm livestock in comparison with 1896 was: horses, 21,275; cattle, 5,769; sheep, 309,882; pigs, 484,954; grand total, 821,880. In 1897 there were 75,000 acres more than in 1896 under tillage for corn crops and a diminution of 163,000 acres in pasture. I trust that I have not been tedious in quoting these figures, which apply to England alone; but they are of importance to my argument.* They prove that there has been an increase in the class of small farmers, who farm from two to five hundred acres of arable land. These men can seldom afford to hunt, and derive very few of the direct advantages to which I have alluded. In regard to the indirect advantages, they would smile at me if I were to point out to them that the welfare of agriculture means the prosperity of the individual farmer, and they have told me that all that hunting men do for them is to trample down their fences and to ride over their growing crops. We may deplore the fact, but it is impossible to blame these men, who have more than they can do to make both ends meet,

* The figures returned by the *Agricultural Annual* for 1900, published since this was written, further prove my argument.

if they are silently hostile to a sport from which they derive no immediate advantage. I am no advocate for perpetually patting the small farmer on the back, any more than I believe in the abuse to which he is subjected by a certain clique of hunting men. He is the necessary product of the agricultural depression, which has prevailed since the seventies, and it is only by tact and judicious expenditure that he can be made a friend to hunting.

This brings me to that part of my subject, which deals with the direct personal influence of hunting men on agriculture. It is often said that it is the first duty of an M.F.H. to make himself popular with the farmers, and this duty the history of fox-hunting tells us that, without exception, M.F.H.'s have diligently performed. But great as may be the influence of the M.F.H., both through personal popularity and through private generosity, its effect becomes nugatory unless he meets with the support of his followers. Till within the last few years the majority of his followers had an interest in the land over which they hunted, or at least were residents in the country, and commanded respect, even where their influence was small. They spent their money in the country, and, though the amount might not be large, the local farmers knew that they got a share of it. Moreover, they understood the rudiments of agriculture. They did not ride helter-skelter over the land, without any regard to the damage which they might cause to the occupier;

growing crops were respected by them; they did not break down fences by needlessly attempting to jump them; they did not leave gates open so that cattle might stray over the country; finally, they were the farmers' neighbours. Many of the class still exist, but their number is dwarfed by the crowd of strangers who throng to the meets of any fashionable pack. Now, the stranger can only expect to be made welcome in the hunting-field when he maintains his influence by his subscription. It is his subscription, which gives him the moral right to ride over the land. To a limited extent the M.F.H. or the hunt secretary is the medium through which his money finds its way into the farmer's pocket. The farmer is perfectly aware of this, and recognises the visitor as a member of the hunt, though a stranger to the country. Of such members there are plenty, especially in the countries, which are adjacent to the manufacturing districts. Of them I have nothing to say but praise. They enjoy their sport, they pay for their enjoyment, and by their payment maintain the influence of their hunt on local agriculture. Moreover, as a rule, they are personally known to the M.F.H., if not to the small farmers, and he knows that he can rely upon them to help him in maintaining cordial relations between the hunting and agricultural interests, and to do all which lies within their power to neutralise the adverse influence exercised by the flying visitors, who never subscribe to any hunt. These men may be described as

peripatetic fox-poachers, who are morally as guilty of poaching as the rustic, who snares a hare on a moonlight night. Legally they are guilty of trespassing, inasmuch as they ride over and damage the land of other people without offering the slightest compensation. But the fact of their hunting for nothing, mean though it is in the extremest degree, is far from being their worst sin, which consists in rendering hunting unpopular, and thereby destroying the material advantages which the sport confers upon agriculture. When we remember that fox-hunting exists on the sufferance of the landowners and tenant farmers, for the benefit of agriculture, I have no hesitation in stating that the abolition of this class of non-subscribers is not only desirable but necessary, and that the need of such abolition is the principal lesson, which has been taught to us during the last decade of the century.

If I could discover a single argument in favour of the presence of these non-subscribers in the hunting-field, I would have delivered my opinion with less emphasis; but, after the most diligent inquiries, conducted in a spirit of impartiality, I have failed to find that they contribute even in the remotest degree to the welfare of agriculture. To an infinitesimal degree they have contributed to the wealth of the railway companies, as special hunting tickets have been issued by the companies whose lines run through hunting countries; but the profit on these tickets has not been sufficiently large for

the directors even to consider whether they should make a reduction in the charges for the freight of agricultural produce. To a larger degree they have contributed to the wealth of the sporting tailors and bootmakers, but there is no reason for believing that these tradesmen spend their extra profits upon agriculture. An ingenious defence was put forward on behalf of these peripatetics—that many of them did not subscribe through ignorance of the amount which they ought to subscribe; but the ingenuity of the defence was ruined by the publication of a Fox-hunting Directory, in which the minimum subscription to the various packs of hounds was stated. Another defence, so weak as to amount to a plea of guilty without extenuating circumstances, is that they have never been asked to subscribe. I have always understood that the hunt subscription was a debt of honour, and until hunting subscriptions are placed upon the same legal basis as, for example, game licences and fishing rights, they must be regarded as coming within the category of debts of honour, and defaulters must pay the penalty of that social ostracism which is usually meted out to dishonourable men. The primary object of racing is the promotion of horse-breeding, and, if a man does not pay his racing debts, he is prohibited from taking any active part in racing until his debts are paid. I do not allude to gambling debts, but to the debts, such as forfeits, over which the Jockey Club holds control. It would incur difficulties almost insur-

mountable to apply the same rules to hunting, though I am convinced that, if these rules had been applied when hunting by rail first became fashionable, we should have heard little of the present grievance. But till within the last five years the number of these non-subscribing visitors was so small that it was possible for the M.F.H. to know them by sight, and by a judicious exercise of his authority to prevent them from causing mischief in the hunting-field. Now increased railway facilities have added to their ranks to such an extent that I doubt whether, in the home counties and the fashionable shires, the M.F.H. knows even the names of a quarter of his field, while it is certain that the names of half the field do not appear on the subscription list. The tenant farmers are perfectly aware of this, and are consequently indignant that they should be expected to promote sport for the sake of men who do not expend a penny in the country, and whom they regard with that contempt which the English yeoman has always felt for the shopkeeper. In those countries which are beyond the reach of the non-subscribing visitor the farmers are, almost without exception, friendly to hunting; but when the country is invaded by fox-poachers, who wear the outward garb of gentility in the shape of a pink coat, and by their conduct betray the breeding of the *profanum vulgus*, the farmer resents their delinquencies and becomes either an open or a secret enemy to hunting. Yet, in spite of vigorous appeals

in the Press, accompanied by vigorous denunciations, in spite of stern measures, almost amounting to arbitrary conduct, adopted towards them by Masters, such as Lord Lonsdale, in spite of the attitude of social ostracism assumed towards them by the local supporters of hunting, these enemies to sport and agriculture thrive and increase.

My contention is that any custom which causes fox-hunting to have an adverse influence on agriculture should be destroyed by drastic measures. The method of destruction must be decided by the Masters of Hounds, who may be regarded as forming the legislative body in all matters appertaining to the hunting-field, and as the authorised representatives of their sport-loving constituents. I, as a constituent, can only suggest a method. My suggestion is that every M.F.H. should make it publicly known that any person following his hounds without subscribing to his or some other pack will be prosecuted for trespass ; for I am convinced that, if only one or two of these non-subscribers were expelled from the hunting-field by means of such a prosecution, the remainder would either subscribe or betake themselves to the pursuit of some cheaper sport, since the odium attaching to such a prosecution would be greater than any self-respecting man would care to encounter.

I have suggested this method because, to my mind, it appears to be easier of accomplishment than any other scheme, which I have heard advocated. The suggestion that licences should be issued by the hunt

secretary upon an agreed scale of prices, so that a stranger hunting with a pack to which he did not subscribe might be required to show that he was a member of some other hunt, would be admirable, if it could only be placed on a workmanlike basis. But at present there are two insurpassable objections to it. The one is, that it would be impossible to ask hunt servants to fulfil the duties of Excise officers, so that there would be difficulty in finding people to undertake the inevitable task of scrutinising the licences; the other consists in the just division of the money obtained from the issue of the licences. Besides, I believe that it would be contrary to the best interests of agriculture for the supporters of fox-hunting to seek the assistance of Parliament, and I fail to understand how hunting licences could be issued without the sanction of the Legislature, inasmuch as there must be a penalty, capable of being enforced by law, for hunting without holding a licence. Therefore I adhere to my original suggestion, with this proviso, that in the event of legal proceedings being taken the costs should be defrayed by the hunt funds. It would be unreasonable to expect a small farmer in the Midlands to incur the expense of prosecuting for trespass a stockbroker in Threadneedle Street. The law may be no respecter of persons, but there are certain persons to whom the penalties of the law are a matter of little consequence; therefore to these prosecutions every publicity should be attached. During the last

decade the daily Press has found it to be to its interest to publish fox-hunting reports: therefore it must also be to its interest to defend fox-hunting from its enemies, and to brand with infamy the names of peripatetic fox-poachers who are found guilty in those actions for trespass which I have advocated. To those who disagree with me my opinions may appear to savour of blackmailing, since I insist that a hunting man who does not subscribe to hounds should not only be forced by a court of law to pay a subscription, but should also be paraded in the pillory of the Press as an example of unsportsmanlike meanness. But my opinions are expressed upon the conviction that strong diseases require strong remedies, and when I find a discordant element in fox-hunting influence I feel it to be my duty to do my utmost to eradicate it.

I must now allude to another matter which may occasion a decline in the influence of fox-hunting upon agriculture. Let it be clearly understood, however, that I do not admit that there has been any decline during the past decade, and that I am urging pessimistic arguments with the sole motive of averting any decline in the future. This explanation is necessary, as it is my purpose to draw attention to the customs of shooting-tenants and syndicates of shooting-tenants. Agricultural depression has affected the large landowners in the same degree as it has affected the tenant farmers, with the result that many of them have been tempted to accept the big rents

offered to them for their shootings by the prosperous money-mongers of London and the large towns. Thus, in many hunting countries there has been an influx of non-resident shooting-tenants, whose only object is to obtain a big head of game without regard to the hunting proclivities of their neighbours. These tenants will profess to do all in their power to promote the welfare of local hunting; but, even if the professions were made in good faith, the power to carry them into effect is infinitesimal, since they are not on the spot to control the practices of their keepers. Vulpicide is still considered a crime in most hunting countries, and the man who shoots a fox, whether he be master or keeper, has to suffer the pains and penalties of social ostracism, which can be enforced in the village alehouse, as well as in the country-house smoking-room. The keeper is aware of this, so he invented a more deadly and a more cruel form of destruction than shooting, by "stopping-in" the earths during the daytime in such a manner that the strongest dog-fox could not possibly dig himself out, and so *ex necessitate rei* must rot to death with all the horrors of slow starvation. Comment upon such inhumanity is unnecessary; nor do I believe that any non-resident shooting-tenant would sanction the practice of "stopping-in." Unfortunately, non-resident tenants are ignorant of the doings of their keepers, who regard the fox as their natural enemy. There is an old distich which says:

"One fox on foot more diversion will bring
Than twice twenty thousand cock-pheasants on wing";

and, though it is not my intention to argue that shooting should be arbitrarily sacrificed in the interests of fox-hunting, yet, as the fox-preserving covert owner confers more benefits upon agriculture, and gives greater pleasure to his neighbouring farmers than the non-resident shooting tenant, it is right that he should be protected against the malpractices of the latter and his servants—malpractices which constitute a heinous crime against the orthodoxy of sport. It is not within the scope of this volume to discuss the details of the feud between hunting men and non-resident shooting-tenants. The question before us is, whether these tenants have such a beneficial influence upon agriculture as to authorise them in undermining the fox-hunting influence. It is argued that they put money into the pocket of the landowner, which money he spends upon the improvement of the land. If the landowner did spend his shooting rents upon the improvement of the land, the argument would be unanswerable; but in the cases which have come within my knowledge such is not the case. On the contrary, the landowners, unable to get their sporting pleasure at home, seek it abroad, and consequently spend less money in their native country than they spent before they let their shooting. Lincolnshire, especially the Blankney division of the county, has suffered severely from the custom. The farmers complain that they reap no benefit from the shooting-tenants, and not even the courtesy which, in the case of landowners, assumes

the practical shape of a present of game. Briefly, experience has taught us that shooting-tenancies confer no benefit upon agriculture and are detrimental to fox-hunting. It would be futile to suggest any arbitrary remedy, as the shooting-tenant would reply that he pays his money for the right to shoot, and is not concerned with either agriculture or fox-hunting. The remedy must be a legal one, operating so mildly as not to cause any friction between shooting and hunting. I can only suggest that there should be a combination of the landowners in any particular county in which shooting-tenancies are prevalent—which combination could easily be effected at Quarter Sessions—in order that they may agree amongst themselves to insert a clause in the leases of all shooting-tenancies, under which the tenant should be liable to a fine whenever his coverts failed to hold a fox, providing that hounds did not visit them more than a specified number of times, with specified intervals, during the season. This portion of my subject immediately concerns only landowners and shooting-tenants, between whom the controversy must be fought, though the issue of the controversy will be awaited with anxiety by every member of the farming and hunting classes.

History teaches us that any institution can be destroyed by an excess of popularity, and the same lesson is applicable to sport. I have alluded to shooting, though it was beyond my province to intimate that the popularity of shooting has increased

the number of poachers; but it is within my province to prove how the popularity of fox-hunting, fostered by enterprising journalists and editors, has been detrimental to agriculture. I confess that I approach this portion of my subject with much diffidence, for I believe that the public interest in fox-hunting, if directed into proper channels, would contribute towards agricultural prosperity. Unfortunately, this interest has been directed into improper channels. It has been a constant complaint that the fashionable meets of hounds are attended by crowds of foot-people and cyclists, whose only motives are idle curiosity and the éclat of saying afterwards that they have been out with hounds. I commend their ambition to see hounds, though I wish that they would learn the rudiments of "the noble science." There was a time, not more than five years ago, when the foot-people were the sons and daughters of the soil: now they are the outpourings of excursion trains. It is hardly necessary for me to state that these outpourings spoil sport, but it is necessary to state that they spoil land, and that their spoliations are considered as the result of hunting. It is futile to argue that the consideration is illogical. The stern fact remains that these people attend the meets and cause damage to the land through ignorance. I do not suggest that their actions, which arouse the animosity of the farmer, are done with any sinister intention, and I believe that if any method could be devised by which their ardour could be kept under control, the

farmer would encourage their presence. To follow hounds on foot in the early spring is the first practical lesson in agriculture that the agricultural student can be taught; but he should try to learn his lesson before he comes up for the practical examination of the hunting-field.

CHAPTER II.

MASTERS OF HOUNDS

WHEN Juvenal wrote the famous hexameter, "*Obiter aut leget, aut scribet, vel dormiet intus*," he little thought how applicable his dictum would be to future writers who make sport their theme. But Juvenal was an author, who dipped his pen in bitter ink, and wiped it on sandpaper, corroded with satirical prussic acid. In this and the two following chapters, it is my object to write about Masters of Hounds, so that I cannot give offence either to them, their relatives, or descendants. I make this preface because it is within my knowledge that biographies of hunting men have been published which have caused annoyance. My ambition is that there should be no word in this volume which could cause annoyance, and I believe that I have attained my ambition without sacrificing the truth. My difficulty is to abridge the vast amount of information, which the kindness of hunting friends has placed in my possession. My sins of omission must be many, but I hope that my sins of commission will be few in the criticism of my readers. It has always been my motive during a career in the

fields of sporting literature, which extends for more years than I like to count, to take my readers into my confidence. I like to write to them as if I were talking to them, though I have been informed that I am, on occasions, liable to become intoxicated with the exuberance of my own verbosity. But in regard to this chapter, my worst enemy shall not be able to accuse me of such intoxication, for it is necessary that I should furnish statistics before relating anecdotes. It was suggested to me that this chapter should have taken the shape of an appendix, instead of being incorporated in the main body of the volume; but after mature consideration I decided to leave it in its present place, since I think it is easier to refer back to the beginning of a book than to refer forward to an appendix.

I have only to add that the following statistics are formulated up to the season of 1899–1900, and do not include the 1900–1901 season. I have affixed notes of interrogation in certain instances where I have been unable to obtain accurate information.

MASTERS OF ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS

DURING

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

WITH

THEIR PACKS AND THEIR DATES OF MASTERSHIP

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Mr. T. W. Adams	Lamerton	1896–1899
Marquis of Ailesbury	Tedworth	1858–1879
Lord Alford	Pytchley	1849–1851
Mr. Chas. H. Allen	Pembrokeshire	1871–1881
Mr. Seymour Allen	Cresselby	1893–1899
Major Allfrey	South Berks	1887–1892
Mr. Hunter Allgood	Tynedale	1867–1869
Mr. Alsopp	Worcestershire (Joint Master)	1866–1873
Lord Althorp	Pytchley (Joint Master)	1809–1817
	Pytchley (Sole Master)	1818–1820
Mr. Frederick Ames	Worcestershire	1873–1876, 1879–1896
Lord Andover	V. W. H., Cirencester	1848–1850
Mr. John Andrew, sen.	Roxby and Cleveland	1817–1827
	Cleveland	1829–1835
Mr. John Andrew, jun.	Cleveland	1835–1855
Mr. Thos. Andrew	Cleveland	1855–1870

Lord Anson	Atherstone	1820–1831
Colonel Anstruther Thomson	Atherstone	1847–1855
	Atherstone	1870–1871
	Bicester and Warden Hill	1855–1857
	Pytchley	1864–1869
Mr. Lee Anthony	Oakley	1800–1809
Sir Edmund Antrobus	Old Surrey	1836–1847
Mr. Applethwaite	Atherstone	1831–1842
Mr. Robert Arkwright	Oakley	1850–1876
	Oakley (Joint Master)	1876–1885
Mr. Joseph Arkwright	Essex	1856–1863
Mr. Loftus Arkwright	Essex	1863–1879
Mr. L. W. J. Arkwright	Essex (Joint Master)	1893–1899
Mr. J. Arkwright	North Warwickshire (Joint Master)	1894–1899
Sir Auchitel Ashburnham	East Sussex	1882–1884
Mr. W. H. Ashhurst	South Oxfordshire	1894–1899
Mr. T. Ashton	Cambridgeshire	1887–1888

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. Ashton	North Warwickshire	1884–1894
	Essex Union	1894–1895
Mr. Assheton-Smith	Quorn	1806–1817
	Old Burton	1864 (?)
	Tedworth	1826–1858
Sir Jacob Astley (1st Lord Hastings)	West Norfolk (Joint Master from 1830–1843)	1823–1843
Mr. E. M. Atkins	Old Berkshire (Joint Master)	1867–1868
Mr. Anthony Bacon	Craven (Joint Master)	1813–1814
Mr. T. H. W. Bailey	Rufford	1867–1872
Mr. W. Baird	Cottesmore	1880–1899
Mr. Baker	Wheatland	1843–1856
	Albrighton	1854–1855
	North Warwickshire	1855–1862
Mr. M. Ballard	Cambridgeshire (Joint Master)	1891–1893
Mr. E. Barclay	Puckeridge	1896–1899
Hon. F. Baring	Hambledon	1894–1899

Mr. Barnard	Warwickshire (Joint Master)	1839–1856
Messrs. E. and A. Barnes	Barlow	1851–1856
Messrs. A. G. and T. H. Barnes	Barlow	1880–1884
Mr. Chas. Barnes	Old Berkeley	(?)
Mr. Chas. Barnett	Cambridgeshire	1829–1867
Mr. Barnett	Heythrop (Joint Master)	1854–1861
Mr. J. J. Barrow	Rufford	1873–1875
Mr. W. Barrett	Taunton Vale	1892–1894
	Taunton Vale (Joint Master)	1894–1896
Major Barratt	H. H., Hampshire	1837–1842
Mr. J. Smith Barry	Cheshire Hunt (Joint Master)	1839–1840
Mr. P. G. Barthropp	Essex and Suffolk	1884–1892
	East Sussex	1893–1894
	Suffolk	1894–1898
Mr. J. Hope Barton	Badsworth	1869–1876
Mr. Hamer Bass	Meynell	1888–1898
Mr. A. F. Basset	North-East Cornwall	1896–1897
Mr. R. T. Bassett	Glamorganshire	1886–1897

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. G. Bateman	York and Ainsty	1844–1853
Earl Bathurst	V. W. H., Cirencester	1886–1899
Hon. L. J. Bathurst	Puckeridge	1894–1896
	Eggesford	1896–1899
Hon. L. A. Bathurst	Exmoor	1889–1894
Lord Bathurst	V.W.H. (Joint Master)	1848–1850
Mr. J. Baxendale	Hursley (Joint Master)	1893–1896
	Hursley (Sole Master)	1896–1899
Mr. Harvey Bayly	Rufford	1875–1889
Mr. William Beach	Vine	1868–1888
The Dukes of Beaufort	The Badminton	1800–1900
Mr. Beddoes	The United	1862–1875
Duke of Bedford	Oakley	1822–1829
		1836–1841
Mr. J. J. Bell	Bewcastle (Joint Master)	1889–1899
Mr. G. Bell	Bilsdale	1840–1872
Major Robert Bell	Tynedale	1854–1867

Mr. C. W. Bell	Tedbury, 1888–1889
Mr. J. Bellamy	Isle of Wight, 1875–1876
Mr. T. H. Bennett	Surrey Union, 1886–1897
Mr. John Benson	Mellbrake, 1865–1899
Lord Henry Bentinck	Old Burton, (?)–1867
Colonel Berkeley (Earl Fitzhardinge)	Berkeley, 1807–1857
Admiral Berkeley (1st Lord Fitzhardinge)	Berkeley, 1857–1867
Hon. Geo. Chas. G. F. Berkeley	Oakley, 1829–1834
Mr. Head Pottinger Best	Craven, 1851–1856
Mr. F. Bibby	Shropshire (Joint Master), 1898–1899
Colonel Blake	Surrey Union, 1884–1886
Captain Blake	Hertfordshire, 1875–1885
Major Bland	Worcestershire, (1817)
Mr. E. L. Bligh	Dulverton, 1889–1891
Mr. L. E. Bligh	South Berks, 1892–1894; East Kent, 1894–1898
Messrs. T. B., R. F., T. R., and W. E. T. Bolitho	Western, 1864–1895

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Mr. J. B. Booth	Bedale	1867–1878
Sir. T. Boughey	Albrighton	1836–1840
Sir T. F. Boughey	Albrighton	1866–1887
Mr. Pemberton Barnes	Newmarket and Thurlow	(?)
Mr. Bowern	Newmarket and Thurlow	(?)
Mr. Bowlby	Newmarket and Thurlow	(?)
Colonel Bowyer	Heythrop (Joint Master)	1854–1861
Mr. Boycott	Albrighton	1825–1830
Mr. Brackenbury	Southwold	1820–1822
Mr. Joseph Brackenbury	Southwold	1827–1829
Mr. Frederick Bradbune	New Forest	1886–1889
Hon. C. Brand	Southdown	1881–1898
Lord Brassey	East Sussex (Joint Master)	1882–1884
Mr. Albert Brassey	Heythrop	1873–1899
Mr. George Brendon	Holsworthy and Stratton	1898–1899
Mr. Brewitt	Essex Union (Joint Master)	1832–1836
Mr. Broad	Hertfordshire	(?)–1839

Mr. Brock	Worcestershire (Joint Master)	(?)–1846
Captain H. Brocklehurst	York and Ainsty	1883–1885
Mr. F. Brockman	East Kent	1832–1870
Colonel Howard Brooke	Isle of Wight (Joint Master)	1894–1899
Mr. E. C. Brown	Old Berkshire	1889–1891
Major Browne	Percy	1870–1877
Major J. M. Browne	South Staffordshire	1872–1885
Major Browne (A. C.) and C. C. Browne	Major Browne's	1898–1899
Mr. Edward Browne	Suffolk	1883–1885
Major Browne	New Forest	1885–1886
Mr. Scott Browne	Mr. Scott Browne's	1896–1899
Mr. Robert Browne	South and West Wilts	1898–1899
Captain Browning	Oakley	1888–1897
Mr. W. J. Buckley	Carmarthenshire	1850–1898
Mr. J. Bulteel	Dartmoor	1827–1843
Mr. Butler	Hambledon	1800–1803
Mr. Edmund Byron	Old Surrey	1877–1899
Colonel Calvert	Crawley and Horsham	1867–1869

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Colonel Calvert	Crawley and Horsham (Joint)	1869–(?)
Captain Candler	Worcestershire (Joint Master)	1846–1847
Mr. W. Gordon Canning	Ledbury	1889–1895
Mr. R. Harcourt Capper	Craven	1872–1877
Mr. Harcourt Capper	South Herefordshire	1869–1870
Colonel W. A. Cardwell	Eastbourne	1895–1899
Mr. Thomas Carew	Tiverton	1842–1857
Captain P. A. W. Carnegy	Essex Union	1880–1891
Lord Carrington	Cottesmere	1878–1880
Lord Castlereagh	Harworth	1872–1875
Lord Cavan	New Forest (Joint Master)	1802–1808
Mr. Walter de P. Cazenove	Wilton	1897–1899
Mr. J. A. Chalmers	Suffolk	1892–1894
Mr. Chandos-Pole	Meynell	(?)–1888
Mr. R. Chandos-Pole	Cattistock	1888–1897
	Mr. Chandos-Pole's	1897–1899
Colonel Chaplin	Blankney	1871–1877

Mr. Henry Chaplin	Old Burton	1866–1871
	Blankney	1877–1881
Mr. C. Charton	Essex and Suffolk	1884–(?)
Mr. Charlton	Wheatland	1856–1866
Mr. Chaworth	Badsworth	1814–1815
Lord Chesham	Bicester and Warden Hill	1885–1893
Lord Chesterfield	Pytchley	1838–1840
Sir Bruce Chichester	Vine	1866–1868
Mr. W. L. Christie	Southdown	1863–1871
Mr. Chute	Vine	1800–1824
Mr. T. C. Clennell	Mr. Clennell's (Rothbury)	1897–1899
Duke of Cleveland	Raby Hunt	1800–1838
Mr. "Squire" Cliffe	Tedbury	1824–1833
Lord Clonbrock	Heythrop	1838–1841
Colonel Clowes	Worcestershire	1849–1855
	Worcestershire (Joint Master)	1857–1865
Mr. Clowes	Quorn	1863–1866
Mr. Clowes	Meynell (Joint Master)	(?)

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Mr. N. C. Cockburn	Blankney	1895–1899
Mr. Cockburn	Hursley	1843–1850
Mr. Cockburn	Tiverton	1841–1842
Mr. Codrington	Old Berkshire	1800–1824
Mr. C. W. Codrington	New Forest	1838–1842
Mr. J. Codrington	Cattistock	1872–1877 1878–1883
Mr. Coke	West Norfolk	1800–1810
Mr. Coldham	West Norfolk (Joint Master)	1830–1843
Mr. R. H. Colley	Wheatland	1866–1870
Mr. Gregor Colmore	Cotswold	1858–1871
Major Colomb	Old Cumberland and Inglewood	1827–(?)
Mr. Colville	Atherstone	1842–1847
Mr. P. Colville-Smith	Bicester and Warden Hill	1893–1895
Mr. R. Beach Colvin	East Essex	1886–1891
Mr. R. Beach Colvin	Essex and Suffolk	1892–1895
Mr. Harvey Combe	V. W. H., Cirencester	1825–1826

Mr. John Compton	New Forest	1800–1802
Sir Clifford Constable	Holderness	1843–1847
Captain Rowley Conwy	Flint and Denbigh (Joint)	1868–1882
Mr. H. J. Conyers	Essex	1805–1808
Mr. H. J. Conyers, jun.	Essex	1813–1853
Colonel Cook	Hambledon	1803–1804
	Essex	1808–1813
	Atherstone	1812–1815
Mr. J. Cook	Craven	1857–1858
Mr. Cooke	Southwold	1853–1857
	Tiverton	1857–1858
Mr. J. Cookes	Worcestershire	1847–1849, 1855–1857
	Worcestershire (Joint Master)	1857–1865
Mr. John Cookson	Morpeth	1854–1875
Mr. James Cookson	Harworth	1862–1865, 1869–1872, 1875–1879

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Mr. John Blencowe Cookson	Morpeth	1875–1894
Mr. Harvey Coombe	Old Berkshire	1824–1827
Mr. E. Graham Cooper	Childingford	1892–1896
Mr. E. Tesser Cooper	East Essex	1883–1886
Mr. P. H. Cooper	South Notts (Joint Master)	1876–1881
Sir John Cope	Mr. Garth's	1817–1850
Sir Vincent Corbet	Shropshire	1876–1881
Mr. H. Reginald Corbet	Cheshire Hunt	1866–1877
	South Cheshire	1877–1900
Mr. John Corbet	Warwickshire	1800–1811
Colonel Corbett	Shropshire	1843–1853
Mr. W. Coryton	Dartmoor	1889–1900
Mr. Frederick Coryton	H. H.	1888–1900
Lord Cottenham	Bicester	1895–1900
Mr. B. Cotton	Isle of Wight	1845–1850
Mr. B. T. Cotton	Isle of Wight	1877–1879

Mr. Coupland	Quorn	1870–1884
Lord Coventry	North Cotswold	1868–1874
	Croome	1867–1882
Mr. W. Cowen	Braes of Derwent	1854–1868
Colonel John A. Cowen	Braes of Derwent	1868–1895
Mr. J. T. Coxe	Craven	1862–1865
Mr. Craddock	Lord Zetland's	1866–1876
Lord Craven	Old Berkshire	1868–1884
Mr. J. A. Craven	Pytchley	1869–1872
Major Cresswell	Percy	1877–1878
Mr. A. B. Cresswell	Percy	1896–1900
Mr. R. Cripps	V. W. H., Cirencester (Joint Master)	1848–1850
Mr. W. Crookleth	Bilsdale	1800–1810
Mr. Croome	V. W. H., Cirencester	1858–1861
Mr. F. Crowder	Southwold	1876–1880
Colonel Cruickshank	East Essex (Joint Master)	1898–1900

MASTERS.	*PACKS.*	*DATES.*
Sir Bache Cunard - -	South Quorn - -	1878–1888
	Sir Bache Cunard's -	
	Billesden Coplow - -	
Mr. Edward Curre - - -	The Chepstow - - -	1896–1899
Mr. Curre - - - -	The Chepstow - - -	1854–1867
Mr. J. M. Curre - - - -	North Herefordshire - -	1897–1899
Mr. Herbert Mascall Curteis - -	East Sussex - - -	1854–1868
Sir William Curtis - - -	Ludlow - - -	1886–1899
Viscount Curzon - - -	Atherstone - - -	1859–1870
Hon. C. H. Cust - - - -	Pytchley (Joint Master) -	1856–1862
Lord Dacre - - - -	Hertfordshire (?) -	1839–1866
		1875–1885
General Sir Henry Daly, K.C.B. - -	Isle of Wight - - -	1881–1889
Mr. John Dalyell - - -	Puckeridge - - -	1835–1838
Mr. Chas. Danbury - - -	Four Burrow - - -	1839–1854 ?
Mr. Dansey - - -	Oakley - - -	1834–1836
	South Notts - - -	1837–1848 ?

Earl of Darlington	Badsworth	1805–1811
Mr. Wm. Davenport	North Staffordshire	1845–1870
Mr. A. Davenport	Isle of Wight	1863–1864
Mr. Wm. Davies	Ystrad	(?)
Mr. Geo. Hopkins Davies	Ystrad	1870–1890
Mr. Vaughan Davies, M.P.	Gogerddan	1894–1897
Mr. E. C. Dawkins	Dulverton	1891–1899
Mr. H. Deacon	Lamerton	1853–1859
Mr. Henry Deacon	H. H., Hampshire	1862–1884
Mr. J. Deakin	Lamerton	1877–1878
Mr. A. Deane	Hursley	1888–1892
Major H. F. Dent	Bedale	1878–1884 1891–1896
Mr. G. Digby	Blackmore Vale	1858–1865
Mr. J. Dixon	Cheshire Hunt (Joint Master)	1839–1840
Mr. Watson Dixon	Cleveland	1871, Jan.-April
Mr. Thomas Dobson	Eskdale	1859–1899
Mr. Dodd	Border	(?)–1900

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. J. Dodd	Border	(?)
Mr. E. L. Dodd	Border	(?)–1899
Mr. R. M. Dodington	Taunton Vale (Joint Master)	1894–1896
	Taunton Vale	1896–1897
Viscount Doneraile	Old Burton	1864–1866
Mr. Donovan	Southdown	1851–1862
Mr. C. Dove	Essex and Suffolk	(?)
Mr. Drake	Bicester and Warden Hill	1829–1851
Mr. T. T. Drake	Bicester and Warden Hill	1851–1855
		1857–1866
Mr. J. G. Erle G. Drax	Blackmore Vale	1833–1853
Mr. Seymour Dubourg	South Berks	1894–1899
Earl of Dudley	Worcestershire	1896–1899
Mr. C. P. Duffield	Old Berkshire	1857–1863
Mr. T. Duffield	Old Berkshire (Joint Master)	1867–1868
	Old Berkshire	1868–1875
Mr. C. Duncombe	Lord Middleton's	1799–1804

Hon. Ernest Duncombe (Lord Feversham)	Bedale	1850–1867
Mr. Chas. Duordas (Lord Amesbury)	Craven	1804–1813
Viscount Dungarvan	Blackmore Vale (Joint Master)	1853–1855
Mr. W. H. Dunn	Craven	1877–1879 1895–1899
Mr. E. W. Dunn	Old Berkshire	1898–1899
Mr. J. C. Dun-Waters	Wheatland	1898–1899
Mr. A. Dyson	Isle of Wight	1860–1862
Sir William Eden	South Durham	1877–1880 1885–1890
Mr. C. A. Egerton	East Sussex (Joint Master)	1870–1872
	East Sussex	1872–1878 1884–1893
Lord Elcho	North Morpeth Country	1844–1854
Mr. G. W. Elliot	Bedale	1884–1888
Captain Pennell Elmhirst ("Brooksby")	Woodland Pytchley	1879–1880
Major Elwon	Harworth	1865–1869
Earl of Enniskillen	North Cheshire	1896–1899

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. Errington	Quorn	1835–1838
Mr. C. E. J. Erdaile	West Somerset	1885–1891
Mr. J. C. Evans	Cambridgeshire (Joint Master)	1891–1893
Mr. G. P. Evans	Cambridgeshire	1893–1894
	Cambridgeshire (Joint Master)	1894–1899
Colonel Everett	South and West Wilts	1868–1882
Mr. Eyles	Hambledon	1807–1814
Mr. T. C. Eyton	Shropshire	1841–1842
Colonel Fairfax	York and Ainsty	1873–1879
Mr. J. J. Farquharson	Cattistock (founded as "The South Dorset")	1806–1858
Mr. Featherstonhaugh	Cattistock	1886–1887
Mr. Newton Fellowes	Warwickshire	1826–1830
Mr. Fellowes	Vine	1827–1837
Mr. Fellowes	Eggesford	(?)
Mr. George Fenwick	Tynedale (Joint Master)	1869–1871
	Tynedale	1871–1883

Mr. C. W. B. Fernie - - -	Mr. Fernie's (late Mr. Tailby's)	1888–1899
Mr. E. B. Fielden - - -	South Oxfordshire - -	1887–1894
Mr. J. A. Fielden - - -	Cambridgeshire (Joint Master)	1894–1896
Mr. Joshua Fielden - - -	Fitzwilliam - - -	1892–1895
Lord F. W. Fitzhardinge - - -	Berkeley - - -	1867–1896
Lord Fitzhardinge - - -	Berkeley - - -	1896–1899
Captain Fitzroy - - - -	Taunton Vale - - -	1885–1888
Lieutenant-General Fitzroy - -	West Norfolk - - -	1830–1843
Lords Fitzwilliam (first five Lords) -	Fitzwilliam - - -	(?)–1857
Lord Fitzwilliam - - -	Lord Fitzwilliam's - -	1860–1899
Mr. Geo. Chas. Fitzwilliam - -	Fitzwilliam - - -	1895–1899
Hon. W. Thomas Fitzwilliam - -	„ - - -	1880–1887
Mr. Geo. Chas. Wentworth Fitzwilliam -	„ - - -	1887–1888
Mr. Geo. W. Fitzwilliam - - -	„ - - -	1857–1874
Hon. Chas. W. Fitzwilliam - -	„ - - -	1874–1877
Lord Foley - - -	Quorn - - -	1802–1806
	Albrighton - - -	1805–1810
	Worcestershire - - -	1813–1815

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Mr. John Fletcher	South Berks	1859–1862
Mr. F. Foljambe	Rufford	(?)
Mr. F. J. S. Foljambe	Burton	1871–1880
Mr. George Savile Foljambe	Viscount Galway's	1822–1846
Mr. William Forbes	Hurworth	1888–1889
Mr. C. Ford	Cheshire Hunt	1840–1841
"Squire" Forester	Shropshire	1806–1811
Lord Forester	Belvoir	1830–1857
Captain Forester	Old Berkshire	1893–1894
Mr. F. Villiers Forster	S. Staffordshire (Joint Master)	1885–1899
Sir Charles Forster	S. Staffordshire (Joint Master)	1885–1899
Mr. Richard Fort	Meynell	1898–1899
Mr. James Foster	Albrighton (Joint Master)	1887–1890
	Albrighton	1890–1899
Mr. George Foster	Shropshire (part of)	1776–1806
Mr. A. W. Foster	South Herefordshire	1897–1899
Mr. Fountaine	West Norfolk	1883–1895

Mr. F. Frampton	South Dorset	1887–1894
Mr. J. L. Francklin	South Notts	1868–1871
	Craven	1871–1872
	Rufford	1872–1873
Sir C. Frederick	Hursley (Joint Master)	1893–1896
Captain Freeman	Southwold	1830–1832
Mr. Thomas Freeman	Southdown	(?)–1851
Mr. F. Thomas Freeman	Eastbourne	1891–1895
Major Freville	Cotswold	1893–1899
Mr. Edward Frewin	East Sussex	1878–1882
Mr. John T. H. Fullerton	Badsworth	1895–1899
Mr. Furse	North Devon	(?)–1859
Viscount (6th) Galway	Viscount Galway's	1858–1876
Viscount (7th) Galway	Viscount Galway's	1876–1899
Mr. W. Garbutt	Bilsdale	1810–1840
Mr. R. Garbutt	Bilsdale	1891–1897
Lieutenant-Colonel Garrett	East Devon	1891–1899
Mr. T. C. Garth	Mr. Garth's	1852–1899

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Sir William Gerard	Badsworth	1811–1814
Sir John Gerard	Atherstone	1830–1831
Mr. A. G. Gerard	The United	1891–1893
Mr. J. G. Gibbon	Glamorganshire	1875–1886
Mr. H. S. Gibson	Carmarthenshire	1898–1899
Mr. Walter Giffard	Albrighton	1830–1836
Lord Gifford	V. W. H., Cirencester	1843–1847
	H. H., Hampshire	1847–1850
		1855–1858
Mr. Alfred Gilbey	Old Berkeley West	1895–1899
Mr. J. F. Giles	Ledbury	1833–1851
Mr. Gittoes	The United	1839–1855
Sir R. G. Glyn	Blackmore Vale	1865–1884
Mr. C. B. Godman	Chiddingford	1876–1885
	Crawley and Horsham	1887–1899
Major Godman	Hurworth	1875–1879
Mr. Gollier	Tiverton	1866–1873

Sir Harry Goodricke - - -	Quorn - - -	1831–1835
Mr. Gosling - - - -	Puckeridge - - -	1875–1890
Mr. E. D. Gosling - - -	Chiddingford - - -	1885–1886
The Dukes of Grafton - - -	Grafton - - -	(?)–1842
Duke of Grafton - - -	Grafton - - -	1861–1882
Sir Bellingham Graham - - -	Badsworth - - -	1815–1817
" " " - - -	Atherstone - - -	1817–1820
" " " - - -	Hambledon (Joint Master) -	1816–1821
Sir Bellingham Graham, jun. - -	Pytchley - - -	1820–1821
" " " - - -	Quorn - - -	1821–1823
" " " - - -	Albrighton - - -	1823–1825
" " " - - -	Shropshire - - -	1823–1827
" " " - - -	Cotswold - - -	1871–1873
" " " - - -	New Forest - - -	1874–1878
" " " - - -	Tedworth - - -	1879–1882
" " " - - -	Hurworth - - -	1886–1888
Mr. Henley Greaves - - -	Cottesmore - - -	1847–1852

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. Henley Greaves	Southwold	1852–1853
	Essex	1855–1856
	Old Berkshire	1863–1866
	Warwickshire	1858–1861
	V. W. H., Cirencester	1861–1863
Mr. C. E. Green	Essex	1886–1893
Mr. E. Lycett Green	York and Ainsty	1886–1899
Messrs. E. and E. W. Green	Suffolk	1871–1875
Mr. Greene	Quorn	1841–1847
Mr. E. Walter Greene	Newmarket and Thurlow	(?)
	Suffolk	1880–1883
	Croome	1883–1889
Sir Gilbert Greenall	Belvoir	1896–1899
Mr. Grenville	Warwickshire	1836–1839
Mr. Ralph Gregson	York and Ainsty	1841–1844
Mr. Walter Grimston	East Essex	1891–1897
Earl Grosvenor (Duke of Westminster)	Cheshire Hunt	1858–1866

Mr. Grosewood	Heythrop (Joint Master)	1862–1863
Mr. Merthyr Guest	Blackmore Vale	1884–1889
Earl Guilford	East Kent	1870–1879
Lord Guilford	Cattistock	1883–1886
Mr. Haigh	Old Surrey	1820–1836
Mr. Haines	Mid-Devon (Joint Master)	1892–1894
Lord Haldon	Haldonside, South Devon	(?)
Mr. James Hall	Holderness (Joint Master)	1843–1847
	Holderness	1847–1877
Mr. Hall	Blackmore Vale (part of)	1833–1834
Mr. H. Hall	Heythrop (Field Master)	1854–1861
Mr. W. Hall	Tickham (Joint Master)	1852–1871
	Tickham	1871–1874
Mr. A. W. Hall	Heythrop	1864–1872
Hon. G. Hamilton-Russell	South Durham	1890–1899
Mr. R. Hamond	West Norfolk (Joint Master)	1830–1843
Mr. A. Hamond	West Norfolk	1865–1883
Mr. Sampson Hanbury	Puckeridge	1801–1832

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. G. B. Hankey	Surrey Union	(?) 1841
Captain F. Hankey	Surrey Union	1858–1866
Mr. J. Barnard Hankey	Surrey Union	1876–1882
Mr. Harding-Cox	Old Berkeley	1885–1888
Mr. G. Hardy	Atherstone	1895–1899
Lord Harewood	Bramham Moor	1828–1848
Mr. J. Hargreaves	Cattistock	1897–1899
Mr. John Hargreaves	South Berks	1865–1887
Earl of Harrington	Lord Harrington's (late South Notts)	1892–1899
Mr. Henry W. Harris	South and West Wilts	1894–1898
Mr. Harris	The United	1875–1891
Mr. J. H. Harris	Pembrokeshire	1866–1869
Mr. W. Harrison	Barlow	1893–1895
Mr. T. Fenwick Harrison	Hertfordshire	1898–1899
Captain Burns Hartopp	Quorn	1898–1899
Mr. J. Harvey	County Durham (Joint Master)	1866–1872

Mr. J. G. Harvey	Isle of Wight	1864–1867 1880–1881
Mr. J. Harvey	Isle of Wight	1851–1853 1859–1860
Mr. J. Harvey	South Durham	1872–1877
Mr. T. W. Harvey	Hambledon	1889–1894
Mr. J. E. Hasell	Ullswater	(?)–1899
Lord Hastings	Quorn	1866–1868
	West Norfolk (part of)	1866–1872
Lord Hawke	Badsworth	1826–1869
Captain Haworth	H. H., Hampshire	1844–1847
Mr. Hay	Holderness	1822–1823
	Warwickshire	1825–1826
Mr. C. G. Hayter	Mid-Devon (Joint Master)	1893–1894
Mr. Heanley	Southwold	1835–1841
Sir Gilbert Heathcote	Cottesmore	1802–1806
Mr. M. A. Hedley	North Tyne	(?)–1899
Mr. Hellier	Southwold	1843–1852

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. Shaw Hellier	North Warwickshire	1838–1843
	Albrighton	1852–1854
Captain Helme	South and West Wilts	1882–1890
	Wilton	1883–1884
Mr. Harold Helme	South Herefordshire	1884–1886
Mr. Burchell Helme	South Herefordshire	1870–1875
Mr. E. J. Helme	Essex Union	1898–1899
Mr. W. Henderson	Durham County	1861–1862
	Durham County (Joint Master)	1866–1872
Mr. Reginald Herbert	Monmouthshire	1885–1889
Mr. George Heron	Cheshire Hunt	1801–1818
Mr. W. F. Hicks-Beach	Cotswold	1885–1893
Mr. James Higgin	Pembrokeshire (Joint Master)	1828–1850
Lord Hill	Shropshire	1866–1870
		1881–1883
Hon. R. C. Hill	Shropshire	1870–1876
Sir Rowland Hill	Shropshire	1834–1838

Sir John Hill	Shropshire	1815–1820
Colonel Hill	Shropshire	1820–1823
Mr. R. Hill	Captain Johnstone's	1808–1855
Mr. John Hill	Captain Johnstone's	1855–1862
Mr. Stanley Hinchcliffe	The United	1893–1894
Mr. C. A. R. Hoare	V. W. H., Cirencester	1879–1885
Mr. H. G. B. Hoare	Burstow	1881–1899
Mr. C. O. P. Hoblyn	North-East Cornwall	1893–1896
Mr. Hodson	Shropshire	1838–1841
Mr. Thos. B. Hodgson	Badsworth	1817–1821
Mr. T. Hodgson	Quorn	1839–1841
Mr. Tom Hodgson	Holderness	1824–1839 1840–1842
Mr. Hogg	Oakley	1847–1850
Mr. W. H. Holly	Mid-Devon (Joint Master)	1893–1894
Colonel Tyssen Holroyd	Essex and Suffolk	(?)
Mr. T. Holyoake	Albrighton	1840–1848
Mr. J. Archer Houblon	Essex	1813–1818

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. Hood	Old Surrey (Joint Master)	1847–1859
Lord Hopetown	Pytchley	1852–1856
Mr. Horloch	Craven	1825–1828
Mr. Hormgold	Albrighton	1820–1823
	Worcestershire	1818–1824
Colonel Hornby	Essex Union	1895–1898
Mr. D. Horndon	North-East Cornwall	1897–1899
Mr. F. W. Horsfall	Bilsdale	1888–1891
Mr. H. C. Howard	Cumberland (Joint Master)	(?)–1899
Messrs. Huddleston	Eskdale	1801–1859
Mr. John Hudson	Mellbrake	(?)
Mr. H. R. Hughes	Flint and Denbigh (Joint Master)	1876–1884
Mr. Rowland Hunt	Wheatland	1888–1898
	Shropshire (Joint Master)	1898–1899
The Marquis of Huntly	Fitzwilliam	1877–1880
Messrs. Hurrell	Cambridgeshire	1827–1829

Messrs. Hussey-Vivian	Four Burrow	(?)
Sir H. S. Ibbetson	Essex	1879–1886
Mr. W. F. Inge	Atherstone	1891–1895
Colonel Jelf-Sharpe	Essex and Suffolk	(?)
	East Essex	1876–1881
Mr. Birt St. A. Jenner	West Somerset	1891–1894
Mr. F. M. E. Jervoise	H. H., Hampshire	1888–1895
Colonel Johnson	Durham County	1857–1860
Mr. R. Alison Johnson	North Herefordshire	1888–1893
Mr. Harcourt Johnson	Captain Johnstone's	1862–1881
Captain Hon. F. Johnstone	Captain Johnstone's	1881–1899
Mr. Jones (Jones family)	Ynysfor	1801–1899
Mr. J. Josselyn	Newmarket and Thurlow	(?)
Mr. John Josslyn	Suffolk	1845–1864
		1867–1871
		1875–1880
Mr. R. Kelly	Lamerton (Joint Master)	1881–1885
Mr. Henry Kelsey	Burstow	1866–1881

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Commander Kemble, R.N.	Essex Union	1891–1894
Messrs. W., T. R., and Myles Kennedy	Coniston	1835–(?)
Mr. John King	Hambledon	1829–1841
Mr. J. M. King	Suffolk	1885–1892
Captain H. A. Kinglake	West Somerset	1894–1896
	Radnorshire and West Herefordshire	1898–1899
Lord Kintore	Southwold	1826–1827
	V. W. H., Cirencester	1826–1828
	Old Berkshire	1827–1830
Sir Henry Knatchbull	Tickham	(?)
Mr. Edward Knight	H. H., Hampshire	1850–1852
		1854–1856
Mr. M. Knight	H. H., Hampshire (Joint Master)	1888–1889
Sir Chas. Knightley	Pytchley (Joint Master)	1809–1817
Mr. A. Knowles	Ledbury	1876–1888

Lieutenant-Colonel Knox	H. H., Hampshire	1895–1899
Mr. A. Labouchere	Surrey Union	1898–1899
Mr. Lambe	Eggesford	1894–1895
Mr. Ralph Lambton	Durham County	1804–1838
Mr. George Lane-Fox	Bramham Moor	1849–1896
Mr. T. R. Lane-Fox	Bramham Moor	1896–1899
Lane-Fox (the family of)	Bramham Moor	1801–1899
Mr. H. H. Langham	Pytchley	1878–1890
Mr. Langston	Heythrop (Joint Master)	1835–1857
Mr. Lant	North Warwickshire	1869–1884
Hon. Edward Lascelles	York and Ainsty	1871–1872
Mr. John Lawrence	Llangibby	1856–1897
	Llangibby (Joint Master)	1897–1899
Mr. C. Leadley	Stainton Dale	1874–1894
Mr. John Byres Leake	Mid-Devon	1894–1897
Mr. W. Leamon	Lamerton	1859–1877
Lord (2nd) Leconfield	Lord Leconfield's	1869–1899
Duke of Leeds	Bedale	1898–1899

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. Elliot Lees	South Dorset	1886–1887
Mr. Digby Legard	Lord Middleton's (Joint Master)	1806–1811
	Holderness	1815–1821
Colonel Hon. H. Legge	Albrighton (Joint Master)	1887–1890
Mr. Gerard Leigh	Hertfordshire	1866–1875
Mr. Robert Leslie	Sinnington	1883–1891
Captain T. P. Lewes	Mr. T. P. Lewes's	1897–1899
Mr. Lewis	The Chepstow	1847–1854, 1867–1896
Captain Freke Lewis	South Herefordshire	1875–1877
Mr. Frank Lewis	South Herefordshire (Joint Master)	1884–1886
Mr. Williams Lewis	Llangeinor	1895–1899
Mr. C. S. Lindsell	Cambridgeshire	1870–1887
Lord Llangattock	Monmouthshire (Joint Master)	1867–1880
Mr. Geo. Lobb	Lamerton	1878–1881

Mr. George Lobb - -	Lamerton - - -	1885–1888
	Lamerton (Joint Master) -	1881–1885
Mr. Loder - - - -	Crawley and Horsham (Joint Master) - - -	1867–1869
Mr. W. J. Long - - -	Hambledon - - -	1841–1847
	Hambledon (Joint Master) -	1856–1859
	Hambledon - - -	1868–1874
Mr. Walter Long - - -	Hambledon - - -	1874–1889
Mr. A. H. Longman - - -	Old Berkeley East - -	1881–1885
Mr. Heywood Lonsdale - - -	Shropshire - - -	1883–1897
Captain H. Heywood Lonsdale - -	Shropshire - - -	1897–1898
The Lonsdale Family - - -	Woodland Pytchley - -	1880–1885
" " - - - -	Cottesmore - - -	1876–1878
" " - - - -	Cottesmore - - -	1870–1876
" " - - - -	Cottesmore - - -	1806–1842
" " - - - -	Old Berkeley - - -	(?)–1802
" " - - - -	Quorn - - -	1893–1898

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Mr. T. A. Lote	Teme Valley	1892–1899
Mr. Loveden-Pryse	Gogerddan	1849–1855
Mr. Stanley Lowe	Hursley	1852–1857
Mr. Lowndes-Nerton	Mid-Devon	1889–1890
	Mid-Devon (Joint Master)	1892–1893
Mr. Selby Lowndes	North Warwickshire	1853–1855
	Atherstone	1855–1859
	Whaddon Chase	(?)–1899
Mr. Lucy	Warwickshire	1856–1858, 1867–1876
Lord Ludlow	Oakley	1816–1822
Mr. Richard Lumley (9th Earl of Scarborough)	Viscount Galway's	1846–1858
Mr. Lushington	Tickham	1844–1852
Mr. Luther	The United	1855–1862
Messrs. Luttrell	West Somerset	1824–1883
Mr. H. Latham Lutwyche	South Herefordshire	1886–1897

Mr. Lywood	Wheatland	1870–1873
Mr. Leonard Lywood	East Sussex	1868–1870
Mr. Maberly	Old Surrey	1812–1820
Mr. Turner Macan	Oakley (Joint Master)	1876–1885
Earl of Macclesfield	South Oxfordshire	1845–1848, 1857–1884
Mr. Austin Mackenzie	Old Berkeley West	1881–1885
	Woodland Pytchley	1885–1899
Mr. F. J. Mackenzie	East Kent	1879–1881
Mr. Mackintosh	Glamorganshire	1897–1899
Captain Macnaughten	Cattistock	1877–1878
Mr. Hollingworth Magniac	Oakley	1841–1847
Captain Mainwaring	Vine	1837–1857
Sir Henry Mainwaring	Cheshire Hunt	1818–1837
Mr. A. Mainwaring	Cheshire Hunt	1855–1858
Lord Malden	Old Berkeley	(?)
Lord Manners	Quorn	1884–1886
Mr. Richard Marriott	East Essex	1842–1868

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. Humphrey Marriott	East Essex	1868–1869
Lieutenant-General F. Marshall	Chiddingford	1886–1892, 1896–1899
Mr. Connoch Marshall	East Cornwall	1873–1897
Mr. Wilfred Marshall	Taunton Vale	1888–1892
	West Somerset	1896–1899
Mr. J. E. H. Martin	South and West Wilts	1890–1894
Mr. Masters	Pytchley	1821–1827
Mr. Maughan	Tynedale	1845–1854
Mr. A. L. Maynard	North Durham	1870–1884
Mr. Marmaduke Maxwell	Holderness (Joint Master)	1843–1847
Mr. Meynell-Ingram	Meynell	1816–1869
Lord Middleton	Warwickshire	1812–1822
„ „	South Notts	1835–1840
„ „ (7th Lord)	Lord Middleton's	1832–1834
„ „ (9th Lord)	Lord Middleton's	1877–1899
Mr. Mark Milbank	Bedale	1832–1856

Sir John Barker Mill	Hursley	1837–1839
Captain J. Gordon Miller	Newmarket and Thurlow	(?)
Mr. J. Butt Miller	Oakley	1885–1888
Mr. T. Butt Miller	Cricklade	1889–1899
Mr. W. H. Butt Miller	Cricklade	1886–1889
Mr. John Mills	Western New Forest	1885–1891
Mr. Oswald Milne	North Warwickshire	1862–1869
Mr. C. Mitchell	New Forest (Joint Master)	1802–1808
Mr. E. Molyneux	Newmarket and Thurlow	(?)
Mr. G. Montagu	Berks	1855–1859
Mr. George Montague	South Berks	1847–1853
Captain Morant	New Forest	1860–1869
Hon. H. Moreton (Lord Ducie)	V. W. H., Cirencester	1828–1843
	Old Berkshire	1830–1833
Mr. T. Morland	Old Berkshire	1836–1847
Mr. C. Morrell	Ledbury	1871–1876
	Worcestershire	1876–1879
	South Oxfordshire	1884–1887

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. James Morrell	Old Berkshire	1847–1857
	North Craven	1856–1857
Mr. C. Morris	Shropshire	1857–1866
Mr. W. Mortimer	Old Surrey (Joint Master)	1847–1871
	Old Surrey	1871–1877
Lord Mostyn	Flint and Denbigh	1833–1852
Mr. Lloyd Mostyn	Flint and Denbigh (Joint Master)	1882–1884
Mr. George Mostyn	East Craven	1856–1857
Sir Thomas Mostyn	Bicester	1801–1829
Mr. Andrew Motion	East Essex (Joint Master)	1897–1898
Mr. J. C. Munro	East Sussex	1894–1898
	Albrighton	1898–1899
Mr. A. Munroe	Dartmoor	1873–1876
Mr. C. Mure	Newmarket and Thurlow	(?)
Mr. George Mure	Suffolk	1825–1845

Mr. Muster	Southwold	1841–1843
Mr. John Musters	South Notts	1801–1805
Mr. John Musters, jun.	South Notts	1805–1810 1814–1823
Mr. John Musters (3rd)	South Notts	1827–1835 1840–1845
Mr. John Chaworth Musters	South Notts	1860–1868 1871–1876
	Quorn	1868–1870
Mr. John Mytton	Shropshire (Halston and Atcham)	1806–1815
Mr. Nash	Essex Union (Joint Master)	1832–1836
Mr. R. C. Naylor	Pytchley	1872–1874
Hon. — Nevill	Old Surrey	1808–1812
Hon. R. P. Nevill	West Kent	1861–1891
Lord George Nevill	Eridge	1880–1887
	West Kent	1895–1899
Lord Henry Nevill	Eridge	1892–1893

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. A. H. T. Newcomen	Cleveland	1874–1879
Mr. Chas. Newman	Suffolk	(?)
	East Essex	1820–1841
Mr. Newnham	Albrighton	1810–1820
Colonel Newnham	Worcestershire (Joint Master)	1813–1815
	Worcestershire	1815–1818
Mr. L. C. Newton	Cambridgeshire	1867–1870
Mr. H. Nicholl	Old Surrey (Joint Master)	1847–1871
Mr. John Nicholson	Mellbrake	(?)–1865
Mr. Nichol	New Forest	1814–1828
Colonel Nichol	Hursley	1868–1888
Mr. W. Nixon	Thurstonfield (Joint Master)	1896–1899
Mr. Chas. R. Norman	Essex and Suffolk	1897–1899
Mr. North	Tiverton	(?)–1841
Hon. W. H. J. North	Warwickshire (Joint Master)	1861–1867
Hon. W. H. T. North	Bicester	1866–1870
Captain Nugent	N. Staffordshire (Joint Master)	1870–1874

Messrs. Nunn	Essex and Suffolk	1849–(?)
Mr. Nunez	Hambledon	1815–1816
Mr. Oakeley	Atherstone (Joint Master)	1870–1871
	Atherstone	1871–1891
Mr. Offin	Essex Union	1869–1875
Mr. Augustus Onslow	H. H., Hampshire	1842–1844
Colonel Ord	Newmarket and Thurlow	(?)
Mr. John Ord	Suffolk	1864–1867
Mr. Richard Ord	South Durham	1881–1884
Captain Orr-Ewing	Old Berkshire	1891–1893
G. "Squire" Osbaldeston	South Notts	1810–1814
	Atherstone	1815–1817
	Hambledon (Joint Master)	1816–1821
	Quorn	1817–1821
		1823–1827
	Pytchley	1827–1834
	Suffolk	prior to 1825
	Old Burton	(?)–1864

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Mr. Morris Owen	Pembrokeshire	1869–1871
Sir H. Oxenden	East Kent	(?)–1832
Mr. Thomas Page	Roxby and Cleveland	1801–1817
Mr. W. B. Paget	Quorn (Joint Master)	1890–1893
Lord Henry Paget (Marquis of Anglesey)	South Staffordshire	1865–1872
Mr. G. H. Palmer	Avon Vale	1895–1899
Mr. Parker	Worcestershire	1824–1830
	Southwold	1833–1835
	Old Berkshire	1833–1834
Hon. T. A. Parker	Heythrop	1838 (3 months)
Mr. James Parker	Essex Union	1852–1854
Admiral Parker	Dartmoor	1876–1889
Mr. C. J. Parker	Cumberland (Joint Master)	(?)–1899
Captain Park Yates	North Cheshire	1877–1896
Mr. Nicholas Parry	Puckeridge	1838–1875
Mr. Thomas Parrington	Sinnington	1879–1883
Mr. Chas. T. Part	Hertfordshire (Joint Master)	1898–1899

Mr. J. Paton	Stevenstone	1895–1899
Mr. Lionel Patton	Taunton Vale	1876–1885
Mr. George Payne	Pytchley	1835–1838 1844–1849
Mr. Payne	Essex Union	1839–1848
Captain Peacock	Hertfordshire	1885–1888
	Isle of Wight	1892–1893
Mr. Stanley Pearse	New Forest	1889–1894
Mr. W. Pearson	Mellbrake	1807–(?)
Mr. Robert Pearse	H. H., Hampshire	1852–1854
John Peel	Yorkshire	Born 1775; died 1854
Mr. Herbert Peel	Radnorshire and West Herefordshire	1895–1898
Hon. G. Pelham	Southwold	1823–1826
Mr. Geo. Herbert Pember	Vine	1896–1899
	Vine (Joint Master)	1888–1893
Mr. Pemberton-Barnes	Newmarket and Thurlow	(?)–1899

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Earl of Pembroke	Wilton	1887–1890
Hon. E. Douglas Pennant	Grafton	1891–1899
Hon. Alan Pennington	Holderness	1877–1878
Lord Penrhyn	Grafton	1882–1891
Lord Algernon Percy	N. Warwickshire (Joint Master)	1894–1899
Earl Percy	Percy	1878–1889
Hon. E. Petre	Badsworth	1821–1826
Lord Petre	Essex Union	1822–1832, 1836–1838
	Puckeridge	1832–1835
Hon. E. Peters	Isle of Wight	1857–1858
Sir Algernon Peyton	Bicester	1862–1863, 1870–1872
Rev. J. Phillips	Cattistock	(?)–1806
Mr. J. Shaw Phillips	South Oxfordshire	1848–1857
Mr. G. Lort Phillips	Pembrokeshire	1850–1866
	Croome	1882–1883

Mr. G. Lort Phillips	North Warwickshire	1884–1888
	Pembrokeshire	1888–1894
	Pembrokeshire (Joint Master)	1894–1895
Mr. Phipps	Cattistock	1887–1888
Mr. John Pierson (preceded by grandfather and uncle; dates unknown)	Goathland	1860–1877
Mr. Pitman	South Berks	1862–1865
Mr. J. S. Pode	Dartmoor	(?)–1827
Mr. Abraham Pole	Vine	1825–1827
Lord Poltimore	Tiverton	1858–1866
	Cattistock	1860–1872
Mr. E. R. Portal	Craven	1892–1895
Viscount Portman	Blackmore Vale (part of)	1831–1840
	Lord Portman's	1858–1899
Hon. E. W. B. Portman	Taunton Vale	1897–1899
Earl of Portsmouth	South Craven	1856–1857
	Vine	1857–1859
	Eggesford	1859–1890

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Mr. Walter Powell	Carmarthenshire	1801–1850
Mr. H. M. Powell	New Forest	1894–1899
Mr. W. Powlett	H. H.; Hampshire	1801–1802
Mr. Powlett	Hambledon	1804–1807
Earl Powlett	Hambledon	1859–1868
Mr. C. W. Prescot-Westear	East Kent	1889–1890
Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Price	Radnorshire and West Herefordshire	1868–1892
Mr. Lewis Priestman	Braes of Derwent	1896–1899
Mr. J. Proud	Cleveland	1879–1886
Mr. Pryse Pryse	Gogerddan	1815–1849
Colonel E. L. Pryse	Gogerddan	1859–1889
Sir Pryse Pryse	Gogerddan	1855–1859, 1889–1894, 1897–1899
Mr. Pullston	Atherstone	1804–1812
Sir Richard Pulestone	Albrighton	1799–1805

Mr. Purdon	Wheatland	1876–1881
Marquis of Queensberry	Worcestershire	1870–1871
Mr. Radcliffe	South Dorset	1858–1882
Mr. F. Radcliffe	South Dorset	1882–1886
Mr. J. Ashton Radcliffe	South Dorset	1894–1899
Lord Radnor	Old Berkshire	1834–1836
Earl (4th) Radnor	Wilton	1869–1883
Earl (5th) Radnor	Wilton	1890–1897
Mr. G. Crawshay Ralston	Mid-Devon	1897–1899
Colonel W. J. F. Ramsden	Badsworth	1892–1895
Mr. W. Rangely	Barlow	1856–1873
Mr. James Ranken	South Herefordshire	1877–1884
Mr. E. P. Rawnsley	Southwold	1880–1899
Mr. W. Rayer	Tiverton	1873–1892
Lord Redesdale	Heythrop (Joint Master)	1835–1837 1842–1853
Mr. E. H. Reynard	Holderness (Joint Master)	1843–1847
Rev. E. M. Reynolds	Coniston	(?)–1899

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. Ricardo	Heythrop (Joint Master)	1854–1861
Major Gerald Ricardo	Craven	1887–1892
Mr. Richardson	Bicester	1862–1863
Mr. Richards	Hambledon	1814–1815
Duke of Richmond	Lord Leconfield's	*circa* 1800
Mr. Edward Riddell	Tynedale (Joint Master)	1869–1871
Mr. W. Rigden	Tickham	1832–1844
	Tickham (Joint Master)	1852–1871
Mr. W. E. Rigden	Tickham	1874–1899
Mr. A. J. Robarts	Grafton (Joint Master)	1891–1895
Mr. Robert	Sinnington	(?)–1879
Mr. Robertson	Tynedale	1839–1845
Mr. Jacob Robson	Border	(?)–1899
Mr. Thomas Robson	North Tyne (Joint Master)	(?)–1899
Mr. W. F. Rock	Pembrokeshire	1886–1888
Mr. J. E. Rogerson	North Durham	1888–1889
Hon. Mark Rolle	Stevenstone	1859–1883

Hon. Mark Rolle	Stevenstone	1892–1895
Mr. L. Rolleston	South Notts	1823–1827
Mr. Lancelot Rolleston	South Notts (Joint Master)	1876–1881
	Mr. Rolleston's	1881–1882
	Rufford	1889–1899
Messrs. J. and D. Rounding	Essex	1801–1805
Mr. W. Routledge	Bewcastle	1850–1889
Mr. W. Routledge, jun.	Bewcastle	1889–1899
Mr. A. W. Ruggles-Brise	East Essex	1881–1882
	East Essex (Joint Master)	1882–1883
		1897–1899
Mr. Algernon Rushout	North Cotswold	1874–1896
Mr. Russell	Warwickshire	1830–1833
Rev. John Russell	North Devon	(?)–1859
Mr. A. Gordon Russell	Vine (Joint Master)	1888–1893
	Vine	1893–1896
Duke of Rutland	Belvoir	1801–1830
Duke of Rutland	Belvoir	1857–1896

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. J. Sadler	Chiddingford	1863–1876
Mr. Louis L. Salkeld	Mr. Salkeld's	1895–1899
Mr. R. Burdon Sanderson	Percy	1889–1899
Mr. R. Saville	West Kent	1892–1895
Mr. Scarisbrick	Badsworth	1811–1814
Hon. Francis Scott	Surrey Union	1866–1876
Mr. Scratton	Essex Union	1848–1851 1854–1869
Lord Sefton	Quorn	1800–1802
Mr. W. C. Selby	Percy	1892–1896
Mr. W. Selby	Percy	1850–1858
Mr. C. D. Seymour	West Norfolk (part of)	1889–1892
	West Norfolk	1895–1899
Mr. Henry Seymour	West Craven (Joint Master)	1856–1857
Mr. George Shakerley	Cheshire Hunt	1837–1839
Earl of Shannon	V. W. H., Cirencester	1875–1879

Mr. Shard	Hambledon	1822–1823
Mr. G. E. Shedden	Isle of Wight (Joint Master)	1894–1899
G Captain Shedden	New Forest	1842–1853
Sir John Shelley	Tremlett (Joint Master)	1879–1889
	Tremlett	1898–1899
Mr. P. C. Sherbrooke	Sinnington	1894–1899
Mr. Shemwell	Barlow	1810–1840
Mr. Shirley	Warwickshire	1822–1825
Lord Shrewsbury	North Staffordshire (Joint Master)	1870–1874
Mr. C. P. Shrubb	Burton	1882–1885
	Tedworth	1888–1889
Major F. Shuttleworth	Cambridgeshire (Joint Master)	1896–1899
Sir John Simeon	Isle of Wight	1854–1856
Mr. W. M. G. Singer	South Devon	189(?)–1899
Mr. Skelding	Wheatland	1811–1818
Sir Charles Slingsby	York and Ainsty	1853–1869
Captain Slingsby	York and Ainsty	1879–1883

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. W. Smith	Goathland	1877–1899
Mr. Smith	Hambledon	1824–1829
Mr. "Tom" Smith	Craven	1829–1833
	Pytchley	1840–1844
Mr. Tom Smith of Presham	Hambledon	1847–1852
Sir Edward Smyth	Shropshire	1806–1815
Mr. Nicholas Snow	Exmoor	1869–1889
Mr. Snow	Old Surrey	1800–1808
Colonel Somerset	Hertfordshire	1875–1885
Lord Somerton	Wilton	1884–1887
Lord Sondes	Pytchley	1817–1818
	West Norfolk (Joint Master)	1830–1843
	Tickham	(?)–1830
Lord Southampton	Quorn	1823–1831
	Grafton	1842–1861
Earl Spencer	Pytchley	1862–1864
		1874–1878

Earl Spencer	Pytchley	1890–1894	
Lord Spencer	Woodland Pytchley	1874–1876	
Mr. H. M. Sperling	Lamerton	1888–1896	
Captain Spicer	Avon Vale	1890–1895	
Mr. G. E. H. Spiller	Mid-Devon (Joint Master)	1897–1899	
Mr. Nicholas Spink	Bilsdale	1872–1878	
Mr. St. John	Mr. Garth's present country	1810–1817	
Captain Stacey	North Cotswold	1896–1899	
Lord Stamford	Albrighton	1848–1849	
		1855–1856	
	Quorn	1856–1863	
Mr. W. C. Standish	New Forest	1869–1874	
Mr. Standish	Hursley	1862–1868	
Mr. Stanford	Crawley and Horsham	1847–1867	
Captain Stanley	Blackmore Vale (Joint Master)	1853–1855	
	Blackmore Vale	1857–1858	
Colonel Stead	Craven (Joint Master)	1813–1814	
Mr. Moore Stevens	North Devon	(?)–1859	

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. Antony Stokes	Pembrokeshire (Joint Master)	1894–1895
	Pembrokeshire	1895–1899
Mr. John Stokes	Pembrokeshire (Joint Master)	1828–1850
Mr. T. Stordy	Thurstonfield	1890–1896
Mr. Isaac Stordy	Thurstonfield	1877–1890
	Thurstonfield (Joint Master)	1896–1899
Mr. R. Strachey	Blackmore Vale	1856–1857
Mr. John Straker	Tynedale	1883–1889
Mr. R. J. Streatfield	Southdown	1871–1881
Major Stretton	Monmouthshire	1832–1867
Mr. Orlando Stubbs	Albrighton	1856–1866
Lord Suffield	Quorn	1838–1839
	West Norfolk	1856–1859
Colonel Sumner	Surrey Union	1841–1858
Captain A. Sumner	Cotswold	1873–1885
Mr. W. T. Summers	Wheatland	1885–1886
Duke of Sutherland	North Staffordshire	1874–1899

Sir R. F. Sutton	Craven	1880–1887
Mr. Richard Sutton	Mr. Fernie's	(?)–1856
Sir Richard Sutton	Southwold	1829–1830
	Cottesmore	1842–1847
	Quorn	1847–1856
	Old Burton	(?)–1864
Mr. R. C. Swan	Sinnington	1891–1894
	Morpeth	1894–1899
Mr. F. C. Swindell	Puckeridge	1890–1894
	Old Berkshire	1894–1898
Mr. Edward R. Sworder	Hertfordshire	1888–1898
Mr. E. R. Sworder	East Kent	1882–1889
Sir Mark Masterman Sykes	Holderness	1804–1811
	Lord Middleton's	1804–1806
		1811–1823
	Lord Middleton's (Joint Master)	1806–1811
Sir Tatton Sykes	Lord Middleton's	1824–1832
		1834–1853

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Mr. Tailby	Mr. Tailby's (now Mr. Fernie's)	1856–1878
Mr. T. M. Talbot	Ledbury	1868–1871
Mr. J. M. Talbot	Glamorganshire	1873–1875
Marquis of Tavistock	Oakley	1809–1816
Major Tempest	Blankney	1881–1895
Mr. G. Templer	South Devon	(?)
Mr. J. G. Thackwell	Ledbury	1868–1871
Mr. Theobald	New Forest	1853–1854
	Craven	1858–1862
Mr. Salusbury Thomas	Mid-Devon	1890–1892
	Radnorshire and West Hereford	1892–1895
	The United	1896–1899
Colonel Thomas	Heythrop (Joint Master)	1862–1863
Mr. Thornhill	Warwickshire	1833–1836
Mr. Mortimer G. Thoyts	South Berks	1843–1847
Sir W. Throckmorton	V. W. H., Cirencester	1869–1875
Sir John Thursby	Western New Forest	1891–1895

Mr. G. J. Thursby	Ledbury	1895–1897
Lord Harry Thynne	Blackmore Vale	1855–1856
Mr. T. W. Tindall	Cambridgeshire	1888–1891
Mr. W. S. Tindall	Stainton Dale	1894–1899
Colonel Tower	Durham County	1844–1852
Mr. Edward Tredcroft	H. H., Hampshire	1856–1862
Lord Tredegar	Lord Tredegar's	1870–1899
Mr. Tregonwell	Hursley	1857–1862
Mr. C. Trelawney	Dartmoor	1843–1873
Mr. Elias Tremlett	Tremlett	1830–1879
Mr. John Tremlett	Tremlett (Joint Master)	1879–1889
	Tremlett	1889–1898
Mr. A. H. Tritton	Surrey Union	1897–1898
Sir John Trollope (Lord Kesteven)	Cottesmore	1855–1870
Hon. R. C. Trollope	West Somerset	1883–1885
Captain J. O. Trotter	Worcestershire (Field Master)	1896–1899
Mr. E. Tunson	New Forest	1854–1860
Mr. Turner	Four Burrow	(?)–1839

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Captain T. H. Tyrwhitt-Drake	Old Berkeley West	1888–1895
Mr. T. W. Tyrwhitt-Drake	Old Berkeley West (Joint Master)	1893–1895
Mr. Ludovic Unwin	Tiverton	1892–1899
Viscount Valentia	Bicester	1872–1885
Colonel Van der Weyer	Old Berkshire	1884–1889
Earl Vane	Durham Connty	1842–1843
Lord Henry Vane-Tempest	Plas Machynlleth	1894–1899
Mr. Vansittart	Cleveland	1827–1829
Mr. Vaughan	West Morpeth (Joint Master)	1844–1854
Sir Robert Vaughan	Flint and Denbigh	1852–1868
Mr. Edward Vaughan	Pembrokeshire	1881–1886
Mr. Vere	Worcestershire (Joint Master)	1866–1870
Mr. H. F. Vernon	Worcestershire	1865–1866
Mr. Robert Vicary	South Devon	189(?)–1899
Mr. W. Vickers	Barlow	1873–1878
Mr. John Truman Villebois	H. H., Hampshire	1802–1837

Mr. Frederick Villebois	Craven	1833–1851
	V. W. H., Cirencester	1850–1855
	West Norfolk	1859–1865
	West Norfolk (part of)	1875–1877
Hon. Francis Villiers	Pytchley	1851–1852
	Pytchley (Joint Master)	1856–1862
Mr. Enys Vivian	Four Burrow	1839–(?)
Mr. R. Vyner	North Warwickshire	1832–1838
Mr. Robert Vyner	Holderness	1840–1842
Mr. E. H. Walker	Croome	1889–1893
Mr. P. Walker	Hambledon	1821–1822
Mr. Wall	Hambledon	1852–1856
Mr. R. Wall	Hursley	1850–1852
Mr. Waller	Heythrop (Joint Master)	1854–1861
Sir Peter Warburton	Cheshire Hunt	1784–1801
Hon. Dudley Ward	Worcestershire	1846–1847
Mr. Ward	Essex Union	1851–1852
Mr. T. W. Ward	Wheatland	1873–1876

MASTERS	PACKS	DATES
Mr. John Warde	Pytchley	1797–1808
	New Forest	1808–1814
	Craven	1814–1825
Colonel G. Warde	West Kent	1891–1892
Captain Warner	Quorn	1886–1890
	Quorn (Joint Master)	1890–1893
Lord Waterpark	Meynell	(?)
Mr. N. F. Watson	Surrey Union	1882–1884
Mr. Watson	West Morpeth (Joint Master)	1844–1854
Mr. G. L. Watson	Woodland Pytchley	1876–1879
Mr. Watt	Holderness (Joint Master)	1804–1811
Mr. Watt	Lord Middleton's (Joint Master)	1806–1811
Mr. W. E. M. Watts	East Sussex (Joint Master)	1870–1872
Mr. Webb	Heythrop (Joint Master)	1835–1837
Mr. Robert B. Webber	Old Berkeley East	1891–1899
Sir Augustus Webster	East Sussex	1853–1854
Major Welfitt	Rufford	1860–1867

Mr. Eugene Wells	Suffolk	1898–1899
Lord Wemyss	Percy	(?)–1850
Mr. W. R. Erskine Wemyss	Burton	1880–1882 1885–1888
Mr. Wemyss	Badminton (Joint Master)	1896–1897
Mr. R. E. Wemyss	Craven	1879–1880
Mr. J. T. Wharton	Cleveland	1871–1874
Mr. W. H. A. Wharton	Hurworth	1884–1886
	Cleveland	1886–1899
Mr. Wheble	Mr. Garth's country	1850–1852
	South Berks	1853–1855
Mr. G. Wheldon	Blackmore Vale (Joint Master)	1853–1855
Mr. Arthur E. Whieldon	Vine	1859–1866
Mr. P. A. O. Whitaker	Essex and Suffolk	1895–1897
	Oakley	1897–1899
Mr. W. H. White	East Essex	1869–1876
	Essex Union	1875–1880
	East Kent	1881–1882

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Mr. Wilfred Baker White	East Kent	1898–1899
Mr. White	Hursley	1840–1843
Mr. J. White	Cheshire Hunt	1841–1855
Mr. Walter Whitebread	Hundred of Hoo	1896–1899
Sir M. White-Ridley	Morpeth	1818–(?)
Sir M. White-Ridley, jun.	Morpeth	(?)–1844
Mr. Preston Whyte	Eggesford	1892–1894
Mr. H. Wickham	Fitzwilliam	1888–1892
Mr. C. W. Wicksted	Ludlow	1866–1886
Mr. Edward Wilcockson	Barlow	1840–1851
Captain Wilder	Hambledon (Joint Master)	1856–1859
Mr. Wilkins	Pytchley	1834–1835
Messrs. Wilkinson	Hurworth	1799–1861
Mr. Thos. Wilkinson	Hurworth	1861–1862
Mr. George T. Willes	Craven	1865–1871 1877–1879
Mr. R. W. Williams	Flint and Denbigh (Joint M.)	1896–1899

Mr. F. V. Williams	Eridge	1887–1893
Sir William Williams	Four Burrow	1854–1856
	Stevenstone	1883–1892
	Exmoor	1894–1899
Mr. O. J. Williams	Flint and Denbigh	1884–1896
	Flint and Denbigh (Joint Master)	1896–1899
Mr. F. C. Hanbury Williams	Monmouthshire	1867–1885
Mr. F. Vaughan Williams	Tedworth	1885–1888
	North Herefordshire	1893–1899
Sir Watkin Williams Wynn	Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's	1841–(?)
Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, jun.	Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's	(?)–1899
Mr. Fred Williams	Four Burrow	1856–1857
Mr. George Williams	Four Burrow	1857–1878
Mr. John Williams	Four Burrow	1878–1899
Mr. W. Addams Williams	Llangibby	1790–1814
Mr. John Addams Williams	Llangibby	1814–1854
Rev. C. A. Williams	Llangibby	1854–1856

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Mr. Hopton Addams Williams	Llangibby	1897–1899
Captain Percy Williams	Rufford	1841–1860
Mr. Williams	New Forest (Joint Master)	1802–1808
Mr. Williamson	Durham County	1839–1841 1853–1856
Major George Willis	Craven (Joint Master)	1856–1857
Mr. H. Willoughby (8th Lord Middleton)	Lord Middleton's	1853–1877
Lord Willoughby de Broke	Warwickshire	1876–1899
Captain Wilson-Todd	Bedale	1888–1896
Mr. W. Wilson	Barlow	1878–1880 1884–1893 1895–1899
Mr. F. T. Wilson	North Herefordshire	1896–1897
	Ledbury	1897–1899
Mr. W. Wilson	Atherstone	1849–1850
Mr. Thos. Wilson	Burton	1888–1899
Mr. Wharton Wilson	V. W. H., Cirencester	1863–1869

Mr. Wilson - - - -	North Warwickshire - -	1843–1845
Mr. Arthur Wilson - - -	Holderness - - -	1878–1899
Mr. Wilson - - - -	West Norfolk - - -	1810–1833
Sir Rowland Winn - - -	Badsworth - - -	1801–1805
Sir George Wombwell - - -	York and Ainsty - -	1869–1871
Mr. Arthur Wood - - -	H. H., Hampshire - -	1884–1888
Mr. A. B. Worthington - - -	East Kent - - -	1893–1894
Mr. A. B. Wrangham - - -	Croome - - -	1893–1899
Mr. C. B. E. Wright - - -	Badsworth - - -	1876–1892
Hon. Arthur (Lord) Wrottesley - -	Albrighton - - -	1849–1852
Mr. W. M. Wroughton - - -	Pytchley - - -	1894–1899
Colonel Wyndham (1st Lord Leconfield)	Lord Leconfield's - -	1859–1869
Hon. P. Wyndham - - -	Tedworth - - -	1882–1885
Mr. W. Wyndham - - -	New Forest - - -	1828–1838
Mr. Wm. Wyndham - - -	Craven - - -	1828–1829
Colonel Wynn - - - -	Flint and Denbigh (Joint Master) - - -	1868–1876
Yarborough (1st Baron) - - -	Brocklesby - - -	1769–1823

MASTERS	*PACKS*	*DATES*
Yarborough (1st Earl) - - -	Brocklesby - - -	1823–1846
„ (2nd Earl) - - -	Brocklesby - - -	1846–1862
„ (3rd Earl) - - -	Brocklesby - - -	1862–1875
„ (Countess of) - - -	Brocklesby - - -	1875–1880
„ (4th Earl) - - -	Brocklesby - - -	1880–1899
Rev. Harry Farr Yeatman - - -	Blackmore Vale - -	1826–1834
Mr. E. C. Yorke - - - -	York and Ainsty - -	1885–Dec. 1885
Captain Young - - - -	Herefordshire (Joint Master)	1875–1885
Lord Zetland - - - -	Lord Zetland's - - -	1876–1899

CHAPTER III.

BIOGRAPHIES IN A NUTSHELL

I AM afraid that to many of my readers the last chapter must have proved tedious. But statistics always are tedious in my opinion. The investigation of them has often landed me in a veritable arsenal of archæology, when I was longing to write about the magic-lantern slides of memory. The necessity of antiquarian research has been brought home to me on many occasions, and in many different ways, but few people know the difficulties of the literary sporting resurrectionist. I allude to these difficulties because, though I have made every endeavour to make this book an amusing book of reference, I am aware that I must have made some mistakes; but the following anecdotal memoirs are, to the best of my belief, authentic. There may be many sins of omission in regard to them, but I have taken every precaution in my power to see that there should be no sins of commission. There are many giants of the hunting-field, whom I ought to have

mentioned, some of whom may probably have been more famous than those to whom I intend to allude; but, to do full justice to all of them, I should have required the space of the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

In the first decade of the century few men were better known and more esteemed in the hunting world than Mr. John Corbet, of Sundorne Castle, in Shropshire. Even now, after the lapse of eighty-nine years, he is still regarded as one of the most celebrated Masters of the old school. He succeeded Mr. Warde in the Warwickshire country in 1791, and Warwickshire rose into the front rank of hunting countries. During the season he resided at Clopton House, near Stratford-on-Avon; he had kennels both at Stratford and at Meriden, but at the end of the season the hounds were removed back to Sundorne. His reign lasted from 1791 till 1811, his last fixture being on Saturday, February 9th, 1811. Then he resigned owing to ill-health, though he lived till the 19th of May, 1817, when he had completed his sixty-fifth year. To quote the words of "Castor": "In him died one who with the strictest moral and religious principles, combined the best affections of the heart. As a friend, husband, father, master, landlord, or, in fact, in whatever character he might be called upon to fill, he displayed those genuine qualities which a mere superficial good nature can never supply."

Mr. Corbet had had a long experience of Master-

ship of Hounds before he undertook to hunt the whole of Warwickshire, during which period the fame of his pack was mainly due to one hound, namely the celebrated Trojan. I only mention Trojan because the blood of Trojan is probably more famous than that of any other hound. Indeed, in some records which I have come across the Warwickshire hounds are alluded to as "The Trojans," and Mr. Corbet was often called "The Father of the Trojans." He hunted the whole of Warwickshire, including the Dunchurch and Atherstone countries, without any subscription, excepting five pounds a year from each of the members for earth-stopping, and as a rule his kennels contained seventy couples of hounds. As a rider he would never jump, if he could help it, though he would gallop as hard as he could along rough lanes and stony roads. This habit did not spring from lack of nerve, for probably it takes more nerve to gallop down a rough lane than to negotiate a bullfinch. Certainly he had many nasty croppers. On one occasion he jumped a gate because he was unable to stop his horse. "I have done more than I meant to do," he quietly remarked at the finish. His civility in the field was a proverb. If a man were seen in the midst of hounds, he would merely call out, "Pray, sir, hold hard; you will spoil your own sport." When hounds were settled on their fox, he would shout, "Now, gentlemen, ride over them; now ride, and catch them if you can."

Very different, however, was his huntsman, Will

Barrow. In fact, master and man were "as poles asunder." Will's language was not always fit for publication. But as a rider he had few rivals in the annals of horsemanship. Nothing in the shape of a fence that there was the remotest possibility of getting over or through would turn him off the line when hounds were running. He sat his horse in a perfect manner, and with an ease that almost amounted to gracefulness. His hand was as light as a lady's, and his nerve was apparently made of cast iron. But his ability as a horseman was chiefly proved by the way in which he could manage his horses. Mr. Childe, of Kinlet, Shropshire, commonly known as "The Flying Childe," had been his first Master, and had given him his first lessons. Barrow, Mr. Childe said, was the only servant he ever had or knew fit to trust with his own horses' mouths, having so gentle and good a hand on his bridle. His last days were spent with Mr. Corbet's harriers at Sundorne, where he was killed by a fall from his horse, a fitting end for a celebrated and hard-riding huntsman. That he was a sober and careful man may be judged from the fact that he left £1,400 behind him. He was buried in Sundorne parish churchyard, where the epitaph on his tomb is—

"Of this world's pleasures I have had my share;
For few the sorrows I was doomed to bear;
How oft I have enjoyed the noble chase
Of hounds and foxes, each striving for the race!
But the knell of death calls me away;
So, sportsmen, farewell! I must obey."

In Mr. Corbet's day Leamington was a mere village. A range of baths erected by a Mr. Matthew Wise alone constituted its pretensions to a spa, and the accommodation provided for visitors, hunting and otherwise, was of the most rural, *i.e.* uncomfortable, description. Stratford-on-Avon was therefore chosen as the social centre of the Hunt, and the Hunt Club had its headquarters at the "White Lion" in that town.

Let me quote Castor's description of the famous club: "The evening uniform of the club was black stockings, breeches, and waistcoat, and a scarlet coat with handsome gilt buttons, with the letters 'S. H.' upon them, and a black velvet collar. This last appendage gained the members of the club the name of 'Black Collars,' and as such they were referred to in the poem of "The Epwell Hunt." It corresponded, in fact, with the white collar badge of the Pytchley Hunt, and seems to have been also a part of the dress in the field, as it figures in a coloured plate by Thomas Weaver of John Corbet and his hounds. And a happy party 'The Black Collars' seem to have been. A quarrel at the club was unheard of, and the good day's sport, which the country provided to such a Master as 'The Warwickshire Squire,' would send them back well prepared in mind and body for the substantial fare, which was such an important item in English country life in the good old days. The commencement of the season was always ushered in in a

marked manner. The members of the club congregated once more at Stratford, and on the first Monday in November Lord Willoughby de Broke entertained the Master and a numerous party to dinner."

There are so many recorded runs with Mr. Corbet's hounds, some of which have been recorded in verse, that I can only allude to the most important briefly, omitting, of course, those which took place previous to the commencement of the century. On the 10th of December, 1801, a memorable run took place from Lord Northampton's seat at Compton Wynites, when a fox, found in the gorse by Epwell White House, ran before hounds for four hours and a quarter, till 5.15 p.m., when they were whipped off on account of the darkness. "Not one horse returned that night to the stable he had left in the morning," says the record. In another run from Wolford a fox eluded hounds after running before them for six hours. Only one man, viz. Jack Barrow, the first whip, finished on the same horse that he started on. This distance is computed at fifty miles.

On Easter Monday, 1803, the finish took place in Lady Hertford's ornamental dairy, when

> "The pack, heedless of the damsel's scream,
> First ate the fox—then drank the cream."

In 1806, starting from Bearley Bushes, hounds accounted for their fox after four hours and fifty minutes. Certainly Mr. Edward Goulburn, in his

poem, dated 1807, called "The Epwell Hunt," was justified in writing—

> "The blood of old Trojan is all I desire,
> So give me the hounds of the Warwickshire Squire."

If these runs were not recorded by unimpeachable authorities, the modern hunting man would regard them as exaggerations. That they must have been slow-hunting runs admits of no doubt; but to us, who have been educated to consider twenty minutes on the grass without a check as a red-letter day, these runs of over four hours seem marvellous. Still, these are the records recorded in the history of the Warwickshire hounds.

I have already alluded to the moral character of Mr. John Corbet. Not only was his private life beyond reproach, but his public life gained him distinction. He succeeded Lord Clive as M.P. for Stratford, and took an active part in agricultural politics until ill-health compelled him to desist from taking any active part in the discussion of the leading questions of the day. During his life he was honoured, and after his death he was lamented.

I have given the pride of place to Mr. Corbet on account of his seniority, but probably the performances of no Master of Hounds have been more discussed than have been those of Mr. Thomas Assheton-Smith. This hero of the horn and pigskin was born in Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, on the 2nd of August, 1776. His grandfather,

Thomas Assheton, of Ashley Hall, in Cheshire, had assumed the name of Smith on the death of his uncle, Captain William Smith, who died without issue. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Watkin Wynne. Before he had completed his eighth year he was sent to Eton, being at the time the youngest boy in the school. Here he remained for eleven years, and was chiefly noted for the number of fights in which he was engaged. On one occasion he had a set-to with Mr. "Jack" Musters, which lasted for an hour and a half, by which time the two boys were so knocked about that they could not distinguish each other. But the fight made no difference to their friendship in manhood. Indeed, Smith, not only at Eton, but in after life, enjoyed fighting for the mere love of the thing, and used to declare that if a boy were not well thrashed when he was young he would most probably need it when he became a man. For this reason some writers have portrayed him as an irascible, obstinate man, who was never happy unless he was engaged in a quarrel. This, however, I consider to be a libel, for he was a typical country squire, liberal with his purse, and popular with all classes of society. Certainly he possessed a dogged determination, which prevented him from understanding the meaning of the word failure. His obstinacy, if such it can be termed, was the result of his faith in his own convictions. His foundation of the Tedworth Hunt amongst difficulties which appeared, even to his own father, to be insurmountable is an example

of the successful issue of his obstinacy. When once he had undertaken to do a thing he never stopped working till he saw that the thing was done. It was this trait in his character which made the Duke of Wellington say of him that he would have made the first cavalry officer in Europe.

From Eton Tom Smith—for so he was always called till he became the Squire of Tedworth, on the death of his father—went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he spent four years in playing cricket in the summer, and hunting with John Warde's Hounds in Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire during the winter. His prowess in the cricket-field may be judged from the fact that he was chosen to play in the first "Gentlemen *v.* Players" match. Upon leaving Oxford he was able to devote all his energies to fox-hunting, though it was not till 1806 that he first carried the horn. It is interesting to note that at this time, when he left Oxford, his walking weight was 10 st. and his height 5 ft. 10 in., and that at his death his weight was 11 st. 10 lbs., though to the last he was as hard as nails, as might be expected in the case of a man who, for eighty-two years, lived up to the motto—

"Toil strings the nerves and purifies the blood."

In 1806 Tom Smith succeeded Lord Foley as Master of the Quorn, over which he reigned till 1816. He was only thirty years of age, and it was feared that he had undertaken a task beyond his

powers. He had earned the reputation of being the best man to hounds in England; but seeds of dissension had been sown in the Quorn country, and there were signs of ill-feeling between the tenant farmers and the foreign hunting men. Mr. Hugo Meynell, during his long Mastership, had made the Quorn country the most popular country in England, but the farmers resented the foreign invasion. Could Tom Smith dispel the ill-feeling? He not only could, but did do so, in spite of what his detractors call his irritability, and his inability to brook contradiction. Curiously, it was this irritability, which often led him into pugilistic encounters, which endeared him with the Leicestershire graziers. Then his social position was such as to command the respect of the large covert owners. Moreover, he was the heir of a Hampshire country squire with an unlimited balance at his bankers, and was prepared to hunt the country without any subscription. Still, there can be no doubt that he was apt to be hasty in his temper towards men. On one occasion he was asked why, in spite of his hasty temper, he never allowed himself to be provoked by a horse or a hound. The reply was characteristic of the man. "They are brutes and know no better, *but men do.*" During the Mastership of the Quorn he was chiefly celebrated for the bulldog tenacity with which he would stick to hounds. His ambition was to see the fox run into and to see hounds work, and to satisfy this ambition he did not hesitate to

risk his neck. He loved to boast about the number of masks his hounds had accounted for, but only on two occasions did he mention his own riding. The first was when he said that he could get over any fence in the Harborough country with a fall; the second was when he told a friend, who had advised him to use a martingale with a certain horse, that his left hand was his martingale. He jumped seemingly impossible places with the sole purpose of being with hounds. No man probably had more falls. Once he had eight falls in a single run, and then was the only man in at the death. Yet he was only seriously hurt twice in his life. However, I have been unable to discover a single instance of his "larking," *i.e.* jumping big places for the mere fun of talking about them afterwards. Perhaps the fact which speaks most for his horsemanship is that, until he went into Hampshire, he rarely gave more than fifty pounds for a horse, while his rivals in the hunting-field were generally indifferent to the prices which they gave. Thus Mr. Tom Edge was once offered fifty pounds by Lord Middleton for a mount from a particular covert on a horse named Gayman, supposed in his day to be the best horse that ever crossed Leicestershire. The truth appears to be that whatever was under Mr. Smith had to go, and the sympathy which he knew existed between himself and his horse made him indifferent about his mount. But in regard to hounds he was most particular. He bought at first the pick of

Mr. Musters' pack of Colwick Hall, Notts, for £1,000; and afterwards bought largely from the kennels of Sir Richard Sutton, Sir Thomas Boughey, and the Duke of Grafton. His love for hounds in the hunting-field amounted to a passion, yet he rarely entered his kennels, nor even rode home with his hounds after the business of the day was over.

In 1816 Tom Smith moved to the Burton country, which he hunted till 1824, and in 1826 he went to Panton, near Andover. On the 29th of October, 1827, he married Maria, second daughter of Mr. William Webber, of Bingfield Lodge, Berkshire. He is reported to have said that his sport in Hampshire not only equalled but far exceeded any that he had had in Leicestershire. This statement has been much cavilled at, and it has been insinuated that he was beginning to lose his nerve. But Smith never lost his nerve till the hour of his death, and nervous insufficiency was to him an unknown quantity which he could not understand. The truth is that when he moved to Hampshire he had completed his fiftieth year, and would in the ordinary course of nature soon bear upon his shoulders the responsibilities which it would be impossible for him to attend to in Leicestershire. Besides, it must be remembered that he was a comparative stranger in Leicestershire, while in Hampshire he was the heir of the Squire of Tedworth.

But for Tom Smith to live without fox-hunting

was an impossibility. At first his scheme to promote fox-hunting in the large wild woodlands of Hants and Wilts met with little encouragement, and was regarded as an act of madness. His own father declared to a friend that he would prosecute him if he attempted to draw his coverts. "No you won't," replied the friend. "Why not?" asked the Squire. "Because you would only have to pay the costs on both sides," was the rejoinder. Nothing daunted, but rather made more determined by opposition, Smith set to work with his usual energy. The foxes were there, and he had brought the hounds to kill them. Partly at his own expense, and partly by that vehement persuasion which ensures conviction, rides were formed in the big woods, and the country became open for fox-hunting. On the death of his father he moved to Tedworth Hall, which he restored and enlarged. From that date the future of the Tedworth Hunt was an assured fact. The Squire continued to hunt the country till his death, which took place at his Welsh seat, Vaenol, near Bangor, in August, 1858, at the ripe age of eighty-two, when he had been an M.F.H. for fifty-two years.

During his career as an M.F.H. his best-known hunt servants were Jack Shirley, ex-huntsman to Lord Sefton, Dick Burton, Joe Harrison, and Tom Wingfield; but the Squire invariably carried the horn himself. To the last he was as keen as in his young days, regarding the 1st of November as the day when the woodlands were stripped for business. A

political friend once suggested to him that the cultivation of corn would cease owing to free trade. The Squire replied, "So much the better, for I shall ride over a grass country." The last hunting act of his life was to review the 1858 entry, when he said to Carter, his kennel huntsman, "Well, they seem as beautiful as they can be." At his death he had ninety couples of hounds in the kennel and thirty-nine horses in the stable.

Though he was a member of the Jockey Club, and during one year had three horses in training, he never took any active interest in flat racing; nor did he take pains to conceal his disgust with the *chicanerie* of the turf. On one occasion a bill for £300 was handed round for discount in the Jockey Club rooms, for which the highest offer was three hundred pence, both drawer and acceptor being known to be under a cloud. Smith looked at the signatures, saw that they were those of two old schoolfellows, immediately gave a cheque for the full amount, and put the bill behind the fire. As a landlord he conscientiously fulfilled his duties, nor did he neglect the business of his Welsh quarries. It was, indeed, his summer delight to entertain large house parties at Vaenol, and to explain to his guests the working of the quarries, or to take them in his yacht round the coast. Unfortunately, he died without issue.

Few men have done more towards making sporting history than "Squire" George Osbaldeston. In

regard to the hunting-field, he was described in the *Quarterly Review* as the "Hercules of Horsemen." "Nim" South likens him to "two single gentlemen rolled into one." "Nimrod," Wildrake, Dalmé Radcliffe, John Mills, Dick Christian, Brooksby, and nearly every writer who has written about Leicestershire have published their opinions of the Squire, together with anecdotes and personal reminiscences. Yet, with the exception of obituary notices, no authentic history of the celebrated sportsman has been published, though at the time of his decease, in August, 1866, it was announced that his widow intended to write his biography. Probably the stupendous nature of the task has deterred most sporting writers from attempting it, since there is plenty of authentic material for an exhaustive biography, and there are many of the Squire's intimate associates still alive who could depict those side-scenes by the help of which we can more readily understand the real character of a man who has attained notoriety. But the Squire was ubiquitous. He was an M.F.H. for thirty-five seasons, during several of which he hunted six days a week. He was an owner of racehorses, and rode both on the flat and across country. He performed one of the greatest feats of endurance in regard to horsemanship on record when he undertook to ride two hundred miles in ten consecutive hours, and covered the distance within one hour eighteen minutes of the specified time. He was accounted the best

pigeon-shot in England in the palmy days of "The Red House," when Lord Kennedy, General Anson, and Captain Ross were in the zenith of their shooting fame. He was a devoted patron of the P.R., and acted as referee in the big fight between Bendigo and Gaunt at Newport Pagnell. Till within a short time of his death he was a regular player in the billiard-room of the Portland Club. In his younger days he had the reputation of being, with the exception of Lord Frederick Beauclerk, the best all-round cricketer of the time. Nor was his career confined to sport, for he was a J.P. for the East Riding of Yorkshire, represented East Retford in the House of Commons from 1812 to 1818, and was High Sheriff in 1829. According to "Nimrod," who was far from being a lenient critic, "in society he is affable and communicative, perfectly free from the absurdity of affectation, and just what an English country gentleman should be."

The Squire was born in 1787, and was the son of George Osbaldeston, of Hutton Bushell, in Yorkshire, by Jane, the only daughter of Sir Thomas Head, Bart. Unfortunately, his father died in 1794, when he was in his seventh year, so that in his boyhood he did not experience the paternal correction which he certainly needed. At Eton he was continually getting into scrapes, but for him flogging had no terrors. Not that he appears to have been a bad boy. His delinquencies were mainly the result of high spirits, an utter disregard for school disci-

pline, and incorrigible idleness so far as the mysteries of Latin and Greek were concerned. Upon leaving Eton he became the private pupil of Doctor Carr, then Vicar of Brighton, and subsequently Bishop of Chichester, who managed with great difficulty to prepare him for Oxford, where he matriculated at Brasenose on the 3rd of May, 1805; but he left Oxford without taking his degree, as might only have been expected, since he had already taken M.F.H. honours before he went up to the 'Varsity. In boyhood he had received his first riding lessons, while living with his mother at Bath, from Dash, the most celebrated riding master of the day, and after leaving Eton he bought a pack of dwarf fox-hounds from Lord Jersey, with which he hunted over his mother's property near Scarborough; but I have been unable to discover any record of the sport which he was able to show, though to this period must be attributed his education in hound lore. His first country after leaving Oxford was the Burton, which he hunted for five seasons with hounds purchased from Lord Monson, from which sprang the celebrated Monson strain. Osbaldeston, for it was not till he became Master of the Quorn that he was called the Squire, now began to prove his practical knowledge of kennel work. Even at the present day his hound Vaulter is a name to conjure with in kennel circles. Osbaldeston was fond of saying that Vaulter was the only perfect thing in the world, for he had never told a lie. After five seasons in

the Burton country he moved into Nottinghamshire, to what was then known as Mr. Jack Musters' country. Differences of opinion, which it is unnecessary now to discuss, ensued. Mr. Musters would not allow him the use of the old kennels, so he was obliged to build new kennels at Thurgaton, while there were other causes which gave rise to friction. Osbaldeston soon abandoned the country and went to the Atherstone, to which the Derbyshire country had just been united, and commenced his reign by drafting the best part of Lord Vernon's pack into his own. Here he remained till Mr. Assheton-Smith resigned the Mastership of the Quorn in 1817, by which time, to quote the words of "Nimrod," he had raised himself to the very pinnacle of fame as a breeder of hounds. Practically he reigned over the Quorn till 1828, when he was succeeded by Lord Southampton, though for fourteen months he was out of the pigskin, owing to a compound fracture of the leg, sustained through Sir James Musgrave jumping on the top of him. Those who witnessed the accident, amongst whom was "Nimrod," thought that he would never ride again, and it was only the untiring nature of his constitution which enabled him to do so. As it was, he was always afterwards nervous at being crowded at his fences. For one season after he resigned the Quorn to Lord Southampton he was out of office. Then the Pytchley became vacant, and the Squire, as he was now universally called, took up his quarters at Pitsford, then the residence of Mr. Payne. He also

hunted the Thurlow country in Suffolk, travelling overnight from one country to the other. The infirmities of age, and a diminished income, finally obliged him to relinquish the horn. His hounds were sold at Tattersall's, when six couples fetched 1,360 guineas, Mr. Harvey Combe purchasing them for the Old Berkeley country.

As a horseman, the Squire was *facile princeps*. In appearance he had little of what is usually understood by the term "sporting." He was rather below the middle size, with a large and muscular frame, and legs somewhat disproportioned to the body, appearing, when on horseback, to belong rather to the animal than to the man, so firm and steady was his seat. His weight was eleven stone. His qualities as a huntsman have given rise to much difference of opinion, though there can be no doubt about his assiduity and zeal, two qualities which go far towards counterbalancing minor shortcomings. It has been said that he wanted a little more command of temper, and that when he lost his temper he lost his fox. Certainly it could not be asserted of him, as was asserted of Sir Edward Littleton's huntsman, that he was never heard either to laugh or to swear. Dick Christian had far from a high opinion of him as a huntsman, for he wrote: "He was the oddest man you ever saw at a covert-side. He would talk for an hour; then he would half draw and talk again, and often blow his horn when there was no manner of occasion, but he was always so chaffy." Another

authority says: "His one fatal mistake was not keeping his huntsman, Tom Sebright, whose assistance he often needed in the field after he had gone to Earl Fitzwilliam. When the Squire was *hors de combat*, after the accident already referred to, Sebright, with Dick Burton to whip-in to him, hunted the country with satisfaction to everybody." But the Squire was ambitious to hunt his own hounds, which he did six days a week, a feat which only one other gentleman huntsman, namely Lord Darlington, has ever achieved. He invariably rode to covert, and when asked on one occasion whether he should drive to Widmerpool, as the roads were good, replied, "Oh, no; there is nothing like the pigskin." He was also extremely fair towards his foxes, believing, with the great Meynell, that murdering foxes is a most absurd prodigality, for seasoned foxes are as necessary to sport as experienced hounds. His zeal cannot be questioned. On one occasion, in 1825, having drawn three coverts blank, a rare experience in Leicestershire, he observed that there was a moon, and he would draw till the next morning but that he would find a fox. As it happened, he found one at the next covert. Nor did he spare any expense in providing his followers with sport, for once, when hounds had met at Owelthorpe, in Nottinghamshire, at 2 p.m., a clean pack of hounds with a clean stud of horses were turned out from the inn at Widmerpool. Even in those days the Leicestershire fields of hunting people had assumed abnormal proportions, and

tried the patience of the Squire; and it must be remembered that the Squire had once been nearly killed by a man jumping on the top of him, so he may be excused if he occasionally lost his temper with the thrusting scoundrels who would not give him room at his fences.

To recount his feats of horsemanship alone would fill a volume. Once at the beginning of a good run his girths broke, so he threw the saddle away and rode bare-backed to the finish. But it was in 1831, when he was in his forty-fifth year, that he performed the feat which has gained for him the greatest fame with posterity, when at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting he made a bet of a thousand guineas that he would ride 200 miles in ten consecutive hours, the number and choice of horses to be unlimited. He divided the distance into heats of four miles each, and though he stopped to lunch off a partridge and cold brandy and water, and was thrown in the second hundred miles, when odds of ten to one were freely laid against him, he won this match against time by one hour eighteen minutes.

The racing career of the Squire was far from satisfactory from whatever point we may regard it. Though he has been acquitted of any dishonest intention in regard to the Rush affair, which led to his famous duel with Lord George Bentinck at Wormwood Scrubs after the Craven Meeting of 1836, his admirers are bound to admit that when riding he resorted to tactics which at the present

time would bring him into unpleasant intimacy with the Jockey Club. One of his favourite habits was to bore his adversary on the rails, so that he could not use his whip, a habit which, to say the least of it, made him a dangerous opponent, and caused him to be extremely unpopular amongst the professional jockeys. At that time the gentleman riders were very few, the only ones of note besides the Squire being Lord Wilton, Captain White, Captain Pettatt, General Bouverie, Captain Percy Williams, and Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, and the professionals were exceedingly jealous of the gentlemen, more especially of the Squire, who was regarded as the founder of the system. Nor can there be much doubt that they had cause for jealousy, since the gentlemen were allowed considerable latitude in regard to jockeyship, and the jockeys were often afraid to lodge objections on account of the influence which the gentlemen had with the owners. That the standard of racing morality was not so high, nor the light of publicity so searching in the thirties as they are at the present time is now acknowledged. Practices approaching to measurable distance of turf robberies were connived at, and a Hercules was urgently needed to clean out the Augean stable. The Squire was not the man to do it, and Lord George Bentinck considered that he was. The facts of the dispute between the two are simple. The Squire had given 400 guineas for an Irish colt, by Humphrey Clinker, bred by Mr. Watts, called Rush, which was handi-

capped both in the Trial Stakes and the Cup at the Heaton Park September Meeting of 1835. The horse was not placed in the Trial Stakes, and on the way to the post for the Cup Lord George laid the Squire £200 to £100 against him. Rush won the Cup with ease, but Lord George did not settle. The Squire did not meet him till the Newmarket Craven Meeting of 1836, when the following conversation took place:—

The Squire: "My lord, you have had plenty of time to digest your loss. May I ask you for the two hundred pounds which I won from you at Heaton Park?"

Lord George: "The whole affair was a robbery, and so the Jockey Club consider it."

The Squire: "I won the money fairly, and I insist upon its payment."

Lord George: "Can you count?"

The Squire: "I could at Eton. The matter will not end here, my lord."

The Squire accordingly sent Mr. Humphrey to ask for satisfaction, but Lord George declined to meet the Squire in the field, so the latter said, "Tell Lord George that I will pull his nose the first time we meet." Now Lord George had been previously accused of cowardice for refusing to meet a brother officer whom he had grossly insulted, while he was obviously in the wrong for having allowed such a long time to elapse before repudiating the debt. He knew, too, that the Squire would in all probability

publicly pull his nose, and that his own overbearing manners would make the feat specially delightful to his associates. The result was that he went out with Colonel Anson as his second, who managed that he should give the word to fire. This he did in such a way as to put the Squire off his aim, and he only hit his adversary's hat, who had fired into the air. It is pleasing to record that afterwards, when Lord George's horses were trained at Danebury, the former adversaries became friends. But what will strike modern racing men as the most curious part of the affair is that Lord George Bentinck should have disputed the verdict of the judge six months after the event, while if, as he stated, the Jockey Club considered it a robbery, the Squire would have been warned off instead of continuing his connection with the Turf until a short time of his death, though latterly he could only afford to bet in small sums.

Unfortunately for the Squire, he was not such a good judge of a racehorse as he was of a hound, and though he had some good horses in training during his career, he lost over the game. If it had not been for a stroke of bad luck, he might have won the Derby in 1855, with Rifleman, who had been made a warm favourite, but on the Monday the pen had to be put through the colt's name owing to his suffering from rheumatism in the feet. In the St. Leger Rifleman was easily beaten by an outsider, Saucebox. I may note that Rifleman was not the only candidate for Derby honours that the Squire possessed. In

1836, Bay Middleton's year, he had a horse named Eberston which was fancied, but he did not run for the Blue Ribbon, and in 1837 his horses, Pocket Hercules and Mahometan, were both backed at outside prices for the big event. In 1836 he followed up his previous year's success on Rush by again winning the Cup at Heaton Park on Locomotive, the property of Mr. Headlam. Perhaps the best horse which he possessed at this period was Saddler, who won the Doncaster Cup. This horse when sent to the stud got nine foals out of the Parmesan mare, one of which, viz. Sorella, ridden by Robinson, won the One Thousand Guineas for the Squire in 1844. In 1846 the Squire rode his own horse, King Charles, in the Two Thousand Guineas, but only got fifth place in a field of six runners. In 1851 we find him the owner of Mountain Dew, a Touchstone colt, of whom great things were expected. He ran second in the Two Thousand Guineas, ridden by Templeton, after which event the Squire refused two offers for him, one of 5,000 guineas and half the Derby stakes, the other of 7,000 guineas. However, eventually he parted with him, and he ran in Mr. Hillins' name for the Derby, and, ridden by Maton, was not placed. As a steeplechase rider it was said that the Squire in his prime was the best man in England. His match on Clinker against Crasher, ridden by Dick Christian, is still a topic of conversation in Leicestershire circles, and when mounted on Grimaldi, on whom he won several matches, he was invincible. But I must ask

those people who believe, like Addison, that the pleasures of memory resemble those curious repositories in animals that are filled with stores of food, in which they may ruminate at their pleasure when taken from the pastures in which they have collected it, to refer back to the pages of the *Racing Calendar* for further details of the Squire's career on the Turf. I have only to add that he died on the 1st of August, 1866.

I ought, perhaps, to have referred to the sixth Lord Middleton immediately after alluding to Mr. John Corbet, whom he succeeded as Master of the Warwickshire Hunt. Mr. Corbet's last fixture was on the 9th of February, 1811, and Lord Middleton's first fixture was at Itchington Heath, on the 11th of February, 1811. The dates are interesting, because Mr. Corbet did not advertise his hounds for sale till the morning of the 9th of February, when Lord Middleton purchased them for 1,220 guineas, and hunted them on the 11th. Certainly in those days they had a habit of making the coach run, and did not dream of putting on the brake when it was a question of hunting a country. It was a difficult task to succeed Mr. Corbet, but personal popularity and hearty support enabled Lord Middleton to achieve it. In the first place he was known to be a staunch friend to the farmers, and commenced his reign by giving a dinner to sixty tenant farmers in his country, in the Rising Sun Inn at Edgehill, while for many years he gave a plate of £50, to be run for at

Warwick Races. This he stopped at the request of the Jockey Club, owing to the numerous disputes which arose in regard to qualifications. Those of my readers who are students of Turf history know that in the first half of the century it was necessary for an owner to get a certificate from an M.F.H. that his horse had been ridden regularly to hounds before he could run in a hunters' flat race, with the result that young horses were shown off at covert-side, and taken home immediately after they had come under the eye of the M.F.H. Owing to his good nature, Lord Middleton often fell a victim to unscrupulous owners, so that he was compelled to abolish the race which he had organised for the benefit of the farmers.

But, in addition to his well-deserved popularity with the farmers, Lord Middleton was supported by men whose names are household words in every fox-hunting establishment. Most prominent amongst these names are those of Lord Willoughby de Broke, Earl of Aylesford, of Packington Hall, Earl of Warwick, Sir John Mordaunt, Sir E. Smythe, Sir J. Shelley, Lord Villiers, Mr. Holbeck, of Farnborough, General Williams, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Featherstone, Mr. Cattell, Mr. H. Robins, Mr. T. Handley, Lord Alvanley, Sir Grey Skipwith, Mr. Stubbs, of Beckbury, Shropshire, Mr. Boycott, of Rudge, Shropshire (afterwards M.F.H. of the Albrighton from 1825 to 1830), and Mr. Edward Goulburn.

I have placed Mr. Goulburn last on my list on

the principle of "last, but not least." To the majority of my readers he is known as the author of "The Epwell Run," two quotations from which I will give. The first refers to Sir Grey Skipwith :—

> "Sticking close to the hounds observe steady Sir Grey,
> Riding equally hard in a quieter way,
> Sufficiently forward, yet still keeping bounds,
> His wish to ride after, not over the hounds."

The last line has often been quoted as a warning to thrusting scoundrels. The second quotation refers to Mr. Stubbs :—

> "With hat in his hand, looking out for a gate,
> Neither looking nor riding by any means straight ;
> Mr. Stubbs, a crack rider no doubt in his time,
> But who hunting on Sunday once deemed it no crime ;
> Making desperate play through some fine muddy lanes,
> And by nicking and skirting got in for his pains ;
> High waving the brush, with pleasure half mad,
> Roaring out, 'Yoicks! have at 'em! We've killed 'im,
> my lad!'"

Lord Middleton made an exception of Mr. Goulburn, for, as a rule, he detested sporting writers, more especially hunting reporters, and owing to this dislike he abolished the club at Stratford. It must be remembered that during his Mastership the modern system of hunting reporting was introduced by Mr. Apperley (Nimrod), and at first the system was unpopular with Masters of Hounds, who objected to the details of their kennel and stable management being made public property. Now the reason for the objection does not exist, since the management

of a hunting establishment has been reduced to an exact science, and the pedigree of a hound can be ascertained as easily as the pedigree of a Derby winner. But at the beginning of the century such was not the case, and Masters of Hounds were jealous, lest the details of their kennels were known. Lord Middleton was a conspicuous example of this form of jealousy, for, though he has the reputation of having been one of the best judges of a horse of his time, his warmest admirers must confess that he was deficient in hound-lore. When his hounds ought to have been benched he would have them in his dining-room and feed them with dainties from the table. The description of him given in an old Banbury newspaper, republished by "Castor" in *A Century of Hunting with the Warwickshire Hounds* (1891) is: "As a breeder of hounds he paid too much attention to legs and feet, and neglected elegance of neck and shoulder, strength of thigh, and protuberant bodily muscle. But they were always in splendid condition." The only hound that I am aware of which made a name in kennel history was Vanguard, by Vaulter, out of Corbet's Traffic.

But it is as a horseman and a field-master that Lord Middleton is entitled to be numbered amongst the giants of the hunting field. As M.F.H. his reign is notable amongst Warwickshire sportsmen, because he gave up the Meridan side of the country, and the Coombe and Dunchurch side, since it was impossible

for one pack of hounds to hunt the whole of the country, for it was forty miles long by twenty miles wide, and comprised what has been since 1853 the North Warwickshire country. It will thus be seen that Lord Middleton founded the present Warwickshire country. Unfortunately, owing to an accident in the hunting field which prevented him from riding again, he was compelled to resign his Mastership in 1822, when he was succeeded by Mr. Shirley, who reigned till 1825. He died in 1835.

Probably no man during the present century has held a more prominent position, not only in hunting and agricultural history, but also in political history, than Lord Althorp. Few men have had a career which commands more admiration. He laboured under many great disadvantages, and yet, from sheer honesty of purpose, he rose to prominence in every branch of work which he undertook. His polar star was "duty," and his watchword "thoroughness." He was the eldest son of the second Earl Spencer, by Lavinia, the eldest daughter of Charles Bingham, afterwards first Earl of Lucan, and was born on the 30th of May, 1782, at Spencer House, St. James's.

It was during his last year at Cambridge that his sporting instincts were finally developed. He spent much time and money in hunting and racing, and when he left Cambridge owed several thousands of pounds. The pain it caused him to tell his father this cured him of gambling, especially when he learnt that his father would have to borrow the money to

pay the debts. But, as his biographer, Sir Denis Le Marchant, says, "he had too big a heart for a gamester"; and, though he was afterwards associated with many of the biggest gamblers of the century, I can find no record of his gambling. The Pytchley woodlands were more to his taste than the saloon at Crockford's.

Lord Althorp reigned over the Pytchley from 1808, when he purchased the hounds from Mr. John Warde for £1,000, till 1817, when he resigned the Mastership in favour of his old friend Sir Charles Knightley, owing to a bad fall which he sustained in a run from Brampton Wood in November, 1817. As an enthusiastic sportsman, I do not believe that Lord Althorp has ever been surpassed in the hunting field. Thus, after a late sitting at the House of Commons, he would gallop from London to Northamptonshire in time to hunt with the Pytchley on the following morning, the relays of horses on the road being always ready for him. He considered that duty commanded him to attend the House of Commons, but his heart was with the Pytchley. Eight months out of the twelve he spent in Northamptonshire, and during the cub-hunting season resided for weeks at a cottage at Brigstock, which he shared with Sir Charles Knightley, so as to be near to kennels. Though he was far from being a good horseman, he was an excellent judge of hounds, and introduced into his kennels a lighter and quicker build of hound than had been seen before. At first

the innovation was unpopular. Mr. John Warde had been in favour of big hounds, especially for the woodlands. But Lord Althorp soon convinced his followers that his opinion was the correct one, and so such good judges as Sir David Baird and Lord Alvanley were attracted to the Pytchley to learn a lesson from the Master. We must remember, however, that Lord Althorp spent from £4,000 to £5,000 per annum on his hunting establishment during his Mastership, and must have met with failures as well as successes in hound-breeding.

His greatest admirers admit that he was a clumsy man on a horse. Both Sir Denis Le Marchant and Mr. Ernest Myers state this, and Lord Althorp knew it to be the case. He put his shoulder out so often that he sent one of his whippers-in to the Northampton Infirmary, in order that he might be taught how to put it in on an emergency. He rode the best horses that could be bought for money, but owing to his loose seat he was continually tumbling off them. But he was honest enough to confess his faults, and used to say that he always attached himself to a pilot. This was very different to when his father was Master, and when it was considered a breach of etiquette for anybody excepting the huntsman to ride in front of the Master. But, though both his father and his grandfather had hunted the Pytchley country, it was not the desire of Lord Althorp that the Pytchley should be considered an hereditary pack, and he was never guilty of autocracy

in the hunting field. He was too much respected for autocracy to be necessary.

To those of my readers who take any delight in comparing fox-hunting and agricultural history with political history, the career of Lord Althorp must be one of absorbing interest. As early as 1806 he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury out of compliment to his father, but he only retained the office for thirteen months, and rarely attended the House of Commons. Yet in 1830 he was appointed against his will Leader of the Opposition, and in the same year became Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Grey. In November, 1838, he was offered the choice of the Lord Lieutenacy of Ireland or the Governorship of Canada. But, as is well known, he had firmly resolved to retire from political life on the death of his father. A fragment of autobiography found amongst his papers, and published in the Preface to Sir Denis Le Marchant's biography, speaks more conclusively than I can write. These are Lord Althorp's words: "I retire from political life from my own inclination only. But it is satisfactory to me firmly to believe, and to be convinced that by so doing I give myself greater facilities to become a religious man." Lord Lyttleton wrote in regard to Lord Althorp's retirement from political life that "he told my father it was the cessation of acute pain to him."

But though the private lives of the majority of Masters of Hounds at the beginning of the century

were beyond reproach, yet it must be confessed that some of them took advantage of the latitude which was allowed to fox-hunting squires. The most notorious of these was "Squire" George Forester of Willey; yet he was a thoroughbred specimen of "a fine old English gentleman, who had a great estate," during the first decade of the nineteenth century. He was like a moving plant which receives its nourishment from the air, and he lived chiefly through his senses. His passion for fox-hunting was unbounded. He hunted the country from the Clee Hills to the Wrekin in Shropshire, with the famous Tom Moody as whipper-in, and with such well-known associates as Mr. Dansey, Mr. Childe, Mr. Stubbs, of Beckbury, Squire Boycott, of Rudge, and Parson Stephens. The hospitality of the Willey Squire, as he was called, was unbounded. His home at Willey has been immortalised by Dibdin as "Bachelor's Hall." It is no exaggeration to say that few names are better known in the annals of fox-hunting than those of the Willey Squire and Tom Moody.

Was it not Thackeray who wrote "The England of our ancestors was a merrier England than the island we inhabit"? In many respects it was a healthier England, in spite of the hard-drinking customs of the age, as can be proved by the statistics of longevity. Mr. Forester belonged to the old school of fox-hunters. On hunting mornings he never breakfasted later than 4 a.m., and would be in the saddle at 5 a.m.; then home again to dinner at 3 p.m.

After dinner, eaten with an appetite which only fox-hunting can procure, the carousals were often long and deep.

> "Hark away! Hark away! While our spirits are gay,
> Let us drink to the joys of next meeting day!"

was his motto. But it must not for a moment be supposed that Mr. Forester was what would be termed in these days a drunkard. He only drank after dinner, and not always then, as the following incident will prove. On one occasion Mr. Dansey, Mr. Childe, and Mr. Stubbs were staying with him at Willey, and they had arrived home earlier than usual after their morning's sport. Dinner was served on their arrival, and Mr. Forester proposed an after-dinner run. Needless to say, the proposal was carried *nem. con.*, and Tom Moody was given his instructions. At 3 p.m. they drew for their fox, found him, and hounds accounted for him by moonlight. The run is still spoken of in Shropshire as the Beggarlybrook run. The memory of Mr. Forester has been so often assailed by the cranks who spit their puny spite on harmless recreation that it is necessary to record his public services outside the hunting field. For many years he represented the borough of Wenlock in the House of Commons, and he was Major of the Wenlock Loyal Volunteers, a regiment raised at the time of the Irish Rebellion in 1798. His conduct towards Dibdin, the poet, is a proof of his good nature and refined feelings. He wished to make Dibdin, who

was a poor man, some further recompense for his famous lines on Tom Moody than had been vouchsafed to him by the publisher, so on one occasion, when Dibdin was returning to London from Willey, he asked him to personally deliver a letter at his London bankers. The letter was an order to pay Dibdin £100. Nor did his kindness end here, for it was through his intercession that Dibdin received a pension from Government when Pitt was in office.

I should not make any reference to his adventures in the field of love if they were not connected with his adventures in the field of sport. It was said of the Willey Squire that Venus could not have kept him by her side. But, though he was never married, he always spoke of his offspring as his children and grandchildren, and took care that they were provided for in life. He kept his mistresses openly at Willey, and insisted that they should accompany him in the hunting field. In fact, he chose them for their horsewomanship as much as for their beauty. The most celebrated was Miss Phœbe Higgs, probably the most reckless horsewoman who ever rode to hounds. She would jump seemingly impossible places, and challenge the Squire and Tom Moody to follow her. On one occasion she confronted the Squire with a loaded pistol, and threatened to shoot him if he did not give her a bigger allowance than he was giving to one of her rivals. The Squire was a wise man, and complied with her request. But Phœbe Higgs was and still

has the reputation of having been a good woman. When she was not hunting she devoted her time to visiting—and helping—the poor at Willey. The only portrait of her which I have seen depicts her as a handsome woman, with a daring expression on her face. Phœbe Higgs and the other objects of the Squire's admiration lived in the village, so the Squire had a pavement walk made alongside the drive to the hall, so that the rustic beauties should not wet their ankles.

Perhaps Parson Stephens was the most notable visitor at Willey. He was a splendid specimen of the sporting clergyman—a class, alas! now becoming extinct. No man was better known in Shropshire and the Salopian borders of Staffordshire than Parson Stephens, as he was invariably called. Many stories have I heard of him, and his memory is still green in the present Albrighton country, where he was a constant visitor at Rudge Hall. On one occasion, according to Mr. Randall's amusing and instructive book on the Willey country, the mistress of Rudge had presented her lord and master with a baby girl, and Mr. Stephens was asked to christen it. The ceremony took place after dinner, and Mr. Stephens, though he did not usually suffer from deafness, failed to catch the name. On another occasion, when staying at Willey, he had retired early to bed, but waking up hungry he made his way to the larder, with the intention of getting some venison pasty, forgetting that the Squire and his guests were

in the dining-room, the door of which he had to pass during his voyage of discovery. The Squire "twigged" him, and, following him stealthily, turned the key of the larder door when the parson was helping himself to the venison. The parson clamoured to be let out, and the Squire let out a bagged fox while he turned the key. Then the fox hunted the parson through the dining-room, and as pyjamas were not then invented, and the night attire of the period was short and scanty, I shall draw the curtain. But the troubles of the parson did not finish with the hunt, for the Squire compelled him to sing the old song—

> "A parson once had a remarkable foible
> Of loving good liquor far more than his Bible;
> His neighbours all said he was much less perplext
> In handling a tankard than in handling a text."

It is difficult, nor is it of material interest after the lapse of close upon a century, to form an estimation of the Squire's riding ability. One thing, however, is certain, viz. that he possessed unusual powers of endurance in the pigskin. Many accounts of the runs with his hounds were published in 1873 by Mr. Randall, F.G.S., who had an exceptional knowledge of Shropshire and its county history. The time and distance sound miraculous to the ears of modern fox-hunters; but we must remember that hounds did not run as fast as they do in these days. I have before me a record of a run when hounds found their fox on the Clee Hills, and ran through

the Needle's Eye at the Wrekin before accounting for their quarry. My readers have only to glance at the map to see the distance which must have been covered. It has often been suggested to me that these records are exaggerated, but I do not think that there is any truth in the suggestion.

"Thus Tom spoke his friends ere he gave up his breath:
'Since I see you've resolved to be in at the death,
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave—
Give a rattling view-halloa thrice over my grave;
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead!'
Honest Tom was obeyed, and the shout rent the sky,
For everyone joined in the tally-ho cry."

I have quoted the above lines from Dibdin's well-known poem as the best preface to any mention of Mr. Forester's famous whipper-in. Let me correct at once a statement which I have often heard made, that Tom Moody was Mr. Forester's huntsman. Tom Moody never carried the horn. My authority is Mr. Randall. I mention this, because Tom Moody is constantly referred to as a huntsman, though any native of Shropshire knows at the present day that Mr. Forester hunted his own hounds. So far as posterity is concerned, Tom Moody owes his reputation to Dibdin. He was a bold and fearless rider, but a very wet one. In fact, he was seldom sober in the pigskin. He would ride any horse at anything or anybody, and he was devoted to his master; but I doubt if a modern M.F.H. would keep him in his employment for a week. Still, there can be little

doubt that the Squire encouraged rather than discouraged him in his love of liquor. He would have him into his dining-room and make him drink bumpers of port out of a fox's mask. I may add that Tom Moody was the original of the drunken huntsman in *Soapy Sponge's Sporting Tour*. Mr. Surtees also took his character of Lucy Glitters in the same novel from Phœbe Higgs. But if the Squire compelled Moody to drink, he also compelled him to ride hard. There is a distich in an old hunting poem relating to the Squire—

> "Nicking and craning he deemed a crime ;
> Nobody rode harder, perhaps, in his time."

But the hospitality of Willey was not confined to fox-hunters. An ever-welcome guest was Mr. John Wilkinson, sometimes called the father of the iron trade, and the Squire did everything in his power to promote the commercial interests of Ironbridge, Madeley, Coalbrookdale, and the surrounding districts. He was a man of many parts, and in each part he performed his duty.

The following notice of a biography of the Squire may interest my readers:—

Old Sports and Sportsmen; or, the Willey Country. By John Randall. 1873. Post 8vo. Sketches of Tom Moody and Squire Forester.

Perhaps the following might interest some of my readers :—

Tom Moody's Tales. Edited by Mark Lemon. 1864 (1863). 8vo., with 13 plates by H. K. Browne.

A similar character to Mr. Forester, if we omit the amorous proclivities, was Mr. John Mytton, who died at the early age of thirty-eight. His biography was written by "Nimrod" (Mr. C. J. Apperley) within a year of his death, and is doubtless known to many of my readers, but it contains many misleading statements, some of which have caused pain to Mr. Mytton's descendants and to the descendants of Mr. Mytton's friends. As I intend to write about "Nimrod" later on, I shall content myself with saying that he was signally oblivious of the Latin proverb—

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

But to return to John Mytton. Born on the 30th of September, 1796, and left fatherless before he was two years of age, John Mytton became a mother's spoilt darling. At the age of nineteen he was gazetted a cornet in the 7th Hussars, and joined the army of occupation in France. But the fighting was over, and young Mytton was advised to resign his commission. On the 21st of May, 1818, he married Harriet Emma Jones, the eldest daughter of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart. Previous to his marriage he had undertaken the Mastership of the Shropshire and Shifnal Hounds (now the Albrighton Hounds), on the resignation of Mr. Cresset Pelham in 1817, and he continued to hunt the country till the spring of 1821, that is to say, he hunted the present Albrighton country for five seasons. His huntsman at this time was John Crags, afterwards killed by a

fall from his horse, and his whippers-in were Edward Bates, son of Sir Richard Puleston's huntsman, and Richard Jones. During his Mastership he hunted five days a week, and constantly rode fifty miles to covert.

It is from the day of his first marriage that the decline and fall of John Mytton, both in and out of the hunting field, must be dated. Miss Jones was only in her eighteenth year when she married the Squire of Halston, but she was a recognised beauty at Almack's. This, be it remembered, was in the days of the Regency, when ladies preferred the ball-room to the hunting field, and bestowed more favours upon a fop, like Beau Brummel, than upon the best man who ever rode across Leicestershire. Yet Miss Jones understood the character of her husband, and tried to reform him. What was Mytton's character at this time? Educated, owing to the insane indulgence of a fond mother, amongst grooms and gamekeepers, and surrounded by boon companions who only cared to ride his horses and drink his wine, Mytton still retained the instincts of a gentleman in regard to the lady whom he had made his wife. He refused to introduce his boon companions to her. Mr. Apperley writes: "The first Mrs. Mytton conducted herself with coldness to her husband's old friends and companions." The true version of the story is that the first Mrs. Mytton did everything in her power to save her husband from his old friends and companions. Mr. Apperley further states

that it was a monomania of Mr. Mytton to keep his wife away from the society of his friends, on account of jealousy. The statement is explained by the fact that Mrs. Mytton disliked Mr. Apperley. In regard to the statement that Mrs. Mytton did not take any interest in her husband's sporting pursuits, it is only necessary to say that she used to accompany her husband every morning—till her health prevented her from doing so—on his visit to his kennels before breakfast. On one occasion, while she was throwing biscuits to the hounds, Mytton slipped the bolt of the kennel gate, as a practical joke. Mrs. Mytton laughed — perhaps the hounds smiled — and Mr. Apperley gravely records the incident as one of masculine brutality, committed by "my old friend." It was also during Mrs. Mytton's lifetime that her husband, as M.F.H. of the present Albrighton Hounds, made his name known in history as a sportsman and as a rider.

He was now 5 ft. 9 in. in his socks, and weighed eleven stone on the average, seldom varying more than a pound during the season. But he was a man of abnormal development. His biceps were thicker than those of Jackson, the pugilistic champion of the day, and he measured over 40 in. round the chest; yet his thighs were so small and so weak that it was a marvel to his hunting companions that he managed to retain his seat on a horse. My personal belief is that he rode entirely by the iron grasp of his arms, and left his legs to take care of themselves. Though

he was a cruel man to his horses, he seldom used the spur. When he rode his one-eyed horse, Baronet, over nine yards one inch of water (measured from hind leg hoof marks) in cold blood, he had no spurs.

So many stories have been told of his marvellous jumps that it is unnecessary to repeat them. He was reckless to a degree, which can only be accounted for by the fact that he was not responsible for his actions. The popular belief has always been that he drank himself to death; but though undoubtedly he was a hard drinker, it is hardly credible that a man who lived almost entirely in the open air could have died at such an early age through the abuse of alcohol. The more charitable view to take of his death is that it was caused by financial worries arising out of his boundless hospitality. I have always regarded him as a modern prototype of Timon of Athens, the victim of circumstances caused by those who professed to be his friends.

It is a curious coincidence in fox-hunting history that there should have been two Tom Smiths who were M.F.H.'s at the same time, and that one should write a biography of the other. Mr Tom "Gentleman" Smith, as he was called to distinguish him from Mr. Tom Assheton-Smith, was Master of the Hambledon Hounds from 1824, when he succeeded Mr. Shard, of Hill Place, till 1829. Then he reigned over the Craven Hunt from 1829 till 1833, and subsequently was Master of the Pytchley from 1840 till 1842. Afterwards Mr. Smith returned to the

Hambledon, which he hunted till 1852. It has often been said that "Gentleman" Smith's reputation was eclipsed by that of his namesake. Comparisons are odious, but nobody will deny that "Gentleman" Smith is entitled to be ranked amongst the giants of the hunting field. Mr. Nethercote, the recognised historian of the Pytchley Hunt, writes of him: "A more thorough master of the noble science, or one whose thoughts were more completely engrossed in the ways of fox and hounds, probably never carried a horn." It must be remembered that Mr. Smith succeeded Lord Chesterfield in the Pytchley country, and it was no light matter to follow such a prince as the Lord of Bretby; yet, confident in his ability to show sport, Mr. Smith ventured upon the responsibility of getting an establishment together. Certainly he entered into office with a great reputation, both from the Hambledon and Craven countries, and he had used his pen as well as his horn in the promotion of sport. But he was hampered in regard to finance, and probably had the worst lot of horses and hounds that had ever been seen in Northamptonshire. The hounds were a portion of Lord Chesterfield's pack, which were purchased by the Hunt for the small sum of £400, after twenty couples had been sent to Lord Ducie. These twenty couples were all hung, because they were so incorrigibly wild. So much for the hounds. The horses varied in value from £20 to £60. Yet, during the two seasons of Mr. Smith's

reign there was an amount of sport which had never been equalled during the Mastership of Lord Chesterfield. Jack Goddard was his first and Jones his second whipper-in during his stay in the Pytchley country, when he lived *en garçon* in Brixworth. But the subscriptions were not sufficient to enable him to hunt four days a week and meet all the difficulties of a weak establishment; so at the end of his second season he resigned office, and the Pytchley, for the seventh time in ten years, were seeking a new Master. But Mr. Smith had fulfilled a wholesome duty towards fox-hunting. He had succeeded Lord Chesterfield, who, generally popular as he was, had been surrounded by companions who turned night into day, and wounded the prejudices of the country squires. Not only did he keep them waiting at the meet, but often the delay was caused by the non-arrival of the celebrated Nelly Holmes, who, though afterwards a lady of title, was at no time an ornament to the social *morale*. There was a taint in the hunting atmosphere which Mr. Smith succeeded in removing.

But Mr. Smith had also the reputation of being a recognised literary authority on everything appertaining to the noble science. His *Extracts from the Diary of a Huntsman* had been published in 1838, and a second edition was called for in 1841. He says in his Preface that he had killed ninety foxes in ninety-one days' hunting one season in a bad scenting country. He alluded to the Craven

country, though I should hardly call the Craven a bad scenting country. In any case the book is still regarded as an authority, more especially in regard to foxes. Mr. Smith did not believe that foxes cared about feather. His own words are: "That they do prefer rabbits is easily proved to be the case by confining in some place a fox and with him a rabbit, and every other sort of food live or dead that can be thought of, and he will take the rabbit first for a certainty. This is not *a* great reason, but *the* great reason why keepers dislike foxes, for every fox destroys rabbits in one year sufficient to supply the keeper with gin; consequently when he sees a fox he loses his spirits as well as his temper." The moral, of course, is that gentlemen who wish well to hunting should not allow their keepers to sell the rabbits. Mr. Smith declares that he never saw three places where a pheasant had been destroyed by a fox during the whole time he hunted hounds, although constantly looking whenever he went in coverts, abounding in pheasants and foxes at the same time.

> "As well as shape, full well he knows,
> To kill their fox they must have nose."

Mr. Smith was a great advocate for spaying young light and weedy bitches. He declared that it improved the nose, and that the spayed bitches often became the best cold hunters in the pack, although very indifferent before, and far better than

the sisters which were not spayed, while they hunt generally several years longer than open bitches. Moreover, the cheapest pack of foxhounds to keep is a pack of spayed bitches, as they do more work with less food than any others. I do not dispute it for a moment, but what would be the value of such a pack? Besides, most M.F.H.'s are anxious to become famous for breeding good hounds. Mr. Smith also advocated cutting dog hounds which are slight and weedy, maintaining that it improves their nose.

By way of change Mr. Smith tried cub-hunting in the afternoon instead of in the early morning, leaving the kennels about 4 p.m., and commencing about 5 p.m., which certainly is more agreeable than getting up in the middle of the night. I will relate his experience in his own words (*vide Extracts from the Diary of a Huntsman*, second edition, page 52):—

"The consequence is the cubs are by that time moving, and soon found; and the longer you run the cooler it is, instead of getting broiled with heat at nine or ten in the morning. The result was the cubs took more time to kill than in the morning, probably owing to their being more fit to run, being lighter. But the later it was the cooler it was also; and, consequently, the hounds were never so much distressed as in the heat of the morning, which increased as the hounds got tired. But however agreeable it may be, it is not so much like business as if in the morning; the men have a great deal to do

afterwards, and it disarranges the establishment. But still it is a more gentlemanlike hour for a man who hunts his own hounds, and on a quiet evening nothing can exceed the pleasurable feeling it creates. One of the greatest objections to it is that many men are induced to ride out at that time with the hounds who would not early in the morning, and nothing is more annoying to a huntsman than having strange horses in the rides when the young hounds first enter and the pack are running in cover; it cuts them off and prevents their getting about with the huntsman, and they get rode over, either owing to their own awkwardness or that of the horse or rider. Therefore it is best not to make known when they are going, at all events unless those who do go out go with the understanding that they are not to expect sport, or get in the way of hounds. . . . Although the writer is not aware that this plan has ever been adopted by any other person, still he is bold enough to assert that it is a good one, and beyond all doubt most agreeable."

I must now refer briefly to his private history. He was the son of Mr. Thomas Smith, of Shaldon Lodge, near Alton, Hants, and was born on the 5th of August, 1780. His love of sport as a youngster was so great that his father wisely removed him from Eton to Holybourne, close to Alton, where he could indulge in sport; for his father, who was also a noted fox-hunter, gave the son every encouragement in hunting. Mr. Smith at this

time held his first Mastership of hounds, for he used to worry the hares on the family property with all the curs he could collect in the neighbourhood. He occasionally got a peep at the Hampshire Hounds, but he was first regularly blooded in the New Forest, then hunted by the celebrated John Ward, who took a great fancy to him, and a cordial intimacy sprang up between the two. He then went to Devonshire on a sporting tour, hunting with Lord Portsmouth's foxhounds, Sir Arthur Chichester's staghounds, and Mr. Treby's otter hounds. In 1824 he purchased Mr. Shard's pack, and hunted the Hambledon country, where, with only thirty-two couple of hounds and a subscription of under £600, he showed excellent sport for many years, till he was succeeded by Mr. John King, who came from Devonshire. In 1828 he accepted the Mastership of the Craven, and his first step was to vindicate the right of the Craven to certain coverts, which had been lent to the adjoining hunts, viz. the Vine, Sir John Cope, Mr. Assheton-Smith, and Lord Ducie. The task was a delicate one, which might have created many feuds, but such was the tact with which Mr. Smith conducted it, that only Mr. Assheton-Smith dissented from the position which he had taken up. Here for a short time there was danger of a long rupture. A covert called the South Grove Covert belonged to King's College, of which Mr. Smith's brother was a Fellow; the result was that King's College

authorities served Mr. Assheton-Smith with a notice forbidding him to draw it. After a time, however, the tempers of each cooled down. The Squire was readmitted to South Grove Covert on sufferance, and the two Tom Smiths became firm and fast friends. Six months after his surrender of the Craven in 1833 Mr. Smith married, for the second time, Miss Denison, of Ossington, the sister of Mr. Evelyn Denison, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and we do not hear of him again in connection with hounds till he accepted the Mastership of the Pytchley, to which I have already alluded. On retiring from the Pytchley country he went on a Continental tour, when he received numberless attentions from the foreign nobility on account of his fame as a sportsman. On his return he went back to the Hambledon country, which he hunted till the 3rd of April, 1852, when the meet was at Broadhalfpenny. It was known to be his good-bye day, and all sporting Hampshire was out. As a sportsman Mr. Smith might well have taken the motto, "Nulli secundus." Fox-hunting was the sport he loved best, but he was also a first-rate cricketer, an experienced otter hunter, and could kill a salmon with Sir Humphry Davy. He was also an excellent draughtsman, as witness the illustrations to his own books, and had a taste for mechanics, having invented a threshing machine in his younger days; and he was such a good farmer that he realised the highest prices

for wheat that had ever been obtained in the county. In every way is he entitled to the praise of posterity.

There are many families in which M.F.H. honours may be regarded as hereditary. The Wynn family is certainly one of these, and the present head of the family ably keeps up the tradition. But it is of his predecessor, the sixth baronet, who was born in 1820, and succeeded to the title in 1840, that I wish now to write. Not only was he the largest hereditary landlord in Wales, but he was an hereditary M.F.H., for his great-grandfather was as celebrated for his love of sport as he was for his Jacobite opinions, and when, in 1745, he was compelled to quit Wales, he found sporting hospitality with the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton.

At the early age of twenty-three Sir Watkin revived the pack which his father had given up in 1837. Two years before he had purchased the hounds of Mr. Leche, of Sarden Park, a member of one of the oldest fox-hunting families in Cheshire, and an intimate sporting friend of the Wynns. Mr. Attye had hunted the Wynnstay country from Lightwood Hall, a farm of Sir Watkin's in the centre of the country, for the two seasons during which the Baronet was detained in London by his military duties. In 1843 Sir Watkin bought the Perthshire from Mr. Grant, of Kilgraston, the eldest brother of Mr. Frank Grant, the celebrated artist, and erected new kennels at Wynnstay, which for space, modern improvements, and conveniences were surpassed by none. To im-

prove his pack Sir Watkin never lost an opportunity. Money was no object with him; thus he gave 390 guineas for five couple of hounds at Mr. Foljambe's sale, from which strain was descended the famous stallion hound, Royal. He also purchased some of the best lots at the sales of Mr. Musters, Mr. Story, and Sir Richard Sutton. In regard to his horses, they were considered as fine a lot of weight-carriers as it is possible to see in any stable, for in his case the old saying that "heavy weights make short stables" was not applicable. Major Cotton, McGrane, of Dublin, and John Darby, of Rugby, were the men whom he generally entrusted to buy for him. He invariably bought young horses, which were quietly ridden about by Simpson, his stud groom, and then, when they had had two years of Wynnstay oats and hay in them, if found good enough, they generally carried their master for some years. His horses in his early days were always well bred, never less than sixteen hands high, with the very best of shoulders, legs, and feet. Usually, in spite of his great weight, he rode the same horse all day, until hounds turned their heads towards Wynnstay kennels.

On the 6th of March, 1858, Sir Watkin suffered a terrible calamity, which caused him to relinquish the hounds to Colonel Cotton. Wynnstay, with nearly all its contents, was totally destroyed by fire. The loss of works of art was irreparable, and the total loss sustained was estimated at near £50,000. It is worthy of record that the object he made the

most strenuous exertions to save from the flames, and in which he was successful, was the picture of himself and hounds presented to him by the Wynnstay Hunt. Fortunately, though the house was full of guests and servants, there was no loss of life or personal injury to anyone. A witness of the scene describes it thus: "It was a fearful sight we saw when we reached Wynnstay; the whole neighbourhood seemed to be collected in front of the burning ruins on the lake side of the house, labourers, colliers, and friends huddled together in one confused mass, the gale blowing the sparks of fire high up into the air, and many engines playing on the ruins apparently without the slightest effect." Sir Watkin and Lady Williams Wynn bore their misfortunes with a bravery that could not be excelled, but Sir Watkin, having no residence from which he could hunt the country, decided to go abroad, and on the 8th of May, being the Saturday in Chester race week, his magnificent stud of hunters came to the hammer, and realised the record average of that period, though it must be remembered that in those days the hunting public were not educated to give sensational prices.

But when the hunting season 1859-60 commenced, Sir Watkin and his staff were once more at Wynnstay, and hunting was resumed as if there had been no interregnum. Walker, commonly called "Merry" John Walker, carried the horn, and showed capital sport till 1865, when gout compelled him to relinquish the arduous and responsible duties of hunting

a pack of foxhounds four days a week, though afterwards he was constantly seen at covert-side, for there were few members of the hunt who were not ready to give him a mount whenever he wanted one. He was succeeded by Charles Payne, of Pytchley celebrity, who remained with the Wynnstay hounds till 1883, which was the last season that Sir Watkin was seen in the hunting field on horseback, his last appearance being at Gresford on the 7th of April, 1883, when his friends could not help but notice what ravages disease had made in him. His clothes hung about him, and to a large extent his spirits, hitherto good, had left him. For the last four or five years he had but seldom seen his own hounds.

Just a few words of Sir Watkin Wynn as a Master of Foxhounds. Though never a flyer, he had an extraordinary knack of getting over the country. He would creep through blind places, drop his horse into a road, jump the Aldersey Brook at a stand, never lose the line of his hounds. In his heyday he always rode big horses, but latterly he had ridden strong cobby horses, and tested their understandings pretty well down all sorts of roads that younger and lighter men would have shuddered at, with a loose rein at full gallop. Mr. T. H. G. Puleston writes of him: "Sir Watkin had a strong seat, a light hand, good nerve, and a quick eye to hounds; he never pulled his horses' mouths about, and therefore, though he courted one very often by galloping down all sorts of lanes, and cramming his horses through blind

places, he seldom had a fall, and never, we believe, a serious one. He seldom, if ever, 'flew' a fence, but trained his horses to jump the widest ditches, and even the Grafton and Aldersey Brooks, at a stand, to creep through a thick, blind fence with a big ditch on the other side; then, when he dropped his hand, his horse jumped, and immediately he scuttled away as fast as the horse could gallop. Thus he got over the country amazingly, and has puzzled and surprised many a young one who followed him, to see what places his horses carried him through or over, apparently with the greatest ease."

I do not think that I could conclude this chapter more fitly than by recalling a few reminiscences of the seventh Duke of Beaufort, father of the late Duke. The fame of the late Duke, both as a writer on hunting subjects and as an M.F.H., is so world-wide that modern hunting men may be excused for forgetting the good services which his father rendered to "the sport of kings." These services were rendered at a time when the hereditary autocracy of the hunting field was being supplanted by the modern system of subscription packs. His reign as an M.F.H. began on the 23rd of November, 1835, when he succeeded to the title on the death of his father, and lasted till he died on the 17th of November, 1853, though for three years prior to his decease he had been unable to ride to hounds, owing to rheumatic gout. Yet his science of hunting was so correct that it was said

of him that he could kill his fox in a bath-chair. Certainly he was constantly in at the death, when driving or being driven in his phaeton behind his well-known pied horses. I need hardly add that his fox-hunting instincts were transmitted both to his son and his grandson, the present Duke.

John Henry Somerset, seventh Duke of Beaufort, Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Earl of Glamorgan, Viscount Grosmount, Baron Herbert of Chepstow, Raglan and Gower, Baron Beaufort of Caldecot Castle, and Baron de Botetourt, K.G., was born on the 5th of February, 1792. In 1810 he joined the 10th Hussars, and from 1812 to 1814 was on the staff as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular War. In those days constituents were not so anxious in regard to their representatives fulfilling their duties as they are in modern times, for in 1813, when only twenty-one years of age, the Marquis of Worcester, as his courtesy title then was, was returned to the House of Commons as M.P. for Monmouth, a seat which he retained till 1832. In 1835 he was elected M.P. for West Gloucestershire. His political principles were those of extreme Toryism. He was the friend and political associate of Lord Lyndhurst, who was then regarded as the head of the Conservative party in the Upper House, and joined with him in opposition to the Reform Bill. It was also through his energy that the Succession Act of 1835 was passed. It may be said in regard to his public life outside the

hunting field that his godfathers were the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst. But it is not my duty to write about his political career, and the services which he rendered to his party. I mention them briefly, because it is the fashion to consider the ancient giants of the hunting field as men, who devoted their physical and intellectual energies solely to sport. Such was not the case, though Lord Macaulay took pains to sneer at them, and to pour upon them both in print and in Parliament those vapourings of the irresponsible satirist, to which the modern counterfoil is the feeble quacking of disappointed politicians, who launch their goose-quills against sport in the feathery targets of society papers.

On Wednesday, the 16th of November, 1853, the last day with the seventh Duke of Beaufort's hounds took place. The meet was at Yate Turnpike, and after two excellent runs hounds accounted for their quarry, both in the morning and in the afternoon. The day is marked as a red-letter day in the records of the Badminton Hunt. At that time a correspondent, writing over the initials "H. M. G.", regularly forwarded accounts of Badminton sport to *Bell's Life*. After recounting the points of this day's sport he adds these words, which I quote, since they are an epitaph, written by one who knew the late Duke of Beaufort both in and out of the hunting field: "But there is no sunshine without a cloud. While we were enjoying this sport a change for the worse had taken place in the health of His Grace, who had

for the last three weeks suffered much from neuralgic pains flying all over the body, though without fear of immediate danger. Exhausted nature, however, sank under continued suffering, and he died without a struggle on Thursday, at 2 p.m., in the sixty-first year of his age. He had been unable to ride on horseback for the last three years from anchylosed joints from gout, but has constantly, when his health permitted, been present at the meets in a phaeton drawn by his celebrated pied horses. As a nobleman and as a Master of Hounds he had no equal in courteousness of manner and affability to all in the hunting field. The highest and lowest, the rich and poor, the lettered and unlettered, all had a mark of recognition with such a gracious manner as seemed to raise those whom he addressed to his own level, instead of that insulting condescension which many of the would-be great people practise. His management of the field made him much beloved. A good sportsman himself, he kept his field in order without the acerbity often met with elsewhere. No day was too long; indeed, the Beaufort Hounds have been notorious for drawing later than any other hounds in England. As a rider to hounds he was a few years ago a very good man, preferring timber and walls to hedges, from the fact that if he had a blow it was sure to bring on an attack of the gout. In conclusion, he could not be surpassed for gentlemanly bearing." This epitaph, of which his descendants may be proud, is only one

out of several. In the *Illustrated London News* of the 26th of November, 1853, his hunting career was described and his portrait was published. A short, though incomplete biography appeared in regard to him in *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1854. Mr. Apperley ("Nimrod") writes of him in Chapter VIII. of his *Hunting Reminiscences* as a typical M.F.H. He is portrayed in "The Royal Hunt" and in "The Badminton Hunt" amongst the portraits of the prominent fox-hunters of the period. Any further epitaph from my pen would be superfluous. I can only quote an old distich:—

> "He who excels in what we prize
> Appears a hero in our eyes."

There is no doubt that in the field the Duke was a bold horseman, and the pattern of an M.F.H. Doubts have been expressed about his knowledge of kennel lore; but I do not think that they have any foundation in fact. He prided himself upon being a scientific breeder of hounds, and was ably assisted in his experiments by his huntsman, Philip Payne. In his early days he considered that hounds should be big, *i.e.* he bred for size and weight, as Mr. Hugo Meynell did; but in later life he sacrificed size for pace. But I am sure that at all times he bred his hounds for the country over which they were intended to hunt—

> "Thus are my eyes still captive to one sight;
> Thus all my thoughts are slaves to one thought still."

So should it be with an M.F.H. Therefore I venture to think that the Duke's system was right, viz. breed hounds for the country over which they are intended to hunt, irrespective of the dogmas laid down by hound judges. His favourite relaxation was fox-hunting, and he fully maintained the fox-hunting traditions of Badminton during a crucial period in the annals of the sport. Upon his succession to the title and estates, hunting was regarded as a manorial right, which even the most advanced Whigs did not dare to question. Before his death the law and the public opinion of the country had completely metamorphosed the relationships between landlord and tenant. The Duke was a strong Tory, with the courage to announce his convictions; yet such was his personal popularity as a landlord and his tact as an M.F.H. that no friction ever arose between him and the occupiers of the land. Finally, it is a subject for congratulation in hunting circles that there is no danger of the Beaufort prestige in the world of sport dying out for want of support.

CHAPTER IV.

FURTHER BIOGRAPHIES IN A NUTSHELL

IT has been said that to extol a reputation already bepraised is a wasteful and ridiculous excess. No hunting man has had his reputation more bepraised than Mr. John Russell. Therefore it is necessary that I should make an apology to my readers for writing a memoir of a man who has been the subject of so many biographical notices, that a critic might justly say of me, *solem quis dicere falsum audeat.* My apology is my pride in having known Mr. Russell. Often recollections are like the casket of silver that held the ashes of death. The recollections of Mr. Russell are like the elixir of life.

John Russell was born on the 21st of December, 1795, at Belmont House, Dartmouth, opposite to Mount Boon, but his father moved to South Hill when Russell was only fourteen months of age. Subsequently, when Russell was still in petticoats, his father became Rector of Iddesleigh, where he took private pupils, and kept a pony for their exclusive use. The rule was that the boy who learnt his lessons best had the pony for the next day's

hunting. But Mr. Russell was not a brilliant scholar, though some of his biographers have suggested that he was. His boast was that he could construe the words of human kindness better than he could construe Latin elegiacs or Greek iambics. This I believe to be the only boast that he ever made in his life, and, unlike most boasts, it was true. The late Bishop of Exeter, Doctor Phillpotts, said that he was the best preacher of a charity sermon in his diocese. On one occasion, at a private dinner, the Bishop expressed this opinion to his hostess, who replied, "Yes, my lord, Mr. Russell is very good in the wood, but I should like your lordship to see him in the pigskin." The lady referred to the pulpit, but Mr. Russell thought that she referred to his headpiece, and replied, "Madam, when my head was so wooden that scholarship could not be knocked into it, it was whacked in at a more sensitive spot." Mr. Russell told me this story in his peculiar humorous way, and I omitted to ask him if the lady blushed. This whacking process took place at Plympton Grammar School, which turned out such scholars as Dean Gaisford, Bishop Coplestone, and Lord Coleridge.

After leaving Plympton Grammar School Mr. Russell was sent to a school at Tiverton, whence he went to Exeter College, Oxford. The anecdotes concerning his Oxford career are too numerous for me to allude to. It was during his undergraduate days that the Christ Church Grinds were inaugurated,

but Mr. Russell was averse to them. The idea of hunting aniseed was foreign to his mind, though at this time he was absolutely starving himself in order to indulge in hunting with the present Bicester Hounds. When asked to subscribe to the Christ Church Grinds he made the answer, "I may be considered guilty of a democratic act of ignobility." Considering that he had kept hounds when a schoolboy at Tiverton, for which feat he narrowly escaped expulsion, one can easily imagine Russell's indignation at being invited to subscribe to an institution which consisted in riding after a bag of aniseed.

It was on the 30th of September, 1814, that Mr. Russell saw his first stag killed and was "blooded" to Exmoor stag-hunting. From that date his Exmoor hunting career may be said to commence. His sporting grandfathers were George Templer, of Storar, the Rev. Harry Templer, and the Hon. Newton Fallowes. His allies in the hunting field at this time were innumerable. Amongst his most intimate friends were Sir Arthur Chichester, Sir Walter Carew, Sir John Duntze, Sir Henry R. Wrey, Admiral Parker, Sir W. Raleigh Gilbert, Mr. J. Bulteel, Mr. Charles Trelawney, the Rev. Harry Yeatman, Mr. W. Coryton, Mr. Pad Freby, Mr. Arthur Mohun Harris, Mr. F. Granville, Mr. Phillips, Mr. W. Harris, Mr. Moon Stevens, Mr. R. Sleeman, Mr. J. North Woolcombe, the Rev. Pomeroy Gilbert, Mr. J. Clode Braddon, Mr. George Williams, Mr. Walter Radcliff, Mr. Burlton Bennett, Mr. Price

Mitchell, Mr. E. Scoball, the brothers Deacon, Mr. J. Widborne, Mr. Gage Hodge, Mr. A. Lock, Mr. Foude Bellew, Mr. L. Bencroft, and Mr. J. L. Davies. It was not till later in life that he became intimate with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Mr. Luttrell, of Dunster Castle, the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Poltimore, Sir W. Molesworth, Mr. Whyte-Melville (father of Major Whyte-Melville, then Master of the Fife Foxhounds), Colonel Anstruther Thompson, and Mr. Henry Villebois. I have given these names because I am assured that the West-Country families are glad to have their names connected with Mr. Russell. I regret that I can only mention one name in regard to a hunting anecdote, namely that of the Prince of Wales. The Prince was visiting Mr. Luttrell at Dunster Castle, and Mr. Russell was invited to join the house party. On the following day Mr. Russell unintentionally piloted the Prince into the worst bog below Dunkerry Beacon. When he did get on *terra firma* nobody laughed more than the Prince of Wales; but he did not look as if he appreciated the joke when he was in the bog. It was a veritable case of

"In spe beatæ resurrectionis."

Let me mention the names of some of the ladies who were well known in Devonshire during Mr. Russell's lifetime. There were Miss Kinglake, now the Hon. Mrs. T. Fitzwilliam, Miss Clara Jekyll, Mrs. Wynch, Mrs. John Luttrell, Miss Leslie, the

three Misses Taylor, of Dulverton, Mrs. Pyne Coffin, Miss Luttrell, Miss Whidbourne, Mrs. Louis, Mrs. Russell Riccard, Mrs. James Turner, Miss Vibart, Lady Lindsay, Mrs. Proctor Baker, Miss Constance Baxendale, Mrs. Lock Roe, Mrs. Granville Somerset, Mrs. Cholmondeley, the Misses Carew, of Marley, and the Misses Parker.

There are many more names which I should like to mention, and which Mr. Russell would have wished me to mention, but space forbids. I must, however, refer to Mr. Knight, the Squire of Simonsbath, and to Mrs. Knight, of whose hospitality I was often the recipient. On one occasion I stayed at their hospitable house later than I ought to have done owing to a dense fog. Now an Exmoor fog is worse than the pea-soup of London in November, and I had to ride twelve miles over the moor to Porlock. "What shall I do?" I asked. "Put the reins on your pony's neck. He knows the way better than you do." I followed the advice, and arrived safely at Porlock, though I had to ride through the Doone Valley at Badsworthy in a fog so thick that I could not see my pony's head. I had no reason to boast of the feat, for Mr. Russell once rode fifty miles over Exmoor in a heavy snowstorm.

I have constantly been asked whether Mr. Russell was a good horseman. His reply to the question would be "No." His words were: "How can a man at my age, who stands over six feet in his socks, and

rides over fifteen stone, be a good man to hounds?" Such was his modesty. As a matter of truth, he was the best man to hounds who ever rode over Exmoor, and, owing to the state of his purse, he always rode brutes which few men would have cared to throw a leg across. But in his hands the most indomitable animals became tractable, and he was never cruel to a horse.

I can remember so many familiar faces, some of whom, alas! have joined the great majority, who were friends of Mr. Russell that it is impossible for me to mention their names. Mr. Nicholas Snow (the Master of the Stars of the West), his nephew, Mr. Charles Snow, the late Sir Thomas Acland, Mr. Charles Troit (brother of Mrs. Walter Hook, wife of the late Rector of Porlock), and the present Sir Charles Acland, possess names that are known in the West Country, where the name of John Russell will be revered as long as English people revere muscular Christianity.

It has been said that Mr. Russell was overrated as a sportsman. The statement is a matter of opinion, but I am sure that his bitterest enemy would say that he was a champion of muscular Christianity. He fought against the noodle-doodle arguments of the pitiful scholiasts against sporting parsons, and openly avowed his contempt for the young clerical school at Oxford, who professed to be Protestants, when they were more akin to Romanists.

One anecdote I cannot omit while writing about

Mr. Russell. Lord Carington once asked him, "Did the foxhound come out of the ark?" referring to an argument as to whether or not the foxhound originally belonged to a separate breed. Russell replied, "How could he? Did not a brace of foxes come out alive?" He died on the 28th of April, 1883, being then in his eighty-eighth year. If any of my readers wish to know more about Mr. Russell, I refer them to—

Memoir of the Rev. John Russell, and his out-of-door Life, 1879. 8vo. Illustrations.

A new and cheaper edition (post 8vo) was published in 1883.

It is a work which not only gives a long account of Mr. Russell, but further gives the reader an insight of Exmoor. Another interesting book is—

Notes on the Chase of the Wild Red Deer in the Counties of Devon and Somerset, by C. P. Collyns, 1862. 8vo. Tinted lithographic plates and other illustrations.

It may appear to some of my readers that both in regard to selection and to order of arrangement these "Biographies in a Nutshell" lack discrimination; but I venture to think that contrasts are more interesting than to schedule events in the same fashion as is done in a penny almanac. And what stronger contrast could we have than between the most famous hunting parson of the century and the most famous rough-rider of the century—between Mr. Russell and Dick Christian? Of the latter it was written—

"What gallant run did brave Meltonians share
But thou wast forward or the foremost there?"

And no truer words were ever penned.

It is difficult for those of us who have been educated under the modern conditions of fox-hunting to assign to Dick Christian his proper position in hunting history. His position is unique, for it may be safely asserted that he is the only professional rough-rider, who has ever risen to eminence on account of his horsemanship in the hunting field. We have had, and still have, many huntsmen, whippers-in, and steeplechase jockeys who are entitled to rank amongst the giants of the hunting field as professional riders; but the claims of Dick Christian to be remembered by posterity are founded on his prowess as a rough-rider. He has had scores of imitators, but they have met with little encouragement. Masters of Hounds have hinted to them in an unmistakable manner that their room is preferable to their company in the hunting field, and the general public regard them as horse copers. It may appear harsh that, owing to the dishonesty of a few individuals, the calling of a professional rough-rider has been abolished by the verdict of public opinion; but it must also be remembered that now there are many gentlemen who are good horsemen but cannot afford to keep horses. As a rule they are younger sons who have been educated in the same way as their elder brothers, and on arriving at man's estate find that the estate does not include stabling. But they love hunting, and are

willing to accept a mount on the biggest rogue that was ever foaled, in order that they may enjoy their passion for seeing hounds. Thus the occupation of the rough-rider has gone, or is limited to the men-of-all-work, who act as grooms to horse dealers. Again, it is not desirable that the hunting field should be turned into a dealer's yard. In Dick Christian's time it did not matter, for then very few men hunted as compared with the present day. There was room for everybody, and a rough-rider on a raw young 'un did not interfere with his neighbours. What sort of a reception would he get now at a popular fixture of the Quorn?

The fact that Dick Christian has had no imitators adds to the difficulty of writing about him, since he had no rivals with whom we can compare him. It is almost impossible to form an estimate of his riding abilities. Thus such an authority as the late Duke of Beaufort has described him as a butcher on a horse, while Squire Osbaldeston considered him the best man across Leicestershire. It is easy to reconcile the two statements. It was Christian's business to be in the first flight, and to be seen in the first flight. To achieve this object he might punish his horse, but there is no record that he was ever cruel to a horse, so far as I have been able to discover. Besides, it would be absurd to think that a man who had the reputation of being cruel to horses would have been asked to ride for such men as Lord Forester, Lord Middleton, Lord

Alvaney, the Marquis of Waterford, and Squire Osbaldeston. A further point upon which I lay great stress is that a man seldom develops bad habits unless he has acquired them in boyhood. A man who is cruel to his horse probably started his hunting career by being cruel to his pony. Now Christian's tuition took place at Sir Horace Mann's riding-school at Cottesmore, which was superintended by Stevenson. His own version of his tuition is that he left home in the morning, ostensibly for school, played truant, and went to Stevenson, whom he persuaded to allow him to ride the horses at exercise. It is improbable to the last degree of improbability that the manager of a riding-school would allow a ten-year-old urchin, as Christian then was, to ride valuable horses if he evinced the slightest signs of cruelty.

As a man Christian was abnormally strong in the arm, and, according to "The Druid," could "lift" a horse over his fences better than any man in Leicestershire. Surely the science of "lifting" a horse over his fences helps the horse, and cannot be called cruelty! I wonder how many men understand the science! I have seen many men attempt to "lift" their horses, and the result has generally ended in dire disaster. My own experience is that a horse knows his business better than his rider; but then there is a difference between riding "made" hunters and the raw 'uns on which Dick Christian held his own in the first flight with the Quorn. Yet he was

never a "thrusting scoundrel." He said to "The Druid," "It's not the big fences I'm afraid of. I never go near 'em, but it's the little 'uns I'm afraid of." But Dick was the last man in the world to turn his horse's head from a fence when he had once put him at it. Writing about the accomplishments of the hunting-field, "The Druid," in *Silk and Scarlet*, pays this tribute to Dick Christian: "A gentleman who practically explains all the above accomplishments to the great edification of young horses, and the no less astonishment of weak minds."

It is much to be regretted that Dick never entered for the authorship stakes, for he could have given us more information about hunters than any man who has ever put pen to paper. But the boy who played truant from the school where they taught the three R.'s in order to attend the school where they taught horsemanship was not likely to devote his energies to literature in later life. I am informed that he had a supreme contempt for hunting journalism, though he had a warm affection for Mr. Dixon, *alias* "The Druid," to whom he gave some particulars of his life, when, in his seventy-eighth year, he was residing at Norton by Bessingborough. These particulars were published in *Silk and Scarlet*, but are too voluminous for me to analyse in these pages. However, I cannot refrain from quoting his opinion in regard to hunters: "Give me 'em lengthy, short-legged for Leicestershire. I wouldn't have 'em no

bigger than 15-3; great rump, hips, and hocks; fore legs well afore 'em, and good shoulders; thoroughbred if you can get 'em, but none of your high, short horses. Thoroughbred horses make the best hunters. I never heard of a great thing yet, but it was done by a thoroughbred horse." He was fond of talking of "The Prince of Wales's Day," with the Cottesmore. "He was nowhere, bless you; they gave 'im the brush, though, just to please 'im. (N.B.—The Prince of Wales was afterwards George IV.) Another of his expressions was "tremendious," his favourite epithet in describing fences; but though he would talk of the exploits of his contemporaries, he rarely spoke of his own, even to Mr. Dixon. One exploit of Sir Gilbert Heathcote he witnessed, which subsequently gave the idea to Mr. John Leech for one of his best-known sketches. It was Sir Gilbert Heathcote who rode over the parson, and exclaimed, "You can lie where you are, sir; you won't be wanted till next Sunday."

Latterly Dick's memory failed him. Mr. Dixon did everything in his power to restore it, and drove him in a gig about Leicestershire, thinking that the sight of the old familiar scenes would bring back recollections of what had been "the Waterloo of his existence." But the drives were of little use. He was then in his seventy-eighth year, and had nearly finished the run of his life. Nobody will deny that he rode well throughout the run.

Is it conceivable that a man like Dick Christian could exist under the conditions of modern fox-hunting? I know several gentlemen who hunt three or four days a week on an income of £200, but would be angry if they were classed as professional riders. They are on terms of social equality with their employers, and are as much at home in the boudoir as they are in the saddle-room. They are men who work as hard as any groom works, in order that they may enjoy their sport. But they do not profess to earn a living out of sport. It was Dick Christian's profession to earn his livelihood out of the hunting field. He rode in many steeplechases, but he was never a cross-country jockey, as we understand the phrase. He bought and sold many horses, but he never was a professional dealer. He was paid for giving opinions upon the merits or demerits of many horses, but he was never a veterinary surgeon. He was "hail fellow well met" with everybody, from George IV. to an earthstopper, and could hardly write his own name. His life presents a striking example of the change which has taken place in our social and sporting customs since the beginning of the century. We have now our professional cross-country riders, our veterinary surgeons, and our dealers, on whose integrity we can rely, and the exigencies of the times do not require a combination of the three professions. There are gentlemen riders who will school our horses, in the same way as there are men who will shoot our birds, for the sake of

board and lodging. I do not assert that Dick Christian's profession is obsolete; but that a professor capable of following in his footsteps has yet to be found must be the opinion of every hunting man. To him are especially applicable the lines of Major Whyte-Melville. He was a man

> "To whom naught comes amiss,
> One horse or another, that country or this.
> Through falls or bad starts who undauntedly still
> Rides up to the motto, 'Be with them I will.'"

Having just had occasion to refer to Mr. Dixon, better known to lovers of sport as "The Druid," I will take this opportunity of writing a few words about him. He was the second son of Mr. Peter Dixon, a large cotton manufacturer, who resided at Holme Eden, near Carlisle, whose family had long been noted for fostering commercial enterprise in the old cathedral city. But, like his more celebrated son, Mr. Peter Dixon was a man of widespread sympathies, and hunted regularly with the Inglewood Hounds. As a lad young Dixon suffered severely from ophthalmia, and constantly had to spend days together in an artificially darkened room. Thus it was not till 1838, when he was sixteen years of age, that he was sent to Rugby, then under the mastership of Dr. Arnold. He left Rugby in 1840, having reached "the twenty," *i.e.* the form immediately below the sixth, and being six feet in height, and strong in proportion. Before leaving he was requested by Dr. Arnold to come into his study, when the Doctor

thanked him for the support and encouragement which he had always given by his good example and high principles to the moral elevation of all around him, adding, "I value character and example much more than talent and scholarship." But young Dixon, though an indifferent mathematician, had imbibed a love for classical scholarship, which is apparent in all his multitudinous writings. The Earl of Rosebery lately testified his appreciation of "The Druid" by describing himself as "one who finds constant refreshment from reading a few pages of this healthy and vivid author, half sportsman and half poet, who has produced a number of volumes, which in their way are masterpieces, and will never be surpassed."

Of his Rugby days "The Druid" wrote as follows: "When I first went there everything about it was calculated to encourage a sporting taste. Lord Chesterfield was living at Abington Abbey, near Northampton, and hunting the Pytchley in a style I have never seen approached since; and many is the time when I have rushed off after second lesson in the generally visionary hope of seeing his hounds draw Hillmorton Gorse. Mr. Bradley's staghounds were also in full force." Steeplechasing, too, was just becoming all the rage, and the kindhearted Dr. Arnold, being determined that "the fellows," as he used to call them, should have no pretext to disobey orders, dispensed with "calling over" one afternoon, in order to let them see the fun which was

going on at Dunchurch. One result of this indulgence was the pentameter :—

"Lottery primus erat, Nonna secunda fuit,"

Lottery, with Jem Mason up, being first, and The Nun, with William MacDonough up, being second in the Dunchurch Steeplechase of 1840. So great was the love of sport that the Rugby boys subscribed £15 to the Rugby Steeplechases. But the line had to be drawn somewhere, and the Doctor drew it by forbidding boys to ride themselves. It came about in this way: A boy in the schoolhouse offered to ride any other boy over four miles of fair hunting country, and the challenge was taken up by Mr. Uvedale Corbet, afterwards a well-known Cheshire squire. The race was run from Bilton Church to Newbold Steeple, and resulted in a win for Mr. Corbet. This led to a resolution to have a big race, for which there were several entries. But, though the Doctor had overlooked the match, he threatened to expel every boy who rode in or looked on at the race. Needless to say, no steeplechase ever came off, nor was any ever attempted again. I may mention that before Dr. Arnold's time the Rugby boys sported a pack of beagles, and shooting, or rather poaching, was openly practised. Many of "The Druid's" sport-loving schoolfellows are still alive to

"Gaze from grand stands with their hair silver-gray,
And totter 'neath guns till their ankles give way."

Yet "The Druid" was not very popular with his schoolfellows, owing to his disinclination to join in

their games, though he is reported to have jumped a gate six feet high on the Barby Road, which for many years afterwards was pointed out as Dixon's gate. The first time that the lady who subsequently became his wife ever saw "The Druid" was at Rugby, when a boy pointed him out to her, saying, "Look at that ass! He never joins in any of our games or sports, but writes everlasting yarns for *Bell's Life*." The lady was then fifteen, and "The Druid" seventeen years of age.

In 1841 "The Druid" went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had the reputation of being as shy as a woodcock. This shyness never left him. Cambridge did not give him the partiality for horse-flesh which the proximity to Newmarket often imparts to her pupils, and which "The Druid" afterwards acquired to such an extent. On the contrary, he was studious and retired, evincing predilections in favour of the classics. Unfortunately, his deadly foe, ophthalmia, constantly interfered with his studies, and in mathematics he had to be content with the humble place of "wooden spoon." At this critical time he proposed to Miss Caroline Lynes, third daughter of Thomas Lynes, Esq., of Hackleton House, Northampton, and was met with a refusal. This so deranged his health that brain fever ensued. But upon further acquaintance Miss Lynes was induced to change her mind, and they were married on the 12th of May, 1847. At this time "The Druid" was settled in Doncaster, where he was pre-

sumed to be reading in an attorney's office; but like his old friend, Mr. Daley, long the clerk of the course at Carlisle, he did not enjoy calf-skin, and soon settled down into a sporting writer, much to his father's annoyance, though he did not stop his yearly allowance. At last, however, a book appeared from his pen, entitled *The Law of the Farm*, which so gladdened the old man's heart that he sent him a cheque for £100. This book, however, did not appear till 1858, or nearly eight years after "The Druid" had moved to London, which he did during 1850. But his Doncaster life had brought out the salient features of his writing. From contributing articles on all sorts of subjects to the *Doncaster Gazette*, he rose to the position of manager of that journal, and was by many regarded as its avowed and acknowledged editor. However, technical editorial work was the least important thing that he learnt, for it was at this time that he really began to study Nature and her chief children, viz. men and horses. Country lanes and wild moorland were more to his taste than the office of Mr. Baxter, attorney, or even the editorial sanctum. Through his friend, James White, *alias* "Martingale," he soon made the acquaintance of every sporting character in the neighbourhood, and his natural appetite for conversing with all sorts and conditions of men, and of being equally at home with the peer and the peasant, found ample scope for indulgence. He was as much at home pumping some decrepit herdsman

in a remote ingle nook or chimney corner as he was in the mansions of the nobility, in spite of his shyness. Perhaps his greatest talent was his capacity for getting humble and unlettered men to bestow their confidence upon him. This was exemplified in the confidence which Dick Christian bestowed upon him. It was at Doncaster also that he first showed his proficiency in horse-lore, and we can imagine him and "Martingale" on the Town Moor. When he had once seen a horse he seldom forgot him, a talent which was of great assistance to him in after life, when he earned his bread, *inter alia*, by paddock reporting, and won the name of "The Old Mortality of the Turf." Not that his attention was confined to racehorses. Indeed, his predilection was for hunters and hacks, of which subsequently his brother-in-law, Mr. George B. Lynes, was a successful breeder, close to Althorp Park, in Northamptonshire. Mr. Lynes attributed no small portion of the success which attended his breeding efforts to the advice given him by "The Druid." He advised Mr. Lynes to put his first mare to King of Oude, the result being Rural Dean, who was bought by the Prince of Wales, and was considered by the Prince to be the best all-round horse that he ever possessed. Mr. Rarey, when in search of savages, afterwards bought King of Oude, and took him to America, though Mr. Lynes had a standing offer of 200 guineas for every colt or filly by King of Oude out of Rural Dean's dam. I should add that Mr. Lynes subsequently migrated to

Virginia, not far from Charlottesville, a country which he considered wonderfully well adapted for breeding blood stock.

"The Druid" was only permanently engaged on the staff of four papers, viz. the *Doncaster Gazette*, *Bell's Life*, the *Mark Lane Express*, and the *Sporting Life*, though he was a regular contributor to many others, notably the *Sporting Magazine* and the *Daily News*. Yet, in spite of his numerous contributions to sporting literature, his income never averaged more than £600 per annum. No writer could have performed his work more conscientiously. So delicate was his sense of honour that when he went down to a stud farm to describe a yearling sale he would not even accept luncheon from the owner of the place, lest he might be suspected of being biassed. He made Mr. Rarey's fortune, but when the latter made a complimentary present to Mrs. Dixon he indignantly demanded her to return it. As a rule, he never betted. His knowledge of the Turf was gained by an occasional stroll on to a racecourse on a crack afternoon, through the boxes at Tattersall's, or among the paddocks of a stud farm. Yet in regard to accuracy his descriptions have never been surpassed. But it was in regard to endurance of hardships, exposure to weather, scanty fare, and personal discomfort, and a courage which never flinched when suffering from painful sickness and exhausting disease, that he stands out pre-eminent. When it is remembered that he rode on horseback

from the Orkneys to Kensington in the severe winter of 1864–5, arriving at home, in the snow of a February night, with fourpence in his pocket, on the back of a Highland garron, which he had bought for £7 10*s.*, little surprise will be felt that he never recovered from the effects of the journey. For four years he was unable to lie down, and at night was packed in an armchair. During this last painful period of his life he regularly wrote sporting and agricultural leaders for the *Daily News*, then mainly owned by Mr. Robinson and Mr. Labouchere, who would have poured liquid gold down his throat if it had been possible to keep him alive. But it was not to be. To use his own expression, all the wheels were down, and after the spring of 1870 he passed away. The Hon. Francis Lawley, to whose admirable book on *The Life and Times of the Druid* I, in common with many sportsmen, am deeply indebted, applies this epitaph to him—

> "No pearl ever lay under Oman's dark water
> More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee."

It is a comfort to know that his dying bed was soothed by the unwearied ministrations and tender solicitude of his wife, by the constant affection of his devoted friend Mr. John Thornton, and by the generosity and kindness of the present Sir Tatton Sykes, for, as Mr. Lawley has written of him, he was truly the most unselfish, courageous, modest, conscientious, and pure-minded of men.

> "The touch of a vanished hand,
> The sound of a voice that is still."

How truly do these lines apply to such men as "The Druid" and Major Whyte-Melville! We feel that we are with them in the spirit, for do not

> "Souls attract souls, when they're of kindred vein"?

The name of Whyte-Melville is so familiar, not only to hunting people, but to everybody who takes an interest in English literature, that it would seem impossible to write anything concerning his life which is not already known to the reading public. As soldier, novelist, poet, and sportsman, his name stands out in bold relief. Yet, though many of his old comrades in the chase are alive, his biography has never been written in volume form. Perhaps a long biography is not necessary, for Major Whyte-Melville lived with us in his novels and in his poems. He used to say that the two great objects of his life were "the pigskin and the pen," and he devoted his days to hunting and his evenings to literary work. Although during his life he had a larger share of the *aliquid amari* than falls to the lot of most men, he only made one enemy, namely the manufacturer of barbed wire. His lines—

> "And bitter the curses you launch in your ire
> At the villain who fenced his enclosure with wire"

are the only words which I have been able to discover that he ever penned in a vindictive spirit; and the only caustic speech which I have heard recorded of him was to a landowner, who had erected wire. "I'm a Christian man, and so bear no malice; but

if anyone were to tell me that you had got a wasp's nest inside your breeches, I should be very glad to hear it." I think my readers will agree with me that a more suitable punishment for the user of wire fencing in a hunting country could scarcely be devised.

It was on the 5th of December, 1878, when the death of Whyte-Melville occurred while hunting with the V.W.H. Hounds. It is no exaggeration to say that the event was regarded as a public calamity. At first it could hardly be credited that so good a rider, a man possessing such knowledge and judgment in everything appertaining to hunting, should have met with such a fate. But the news was soon confirmed, and a feeling of the deepest sorrow and regret prevailed amongst all classes. It was truly said at the time that to attempt any panegyric upon him would be superfluous, for his memory will remain as long as English sport and English literature flourish. His death was alluded to in the *Field* as follows: "Whyte-Melville, the kindly friend, the genial fellow-sportsman, the hearty companion, the courteous, chivalrous gentleman. Wherever he lived he endeared himself; wherever he rode, he rode for the love of hunting, without selfishness, without jealousy. Out of the natural kindheartedness of a clever man grew the knack and habit which at all times prompted him to say the right thing, the nice thing to whomsoever he was thrown across. He has had imitators, disciples, rivals—most of them

more or less successful — but he has never been superseded, never eclipsed." Before quitting the subject of his death, let me quote the following lines, which were originally composed for private circulation by Lord Rosslyn—

"The engineer by his own petard slain,
The eagle pierced by shaft from his own wing,
Are plaintive fancies, such as poets sing,
And touch the heart but coldly, through the brain.
But thou, dear George, in thine own sport thus ta'en,
In all the prime of manhood, and the swing
Of gallant gallop, struck stone dead! The thing
Appals, and petrifies the mind with pain.
Bright, brave, and tender, Poesy's pet child;
Romance and history's love alike were thine;
Thy wit ne'er wounded, yet the contest won,
For at thy jests the gravest dullard smiled.
Last scion of an ancient Scottish line,
Whose old folks live to mourn their only son."

I have always contended that his riding and hunting abilities were equal to his literary abilities. This opinion has often been contradicted by people who do not understand Whyte-Melville's system of hunting. His motto was, "Do the thing handsomely, or let it alone"; and so, not being able to afford to have three hundred guineas beneath him, he was contented to see the fun of the fair without evincing the jealousy of the so-called first flight men. His horses were certainly not of the confidential sort. On one occasion he was asked, "How many animals are you master of this season?" and his reply was, "Not one, but I have four brutes in the stable that

are masters of me." With a fine temper, nice hands, and a sympathy between himself and his horse that rarely has been equalled, he never irritated the animal he was riding, but would coax it into seemly behaviour by the use of his tongue. He used to talk to his horses, but one of his own lines can express his feelings better than any words of mine, viz. "Are you not a horse and a brother?"

Those who knew him will remember his favourite expression, "What d——d fools men are!" He had experienced the follies of youth when as a subaltern he gambled at Crockford's, and could sympathise in late years with those who allowed the excitement of gambling to gain the victory over discretion. Indeed, it was his sympathy in every path of life which endeared him so much to all whom he came across. He could even smile indulgently at the transgressions and foibles of people in the hunting field, though on occasions he could be sarcastic, as when a hard funker once jumped a fence about three feet high he wondered what the height would be after dinner. His warmest admirers would not call him a bold rider, and he did not hesitate to express his contempt for reckless horsemen and thrusting scoundrels. Yet few men knew the science of hunting better than he did. His father had been for many seasons Master of the Fife Foxhounds, and he had been entered to hounds as soon as he was out of the nursery. To the last moment of his life he cherished a strong affection for his native country, and if he

had lived he would probably have succeeded Colonel Anstruther Thomson in the Mastership. But circumstances prevented his hunting much in the Fife country. After his marriage and retirement from the Service he went to live at Boughton, some three miles from Northampton, in the Pytchley country, close to Holdenby House. Afterwards he moved to the V.W.H. country, and hunted regularly with the V.W.H. and Lord Rothschild's hounds in the Vale of Aylesbury, which he declared was the best hunting country in England. It is beyond my province to criticise his hunting literature, though, as a student of his writings, I may be allowed to say that I never knew him to dip his pen in bitter ink. Nor do I know another author who has given so much work to the reading public about which the same statement can be truthfully made. Like the majority of great writers, his modesty in all matters appertaining to authorship was notorious, and he disliked to be congratulated upon his literary success. "My publisher dates the commencement of his ruin from our first interview," he said to Miss Strickland, the historian, when, with more zeal than discretion, she asked him about the financial success of his novels. The truth is that, though Whyte-Melville was a poor man, he cared little for the financial success of his authorship, and for many years gave away the proceeds of his works in unostentatious charity. On one occasion he received a cheque for £1,500 from his publishers, which he

immediately posted to an old friend whom he knew to be in want. In an age prone to pessimism it is a happy thought that the good actions of such men as Whyte-Melville survive their lives.

I have already alluded to Mr. Apperley in my reference to Mr. John Mytton. He was a man with a dual existence. He rode to hounds with seventy-three different packs, according to his own statement made shortly before his death, and as he was at all times a hard rider, he is clearly entitled to rank amongst the giants of the hunting field. Yet posterity chiefly knows him by his pseudonym of "Nimrod," so that it is not easy for the biographer to distinguish between the man and his writings. It has been said that authors, either consciously or unconsciously, write their own lives. A novice in the science of criticism can tell the difference between the early and late works of an author; but Mr. Apperley never published a line till he was in his forty-fourth year, and his writings were, with few exceptions, confined to magazine articles where he had to adopt his style to editorial requirements. Moreover, he wrote chiefly from memory in his retirement at Calais, far from his former friends and companions, when he had become impoverished in his fortunes. Thus his hunting career and writing career were distinct in point of time.

It was in 1801 that his hunting career may be said to have commenced in earnest, when he took a house at Hinckley, in Leicestershire, where he remained for

three seasons. The Quorn was then at the height of its fame. Mr. Hugo Meynell had just handed over the reins of office to Lord Sefton, though he still hunted with the Quorn, together with Lord Alvanley, Lord Gardner, and a host of others, whose names are still bywords in Leicestershire. It was not, perhaps, a wise choice on the part of Mr. Apperley. Lord Sefton, in addition to having introduced the fashion of second horses, conducted every detail of his establishment on the most princely scale. Expense with him was no object, and naturally the Quornites followed his example. It has been suggested that even at this time Mr. Apperley was often mounted by his friends, and the suggestion may be true, for he was a fine horseman, and very popular in the society of fox-hunters. In those days invitations were to dine, sleep, and hunt in the morning, and Mr. Apperley availed himself of them. He was also at this time a remarkably handsome man, and was clever enough to hide in society the vanity which throughout his life was the weak point in his character. His ambition was to live with and to live as men with much larger incomes lived, and he failed to realise his ambition. Besides, his birth was not such as to gain him admittance on equal terms into the best county society. Yet, in addition to giving him his finishing lessons in the science of hunting, Leicestershire, without doubt, gave him a social polish which he never lost, even in his worst days at Calais.

He moved from Leicestershire to Bilton Hall, two miles and a half from Rugby, a noble, historic mansion which had once been the home of Addison, and at the present day teems with literary associations. Here, in the intervals of hunting, Mr. Apperley studied Addisonian literature, and obtained that pedantic style which we may admire in Addison, but is hardly suitable for a sporting writer. He was within reach, occasionally a very long reach, of four packs, namely the Quorn, the Pytchley (then hunted by Mr. John Warde), Sir Thomas Mostyn's, afterwards Mr. Drake's country, and Mr. Corbet's hounds in Warwickshire; while he also kept horses at Chapel House, near Woodstock, and at Middleton Stony, near Bicester. It must be remembered that this was before the age of railways. Mr. Apperley writes that he often rode fifty miles to covert, using two hacks on the road. Such hunting involves more personal expenses than our present system, to say nothing of the extra wear and tear of horses. But it was the fashion, and it was Mr. Apperley's ambition to be in the fashion, to the detriment of his fortune. But necessity soon obliged him to curtail his expenditure, and he moved to Bitterly Court, in Shropshire, whence, in 1817, he moved to Brewood, in the Albrington country, in Staffordshire. He remained here till either 1820 or 1821, when he moved to London.

At this time his financial circumstances had become straitened, and he determined to turn his

attention to literature, and to write a book upon sport. He suggested the idea to a publisher, who approved of it, but a friend advised him to see the editor of the *Sporting Magazine* instead. Mr. Apperley at first repudiated the advice, saying that no gentleman would write for such a cockney publication, but eventually followed his friend's advice. The result was that his first article upon "Fox-hunting in Leicestershire" appeared in the New Year's Number of the *Sporting Magazine* for 1822, and he was connected with the magazine from that date till it ceased to exist in 1829. During this period, however, he again moved to Beaurepaire House, in Hampshire, where he speculated in scientific farming, and, as may easily be imagined, lost his money. He afterwards declared that Hampshire was the worst hunting country over which he had ever ridden. This seems a curious statement, as it was in 1826 that Mr. Assheton-Smith went to Penton, near Andover, and opened out the present Tedworth country. Now Mr. Assheton-Smith declared that his sport in Hampshire not only equalled but far exceeded any that he had had in Leicestershire. I must leave my readers to decide between the two statements. I can only say that I have enjoyed excellent sport in Hampshire. About 1830 Mr. Apperley left England, and his English fox-hunting career may be said to have ended.

It is melancholy to think that a man who could

boast that he had hunted with more than seventy packs of hounds should have been reduced to living in a Continental town, and to considering francs where he had never considered five-pound notes. The moralist may say that it was merely the result of his own extravagance in living beyond his income. Granted, but let it be remembered that in his forty-fourth year he put his shoulder to the wheel. He had never worked before, but when he was called upon to work he answered to the call in a plucky manner, and achieved a revolution in sporting literature. Let us consider this revolution for one brief moment. Prior to 1822 there was no periodical sporting literature worthy of the name, for the *Sporting Magazine* was a vulgar production, and had no news concerning field sports. Peter Beckford's *Thoughts upon Hunting* was, to the best of my belief, the only book upon fox-hunting which had any circulation. Mr. Pittman, the proprietor of the *Sporting Magazine*, considered that there was room for a better class of literature dealing with country sport, and Mr. Apperley was chosen to write the work. He had a practical knowledge of fox-hunting and of the road, for he was a good man with four horses, and knew a large number of stage drivers. He was already enrolled amongst the ranks of gentlemen riders on the Turf; and, what was of the greatest importance, he could use his influence in making the new policy of the magazine known in

country houses at a time when magazines were only circulated through the medium of the stage coaches. He was entrusted with the management of the new policy, and he made it a success from the start, in spite of the facts that previously he had no practical knowledge of literature, and that it was his maiden effort at authorship. His detractors have said that Mr. Pittman could have found many better men to do the work. Perhaps so, but Mr. Apperley was given the opportunity and made the most of it. When the *Sporting Magazine* became defunct, in 1829, owing to internal disputes, and Mr. Apperley was at liberty to become a free lance, he had won his literary spurs, and his success was assured. The *Quarterly Review*, *Fraser's*, the *New Monthly*, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the *Morning Herald* sought contributions from his pen, and he returned to England for a short time owing to the difficulty of carrying on his business abroad. But he soon returned to France. In 1834 he received an invitation from the Earl of Kintore to go to Scotland, which he accepted, and arrived at Lord Elcho's headquarters at Dunse in the November. The results of his Scotch visit may be seen in *Nimrod's Northern Tours*. He once more returned to France, but returned to England at the beginning of 1843, feeling, as he expressed it, like a hare doubling back to its form. His prophecy was true. He died after a few days' illness in his house in Upper

Belgrave Place, Pimlico, on the 19th of May, 1843, being then in his sixty-fifth year.

Few men could have had a wider experience of hunting than Mr. Apperley, for he had hunted in every part of England, in Scotland, in France, and in Germany. He recorded his foreign experiences in *Nimrod Abroad.* This book, though written in the author's usual egotistical style, has one great merit, since it has no reference to the author's reverse of fortune. Mr. Apperley was not the man to complain when complaints were useless. Besides, the fame which he had earned by his articles appealed to and satisfied his vanity. We have a proof of this in his own words in *Northern Tours.* He was dining with Lord Elcho and two other gentlemen at Dunse, and expresses his surprise that one of the gentlemen had not heard of "Nimrod." In the previous page he expresses his delight that his fame was known to Watson, the coachman of the Dover coach. Addison, whose literary style he tried to imitate, would never have penned these experiences, which remind the reader of the arch-sycophant, Boswell. Probably his best article was the one entitled "Remarks on the Condition of Hunters," which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for March, 1832, and contained the celebrated fictitious run with the Quorn Hounds. Here he was at his best, and if he had turned his attention to fiction his works undoubtedly would have been successful. But sporting fiction was left for Mr.

Surtees to found. Now "Nimrod's" works are read chiefly by students of hunting literature. His habit of dragging into his writings unnecessary quotations from the Latin poets detracts from their literary style without doubt, while a general perusal of them makes us wish that the author had forgotten the existence of the first person singular in the English language. Yet the wheat is worth the trouble of separating from the chaff by those who wish to learn the history of fox-hunting during the first quarter of the century, and to read about the men who were famous in the hunting field at that time.

But if Mr. Apperley sinned by being an egotist, Mr. Surtees sinned by an excess of modesty, and he always had an objection to seeing his own name in print. Thus we know little of his life beyond the fact that he took himself for the model of Charley Stubbs in *Handley Cross*. He has been described as very tall, but a good horseman, and, without even riding for effect, he always managed to see a good deal of what hounds were doing. He was born and bred within hearing of Mr. Ralph Lambton and his famous foxhounds, and his first literary essays were accounts of their doings for the old *Sporting Magazine*, though in 1831 he published a work in which he brought to bear his education as a lawyer and his tastes as a sportsman. This work was called *The Horseman's Manual*, and was a treatise on soundness, the law of warranty, and on the laws relating to horses. The book now is

of little value, but at the time of its publication it caused Mr. Surtees to be recognised as an authority upon matters relating to a fox-hunting stable. Owing to the death of his elder brother, Anthony Surtees, on March 24th, 1831, the financial position of the future famous novelist was changed in a considerable degree, and in conjunction with Mr. Rudolph Ackerman he started the *New Sporting Magazine*, which he edited till 1836. Immediately after his brother's death, in July, 1831, he began to develop the humorous character of the immortal Mr. Jorrocks, and the success of the sketches was so great that Mr. Chapman and Mr. Seymour determined to follow the example, with the result that Charles Dickens was employed to write the *Pickwick Papers*. The papers of Surtees were published in volume form as *Jorrocks' Jaunts* in 1838, but though the name of the author did not appear his identity could not be concealed. He was recognised as "The Yorkshireman" in connection with the doings of Mr. Jorrocks, and we have a better description of his life at this time in *Handley Cross*, when he portrayed himself in the character of Charley Stubbs. As a man about town, as a lawyer not caring for practice, and as a north-countryman with the instincts of a sportsman strong at heart, Mr. Surtees took a part in the jaunts and jollities of which his happy fancy made Jorrocks the hero. In other words, he played Horatio to Mr. Jorrocks' Hamlet.

On the 5th of March, 1838, by the death of his father, Mr. Surtees succeeded to the estate of Hamsterley Hall and the duties of a country gentleman. He became a J.P. for Durham, a major of the Durham Militia, and was High Sheriff for the county in 1856. He had severed his connection with the *New Sporting Magazine*, and devoted his literary abilities to fiction. His first novel, however, was a comparative failure. The title was *Hillingdon Hall; or, The Cockney Squire*, and is probably the least known of any of his novels. But *Handley Cross* immediately placed him on the highest pinnacle of fame. Whilst man wears leather breeches, and slow old duffers can be found to cast backwards, the author of Jorrocks and Pigg can never die.

The original of John Jorrocks has never been traced, so far as the novelist is concerned, though John Leech took his original from a coachman whom he sketched in church. Mr. Surtees said of his hero: "Although Mr. Jorrocks is a man of established reputation, we trust the reader in perusing his freaks will not be betrayed into a 'swell mob' sneer at the author for depicting the exploits of a jolly, free-and-easy, fox-hunting grocer. We admit that Mr. Jorrocks is 'wulgar,' but we would ask the reader to bear in mind the distinction between describing vulgar people and describing vulgar people vulgarly. Mr. Jorrocks, at all events, has one recommendation—he does not pretend to be anything but what he is." That *Handley Cross* was and is vulgar and occasionally

indelicate admits of little doubt; but though the very refined critics were and are calling out about the vulgarity, the slang, the smoke, the loudness of such writings, yet they are always willing to laugh. Mr. Surtees was a satirist and a humourist, and was helped in the production of his works by the first caricaturist of this or any other century, viz. Mr. John Leech. No wonder that fresh editions of these works are being called for by the reading public every year!

It seems an anomaly that a man possessing such a fund of humour "on paper" should have been taciturn in private life. Yet Mr. Surtees was not only a taciturn observer, but preferred solitude to company in the numerous excursions which he made about the country. We cannot obscure the fact, however much we may admire the author, that Mr. Surtees neither cared for society nor did society care for him. Satirists are seldom popular, even when they confine their satire within the limits prescribed by the usages of drawing-room society; but Mr. Surtees went further. With the single exception of Jorrocks, all his characters were depicted from life, and there is an absence of gentlemanly qualities in all of them. It was his object to expose the vulgarities and trickery of the sporting world of the period. No man ever hunted with Jorrocks, or Sir Harry Scattercash, or Lord Scamperdale, Jack Spraggon, Soapey Sponge, and Jawleyford of Jawleyford Court, with numerous other eccentricities im-

possible in real life. They are and were meant to be caricatures, but they were caricatures of living people which were easily recognisable. The delineation of character is always amusing, sometimes clever, but seldom true; but further, it is doubtful whether, if the coarseness of the text had not been redeemed by the pencil and mind of such a finished and popular artist as John Leech, these books could have attained their present popularity.

For a full account of the numerous works of Mr. Surtees I must refer my readers to Slater's *Early Editions*, 1894, pp. 280–287, where they will also find the recorded prices which they have fetched at auction. It is a curious fact that Mr. John Leech, to whom he was mainly indebted for his popularity, should have died within a year of his own death. I have come across an old obituary notice of Mr. Leech, in which, referring to the works of Mr. Surtees, the writer says, "They owe a short-lived popularity to the wit of the writer, and would doubtless have shared the fate of thousands of ephemeral productions about equally meritorious; but they have been rescued from oblivion by the pencil of Leech, and have created a sensation due to nothing but the impression which the illustrations have created." This is stern criticism, and I have yet to learn where "the thousands of ephemeral productions about equally meritorious" are to be found. The fact remains that Mr. Surtees is known to posterity as *facile princeps* in his own style of

sporting literature, and transcribed to paper his observations of men and manners in the hunting field with a wit and satire that has never been surpassed.

Having alluded to Slater's *Early Editions*, I must state now how much I am indebted to Mr. J. Herbert Slater for his advice and for his assistance to me in regard to the compilation of these pages. The sincerity of our friendship is only known to ourselves; but the regard paid to him by sportsmen from Westmoreland to Brighton deserves notice in these pages. His industry in regard to sporting bibliography and to sporting prints has been indefatigable, and has been of the greatest assistance to sportsmen who wish to fill their library shelves or to decorate their walls with mementoes of the chase. But Mr. Slater's researches are worthy of a new chapter.

CHAPTER V.

MORE FAMOUS HORSEMEN OF THE CENTURY

ALTHOUGH I have already devoted two chapters to short biographies of some of the leading fox-hunters of the century, I find that I have omitted many names which demand mention in these pages. I am, therefore, deeply indebted to Mr. G. S. Lowe, and I am sure that my readers likewise will feel indebted for the following information in regard to the welter weights of the century:—

"When hounds are going away there will be a stream of horsemen doing their very best to get places, but in a minute or two half a dozen, or may be a dozen, will draw out by themselves, and before the pack bends right or left, which it invariably will do, no matter how straight-necked the fox may be, there will be two or three at least belonging to the noble division of welters right in the front rank. They have been looking out for a start, and have got it, and wonder is how eighteen and twenty stone can be carried so fast and boldly until the whole scene is far in the distance. Yes, the big weights do lead large fields in the most marvellous manner, and

coming at their fences like thunder, they seem to leave everything far easier than some little fellows overmounted on a legs and wings sort of animal, or a middle-weight on blood and quality. How it is done is sometimes a mystery, and the only solution is that a good big one is always better than a good little one, and that the really good weight-carrier never goes well excepting when under a welter. It has been a very famous division to talk about when the welters of the century are enumerated, and it is not a little singular that so many of them have been Master of Hounds—to include the great John Warde, Mr. 'Jack' Musters, Mr. Samson Hanbury, Mr. John Chaworth Musters, Mr. Henley Greaves, Mr. Henry John Conyers, Lord Southampton, Mr. Codrington (of the South Wilts), Lord Macclesfield, Lord Sefton, Mr. George Lane Fox, Mr. Villebois, Lord Portsmouth, Mr. John Booth, Mr. Weeble, Mr. Hargreaves, Mr. H. Chaplin, Parson John Russell, Mr. Algernon Rushout, Colonel Anstruther Thompson, the Marquis of Worcester, Mr. Chandos Pole, and others. Melton was very noted for her welters in the early thirties, when Mr. Tom Edge, of Strolly, rode 20 st., and was so often leading the Quorn when riding either Guzman, Remus, or Banker, that for the first-named £50 was offered and refused for one day's hunting on him, and Lord Middleton offered 2,200 guineas for the other two. Contemporary with Mr. Edge (whose breed of pointers was the most famous in England) was a Mr. Gurney, who began riding

rather late in life, but he liked it so much, despite his weight, 19 st., that he became quite a thruster over a country, and was bad to beat over timber. No better man ever crossed Leicestershire than Mr. Little Gilmour, whose walking weight, so I have always heard, was 16 st. 4 lb., and he rode 17 st. 4 lb. On a stallion called Garibaldi he was often at his best, but before the latter had taken his degree he had some very noted favourites with all the ability to carry his weight. There was Colonel Wyndham too, riding 20 st. in Leicestershire in a manner that few could beat, and at the present time even there is a sportsman, Mr. T. Tyler, of Loughborough, weighing 24 st., and he has gone well with the Quorn right up to date. Mr. Tyler had the honour of selling Magic to the Prince of Wales. It was in Lord Sefton's reign as Master of the Quorn that the custom came in of having second horses out, his lordship, being a very heavy weight, considering that a long run was too much for one horse, and that it gave also the additional advantage of having a fresh horse for an afternoon fox. Lincolnshire has been noted ere now for several good sportsmen of welter dimensions, and amongst them was Mr. E. Davey, the owner of Gay Lad. He stood about six feet two inches, and determining on one occasion to ride Gay Lad himself, as he was not satisfied with the way Captain Skipworth had ridden him, he set about reducing himself from 15 st. to 12 st., and it is said he did it. At any rate, he rode Gay Lad at the

Brocklesby Hunt Steeplechases in 1830. A very extraordinary welter was Mr. Henley Greaves, as it was acknowledged that he walked 20 st., and he was talked of in the saddle to be 22 st. His was a long hunting career, as he was a Master of Hounds for eighteen years, having under his command at different times the Cottesmore, the Southwold, the Essex, the Warwickshire, the V.W.H., and the Old Berks. Perhaps few better sportsmen ever lived than Mr. Greaves, and when he gave up the Essex country his stud of hunters made capital prices, as half the welter weights in England were at the sale, and some that had done ten or twelve years' service fetched three good figures. This was a sure sign that Mr. Greaves had ridden them well over a country, and, in fact, few men ever went better. An amusing story is told of Mr. Henley Greaves. It appears that he was witness in a horse case, and Baron Huddlestone was the counsel who cross-examined him. The learned counsel, giving a malicious look at Mr. Greaves (who filled the witness-box), said, 'Did the horse roar, sir, before you got on him?' 'No,' was the reply, 'certainly not.' 'Then he could not have known you were going to ride him,' was the ready rejoinder. Unlike so many of the welter-weight sportsmen, Mr. Henley Greaves died comparatively early, being only fifty-four at the time of his death, and, *en passant*, the above Mr. Davey lived until he was nearly ninety. I should be inclined to bracket John Warde, Mr. Henley Greaves, and Mr. Villebois

together as the most enthusiastic of masters, all over twenty stone, and real good men. Mr. Warde used to say it did not matter, the big men broke their backs, and the light men their hearts. He hunted in all sorts of countries during fifty-six years of Mastership, the Craven, the Bicester, the Pytchley, the New Forest, the Oxfordshire, the Berkshire, and a country in Kent all being under his command at one time or another. He lived to a great age, being over eighty when he died in London. Mr. Henry Villebois belonged to a great sporting family, as his father and two uncles all kept hounds, and were great authorities on the noble pastime. For several years Mr. Henry Villebois had the Vale of White Horse, where he built up a very good pack, and as he studied hound pedigrees immensely, he knew a great deal more about it than most people. He was, during the latter part of his life, the Master of the West Norfolk, where he resided on his own property. For some ten years before his death he gave up hound-keeping, and died at the ripe old age of seventy-nine, respected by all who knew him.

"Two of the most noted sportsmen, father and son, that lived in the past century were Mr. John Musters (known to his friends as 'Jack Musters') and his son, Mr. John Chaworth Musters. If I mistake not, the former is taken as the typical heavy-weight in the Hunting volume of the Badminton Library. I have not the number by me, but I think it is so. At any rate, he was as good as he could be, walking

nearer seventeen stone than sixteen, very tall and handsome; an athlete, good boxer (he fought Assheton-Smith at Eton), a bold man over a country, and a perfect lover of hounds. Modern sportsmen have a greater knowledge of his son, Mr. John Chaworth, and it is just twenty-six years ago this very week that I visited that gentleman's kennel for *Life*, not without some little difficulty, as he did not like the scribes; but that being overcome I duly put in an appearance at his sporting home, and had the pleasantest afternoon I have ever spent in my life, examining and talking hounds with so much keenness that it was very nearly dark before we adjourned to the stables. There I was shown True Blue, who had carried Mr. Musters right through his big run of two years before, when they ran for three hours and twenty minutes, over thirty miles of ground, before they pulled down as gallant a fox as ever broke cover. Mr. Musters was then riding eighteen stone, and his horses were like his hounds, not over big. True Blue was the biggest, standing 16 hands; but the others were 15.3, all beautiful in shoulders, very big in back and loins, and well off in double thighs. Many years afterwards I was chatting to a huntsman who had lived as whip to Mr. Musters, and also with the Meynell, and the conversation turning on welter weights, he expressed the opinion that the two best heavy-weight gentlemen he had ever seen were Mr. John Chaworth Musters and Mr. Chandos Pole—the first to do a run of half a

day, if needed—and he never could tell how he did it—and the latter for five-and-twenty minutes. He had seen Mr. Chandos Pole lead a big Meynell field by two inclosures of quite a dozen acres each, and for eighteen stone up it was marvellous. I had the pleasure of seeing this gentleman's stud on one occasion, and on the favourite that set the type of about a dozen others being shown to me, I said to the stud groom, 'Where on earth could such a horse come from?' as he was as long and bloodlike about the shoulders, neck, and head as a crack steeplechaser, standing perhaps 16.3, and yet as big as a carthorse about back, loins, and quarters, with a boast of ten inches of bone under the knee. I had never seen such a horse before in all my travels, and I did not know anyone who bred the sort. Mr. Henry Chaplin was a welter, but never quite eighteen stone, I should say, and no one rode better in a fast five-and-twenty minutes. On Emperor, said to have been the best weight-carrier in England, no one could beat him, and he also rode Emperor II. and Emperor III.; but, although winners of good steeplechases, the last-mentioned pair were hardly fast enough for the Squire of Blankney, who was more at home on Snowstorm in his wall country. Mr. Musters, Mr. Chaplin, and Mr. Chandos Pole had all their different types of hunters. The first wanted them long and low, very thick through, with great bone and substance. Mr. Chaplin, in both hounds and horses, always had a pet liking for quality, and believed that

too much bone was a sign of coarseness and vulgarity; and I think Mr. Chandos Pole had a patent sort of his own. However, they all went well, and will rank amongst the best welters of the century.

"There have been some notable welters in Devonshire, and the greatest of all possibly was the late Mr. Fenwick Bisset, who rode twenty-two stone during the many seasons he hunted the famous Devon and Somerset staghounds, and though a difficult country for horses, with the tremendous hills and beacons to climb, it was quite marvellous how Mr. Bisset was always at the end of the longest runs. A capital sportsman he was, knowing every inch of the country, and with a wonderful eye to hounds. Another extraordinary Devonshire welter was Mr. William Trist, of Langford. He walked nineteen stone, so rode twenty stone, and the most singular thing about Mr. Trist was that, although he bred weight-carriers and sold them at from two hundred to three hundred sovereigns apiece, he never rode them. His favourite mount was a sort of Galloway cob, barely fifteen hands. He bought him for nineteen guineas after the cob had disagreed with someone who had tried him in harness, and, as Mr. Trist said, he found him suited to his weight exactly. At any rate, he saw some great runs on him, and there were few people nearer hounds. So great did the cob's reputation become that at an Ivybridge hunt dinner, the old-fashioned auction method—so vividly described by Surtees, when Soapy Sponge parted

with Multum in Parvo—being introduced, Mr. John Bulteel, the father of Mr. George Bulteel, of Manifesto fame, bought the cob for a nice figure, under the natural impression that an animal that could go so well under twenty stone would be a perfect flier at about twelve stone. However, it did not turn out so, for, like Multum in Parvo, the cob had a will of his own, and was a perfect little beast under anyone but his welter. Mr. Trist therefore got him back again, and, I expect, had him until he died. Well do I recollect a run with the Dartmoor, when we had to climb the Eastern Beacon. I was on a thoroughbred mare of rather weedy proportions, and going up the steep ascent got off and ran by her side to ease her. Jumping on again at the top, I overtook Mr. Trist on the cob. 'Now I have got you,' I said. 'Not you,' was the reply, and, hustling up the cob, who was giving me five stone, he had me in hopeless trouble in next to no time. I put it down from that moment that there is no great catch in trying to settle a first-class welter."

But perhaps the best way of judging the famous horsemen of the century is by referring to certain runs which will always be remembered. The task of recounting the famous runs of the century is by no means an easy one. The chief difficulty is that of selection, both in regard to the runs and to the packs of hounds which have afforded the runs. The hunting historian also has to remember that poetry is not history. Many of the runs which have been

recorded in verse were not so worthy of fame as the poet would have us to believe. Besides, these poems, with few exceptions, were published for private circulation amongst the local hunting people, and are of little interest to the general public. I have, therefore, made the diaries of M.F.H.'s and other recognised sportsmen the fountain-heads of my information, and in my selection have given prominence to "time and distance," though I candidly own that I prefer forty minutes on the grass without a check to a long, slow hunting run. However, I must now cut the cackle and come to the horses, hounds, and foxes.

Referring to the beginning of the century, I find that my earliest information relates to the Warwickshire Hunt, then ruled over by Mr. J. Corbet. On December 10th, 1801, the meet was at Compton Wyngate House, Lord Northampton's residence, and after hounds had accounted for a ringing fox in the small covert near to the house, a second fox was found in the gorse by the side of Epwell White House. He immediately went away straight over the rabbit warren, but apparently changing his mind, took a circle round Lord Northampton's into Tysoe Field, and returned almost to the place where he was found. Failing to find sanctuary, he made away for Shutford Hill, afterwards pointing to Mrs. Childe's, of Upton, which he left on the right hand, and went forward for Tadmarton; from thence over the large open fields to Lord Guildford's, and right on to Banbury town. Here he lay down in a garden, but

was viewed by some of the field, and started again with the hounds close on his brush over the fine hunting country which lies between Banbury and Bourton-on-the-Water, and for a considerable distance beyond. At a quarter-past four hounds were still running hard, but were whipped off by the huntsman on a borrowed hack owing to the darkness. This run lasted four hours and a quarter, and according to Mr. J. Corbet, who was not prone to exaggerate, the distance was over thirty-five miles. It goes without saying that this run is one of the most memorable in the sporting records of "the Warwickshire," both for its length and for its severity. Few horses were able to live with hounds after they left Banbury, and not a single horse which was on anything like terms with hounds when they were stopped returned to the same stable whence he came in the morning, while very few of the sportsmen got home that night. Providence was equitable in those days, for this famous run took place on the eve of a long spell of frost. But within a few weeks, namely on January 25th, 1802, hounds found at Wolford Wood, and were stopped after running for six hours, the extent of country covered being over fifty miles. Jack Barrow rode the only horse at the end of the day that left covert in the morning, Mr. Corbet's celebrated horse, Trojan, for the first time being compelled to stop at Wichford Wood. "Venator," in his history of the Warwickshire Hunt, published in 1837, says: "This is the greatest distance I have

ever known these hounds to have run." Another old fox-hunter who took part in the run has given us the following graphic account: "I do not remember ever seeing so severe a thing with any pack of hounds before. There was an unusually large field in the morning, as the meet was in great repute, and the whole were mounted in the very first style, anticipating there would be some necessity for riding their best nags, but never expecting such a tremendous tickler as they all received. The huntsman, Bill Barrow, tired two horses; Mr. Morant also knocked two of his best hunters up, and so did Mr. Fisher, of Idlicote. The only man who rode the same horse from the beginning to the end of the run was Jack Barrow, the whipper-in, but he was never good for anything afterwards. No circumstance would prove the severity of this day's sport so satisfactorily as the fact that Mr. Corbet's famous old horse, Trojan, which was never known to stop before, was obliged to halt under Brailes Hill. Mr. Corbet endeavoured to lead him, but he could neither go nor stand. Mr. John Venour, on a capital animal of the right sort, stopped in the same field; and Mr. William Barke, on a young horse, went to Brailes Hill, and there quitted the run. I never saw a field so completely beaten before. You had only to cast your eye from the top of Brailes Hill, and you would see groups of horsemen leading and driving their best nags before the run was half over. I once stood on Long Compton Hill and retraced the line of country this gallant

fox had led us, and I found we had reached, at different periods of the chase, within five miles of Banbury, two of Chipping Norton, and six of Stratford-on-Avon." According to another account of this famous Wolford Wood run, hounds were so completely beaten that they could not kill their fox, though he was viewed by Bill Barrow going over Wigginton Heath, and the time is given as five hours forty minutes; but in such runs twenty minutes matters little. On December 7th, 1804, took place the Wellesbourne Pastures run, so-called from the place where the fox was found. He was killed at Weston, sixteen miles from the find, and above twenty from the farthest place he ran during the chase, in the course of which he crossed the Stour at Newbold into Worcestershire, and passing by Armscott and Whimpstone Leys, paid Gloucestershire a visit. Then he returned to Worcestershire, and crossed part of the Vale of Evesham, being at length run into at Weston. This severe and extraordinary run was of three hours' duration, with only one check, which did not continue more than five minutes, and, out of nearly one hundred horsemen who were present at the throwing off, only fifteen were up or in view at the death. The above runs took place during the Mastership of Mr. J. Corbet, who hunted the Warwickshire country from 1791 till 1811, as did also the Epwell Hunt, which took place on December 7th, 1807, and was immortalised in verse by Mr. Edward Goulburn.

I ought, perhaps, to mention that the celebrated Billesdon Coplow run with Mr. Meynell's Hounds in Leicestershire took place on February 24th, 1800, and therefore does not belong to the present century. But the Sersay Wood run, with Sir Mark Masterman Sykes' Hounds, on Monday, April 7th, 1806, is still spoken of with pride in Yorkshire, while many fox-hunters must have read the Hon. Martin-Bladen Hawke's poem, "Sersay Wood"—

> "Fam'd Sersay! whose woodlands have long been renowned,
> Whose foxes themselves with such honour have crowned."

Unfortunately, the exact distance and time of the run are not given in the poem or in the *York Herald's* account of the run, which was published on the following Saturday; but the run is chiefly remarkable for the fact that the fox, after running a distance of over twelve miles up wind, breasted and got to the top of Hambleton Rocks. Out of a field of one hundred and fifty sportsmen who started only seven were up at the top of Hambleton, namely Will Carter, the huntsman, Sir F. Boyton, Messrs. Treacher, Hawke, Best, Lascelles, and Batty.

Perhaps one of the longest, if not the longest, hunting run of the century took place on September 28th, 1855, with the Exmoor Staghounds. This was the first season of Mr. Bisset's Mastership, and though it was not till 1880 that I was entered to stag and introduced to the M.S.H., I had many opportunities of listening to his accounts of former

runs. The run which I propose to narrate lasted seven hours, only eight horsemen were up at the finish, the last hour and a half was run entirely in the water and dark, and finally hounds killed their stag by *candlelight*. Space demands that I should abbreviate the details of the run. The stag had been harboured in Huscombe Wood, Haddon, and the pack was laid on at 12.50 as he was being viewed across Hartford Cleeve. The quarry then led hounds through Haddon Wood, Bury Castle, Pixey Copse, Perry Meadows, New Bridge, Ellas Wood, Combe, Gilmore, up to Spurway Mill, where he was viewed half a mile ahead in Iron Mill Water. On reaching the Exe he turned up stream by Oakford and Heightley to Grant's—two miles in the water—and then crossed the turnpike road to High Cross, where scent became uncertain, but was hit off over Birch Down to Morebath Village, where it again failed; but two or three hounds managed to carry the line to Hadbarrow, and the pack being got together, hounds raced across the Cleeve to the river — time, 5.45 p.m. After this it was almost entirely river work. The stag beat the water to Hartford, and for some minutes was lost at Clammer Water, till he was viewed at the ford under Webber's Copse, a distance of two miles from where the hounds had lost him. Hounds then ran, or swam, him down to Clammer, and killed him at 7.50 p.m. by candlelight. A shorter, though in some respects a more noteworthy run took place with the Exmoor

Staghounds on April 21st, 1858, when a hind and calf were found in Sweetworthy, Cloutsham. Leaving Larkbarrow to the left, hounds reached Badgworthy Wood in exactly thirty minutes. Eventually the deer went over Freath Gap, four hundred feet, into the sea, one of the hounds, Warrior, following. The hound was smashed to atoms, but the deer got safely to Porlock Common, where she was joined by her hind. Both were killed. Mr. Bisset's succinct account of the run is as follows: "Distance from thirty-two to thirty-five miles. Heat awful; pace tremendous. Nine men up, including Master and whip, and nine couple of hounds. . . . A day of slaughter: the hind, her calf, a hound, *a sheep which went over the cliffs soon after the hind*, and four horses." I have before me two accounts taken from the MS. Journal at Castle Hill during the Mastership of the first Earl Fortescue, in 1815, of runs over Exmoor. In the first the stag was killed at 4.30 p.m., the pack having been laid on at 11 a.m.; in the second the stag was killed at 6.20 p.m., only five men being in at the death. The final note to the latter run is, "The longest chase ever remembered."

But how is it possible to make any selection from such a company as Mr. Little Gilmour, Captain Horatio Ross, Lord Clanricarde, Lord Jersey, Lord Dysart, Colonel Forester, Mr. Maxse, Sir James Musgrove, Sir Richard Sutton, Mr. Tom Edge, Mr. Moore (of Appleby), Mr. Sterling Crawfurd, Lord Strathmore, Sir Thomas Whichcote, Sir Francis

Holyoake, Mr. John Welby, Mr. Tailby, Captain (Doggy) Smith, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Lord Lonsdale, and a good many more down to date? It has been said that to belong to the first flight in Leicestershire requires a tremendously long purse, as the horses are made for the business at any cost. In this sense, therefore, the division to be spoken of as the less favoured have been heard to declare that any fellow can go well when mounted on a patent safety that cannot make a mistake, and gallops as fast as a racehorse. There have been reverse sides of the picture in this view though, as good men elsewhere have not always done well in Leicestershire, even when very well mounted; and, again, some of the greatest performers have often commenced on very indifferent cattle.

I feel even now that I have omitted many names which I ought to have mentioned, but I must ask my readers to remember that this is not a dictionary of sporting biography.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE HUNTING-FIELD

CHARLES LAMB declared that his favourite recreation was to be "in a nook with a book," and my experience is that such is the favourite recreation of hunting men after a long day in the open air. But unless they are students of bibliography, they can have no knowledge of the prices which they should pay for their books. In *Illustrated Sporting Books* Mr. Slater has reduced sporting bibliography to an exact science; but as his work partakes of the nature of a catalogue, which deals with books relating to all branches of sport, I have, with his permission, taken certain extracts from his work which relate to fox-hunting, and have endeavoured to place them before my readers in conversational form. I have purposely omitted many books, such as the Badminton Library and the novels of Major Whyte-Melville, because they are so well known that they require no comment from my pen; nor shall I refer to his appendix of sporting prints, since in my own belief—and I have had many transactions with them—Messrs. Fores, of Piccadilly,

would deal with the purchaser as fairly and as cheaply as he would be dealt with in the auction room. But it is only from the auction room that we can learn the market value of old sporting books. The subject of this chapter must of necessity be dry, but I will endeavour to make it as interesting as possible.

Few authors are better known to hunting men than the author of

Annals of Horsemanship. By "Geoffrey Gambado" (H. W. Bunbury). 1st edition, 1791. 4to, with 17 engravings after H. W. Bunbury.

Little is known of the personality of "Gambado," except that he was renowned in the county of Suffolk for his public and private virtues, and, besides being an author, was a celebrated caricaturist. He was also M.D. and F.R.S., though certainly he was very unlike a modern physician. He wrote in regard to himself—

> "I seek no fame, I want no name,
> My bread in Bread Street is;
> Gambado has sufficient fame—
> This is sufficient bliss."

Mr. Bunbury was born in Bread Street, I should add. His chief works are:—

An Academy for Grown Horsemen, by "Geoffrey Gambado" (H. W. Bunbury), and *Annals of Horsemanship*, by the same, 1787–91. 2 vols., 4to. The *Academy* contains 12 plates, and the *Annals of Horsemanship* 17, and all after H. W. Bunbury.

Another edition, 1808. 4to. Plates as before.

Another edition, 1809. 8vo. 29 coloured plates by Rowlandson.

Another edition, 1812. Folio. 29 coloured plates.

Another edition, n. d. 8vo. Ackermann. 29 coloured plates by Rowlandson and others.

An edition of 1822, in 2 vols., roy. 4to, is of no importance, and of but little value. The plates are reduced copies.

Further information in regard to this eccentric doctor can be found in *Geoffrey Gambado, by a Humourist Physician*, a rare book, though only published in 1865.

Peter Beckford died on the 18th of February, 1811, and was buried at Stapleton, in Dorset. Over his grave are these lines:—

> "We die and are forgotten; 'tis Heaven's decree:
> Thus the fate of others will be the fate of me."

But Peter Beckford's name will never be forgotten, for he was the first English writer to describe minutely and accurately the system of fox-hunting, and the work quoted below is still regarded as an authority. He was also an eminent scholar, and it was said of him by Sir Egerton Brydges that "he would bag a fox in Greek, find a hare in Latin, inspect his kennels in Italian, and direct the economy of his stables in exquisite French." His son was

created third Lord Rivers, in 1802, by special patent, Peter Beckford having married, in 1802, a daughter of Lord Rivers. I should add that he was an M.F.H. and M.P. for Morpeth.

Thoughts on Hunting, in a series of Familiar Letters to a Familiar Friend. By Peter Beckford. 1st ed., 1781. Small 4to. Frontispiece by Bartolozzi (Diana preparing for the chase), and plans of Kennels. Sarum.

Second edition, 1782. 4to. Frontispiece.

Third edition, 1796. 8vo. 20 plates (1st illustrated edition).

Fourth edition, 1802. 4to. pp. 360. Frontispiece by Bartolozzi.

Another edition, 1810. 8vo, with 11 plates by Scott, and woodcut by Bewick on title.

Another edition, 1820. 8vo. Frontispiece and numerous vignette cuts by Bewick.

Another edition, 1840. 12mo, with a chapter on "Coursing."

Another edition, 1879. 8vo.

Another edition, 1881. 8vo. pp. xi. 261.

Henry Alken flourished between 1816 and 1831. He is said to have been originally huntsman, stud-groom or trainer to the Duke of Beaufort, and at first published anonymously under the signature of "Ben Tallyho"; but in 1816 he published under

his own name. The following are his best-known engravings :—

Alken's Sketches
Analysis of the Hunting Field
Angling Sports
Annals of Sporting
Beauties, &c., of the Horse
Book of Sports
British Proverbs
Chase, the Turf, and the Road
Cock Fighting, &c.
Cockney's Shooting Season
Collection of Sporting Designs
Cracks of the Day
Down the Road
Driving Discoveries
Fashion and Folly
Few Ideas, A
Gretna Green
High Mettled Racer
How to Qualify
Hunting
Hunting Reminiscences
Hunting Sketches
Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities
Landscape Scenery
Life of John Mytton
Melange of Humour
Moments of Fancy
National Sports
New Scrap Book
New Sketch Book
Notitia Venatica
Popular Songs
Qualified Horses
Scraps from the Sketch Book
Shooting
Sketch Book
Sketches
Specimens of Riding
Sporting Notions
Sporting Repository
Sporting Review
Sporting Satirist
Sporting Scenes
Sporting Scrap Book
Sporting Sketches
Steeple Chase, The
Symptoms
Touch at the Fine Arts
Tutor's Assistant

The fertility of Alken's pen was amazing, and in his work there is a freedom of handling, which rendered his work very popular in his day. One of his water-colour sketches, entitled "Fox Hunting," is in the South Kensington Museum. The following are his most important works :—

Notitia Venatica, a Treatise on Fox Hunting. By Robert Thomas Vyner. 1st ed., 1841. 8vo. Illus. by H. Alken.

Another edition, 1847. 8vo.

Another edition, 1892. Roy. 8vo., enlarged by W. C. A. Blew. Coloured plates by H. Alken and others.

The sixth edition appeared without date, but 1871. 8vo.

The Steeple Chase, a series of six oblong folio coloured plates. By Henry Alken.

Hunting Sketches, 1859. Oblong folio. Six coloured plates, after Alken.

Hunting, or Six Hours' Sport. By Three Real Good Ones. Six coloured plates by H. Alken. 1823. 4to.

Alken's Sketches. The Stable, The Road, The Park, The Field. 1st ed. 1854. Oblong folio. A series of six coloured sporting subjects. By Henry Alken.

How to Qualify for a Meltonian, addressed to all would-be Meltonians, a series of six large coloured plates. By Henry Alken. 1819. Oblong folio.

Though William Somerville died at Edstone on the 17th of July, 1742, editions of his principal work, *The Chase*, have appeared in constant succession during the present century, so I append the most valuable editions. An edition, however, was published as lately as 1896, with illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson. Full details of his life are to be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and in the works of Shenstone, who describes him as improvident and an intemperate drinker. Dr. Johnson mentions him in his *Lives of the Poets.*

The Chase. By William Somerville. 1st ed. 1735. 4to. Not illustrated.

Of the numerous illustrated editions which have appeared from time to time the best is that published in 1802, 8vo., with full-page plates after Sartorius and woodcuts by Bewick.

Bulmer's edition of 1796, 4to., with woodcuts by Bewick, is, however, preferable in many respects, especially when on large paper.

The third edition, with Bewick's cuts, was published by Bulmer in 1804. Roy. 8vo.

I regret that I have been unable to discover any reliable facts in regard to the life of the author of

Cynegetica; or, Essays on Sporting . . . By William Blane, 1788. 8vo. Frontispiece and vignettes by Stothard. Includes Somerville's *Chase.*

This book is, in effect, a new edition of *Essays on Hunting*, published in 1781. 8vo. And

Essays on Hunting, containing a Philosophical Enquiry into the Nature and Properties of the Scent, &c. Edited by William Bane. 1st ed. (1781.) 8vo. pp. xxviii. 135. Extracted from *An Essay on Hunting.* By a Country Squire. A second edition of this book, with *The Method of Hare-hunting Practised by the Greeks*, by a Sportsman of Berkshire, appeared without date (but 1782?). See *Cynegetica; Essays on Hunting.*

Having previously referred to Mr. Apperley, it is only necessary now to mention his principal works.

The Chase, the Turf, and the Road. By "Nimrod" (C. J. Apperley), 1837. Demy 8vo. Portrait of "Nimrod" by Maclise and 13 full-page plates (uncoloured) by H. Alken. Reprinted from the *Quarterly Review.* A later edition of 1870 has the plates coloured.

Another edition, 1898. Roy. 16mo. Illustrations by Alken, portrait by Maclise, and other portraits. Published in the "Sportsman Library" series.

The Horse and the Hound. By "Nimrod" (C. J. Apperley). 1st ed., 1842. Cr. 8vo., with engraved frontispiece by Dobbie. Seven full-page coloured plates and cuts by Alken.

Second edition, 1843. 8vo.

Hunting Reminiscences: comprising Memoirs of Masters of Hounds, &c. By "Nimrod" (C. J. Apperley), 1843. Demy 8vo. 32 uncoloured full-page plates and maps by Wildrake, Alken, and Henderson.

The Life of a Sportsman. By "Nimrod" (C. J. Apperley), 1842. Demy 8vo. With 36 coloured plates by H. Alken.

Memoirs of the Life of the late John Mytton, Esq., of Halston. By "Nimrod" (C. J. Apperley), 1st ed., 1835. 8vo. 12 coloured plates by H. Alken.

Second edition, 1837. 8vo. 18 coloured plates (8 new) by H. Alken and Rawlins.

Third edition, and the first really complete, as it contains a Memoir of the Author not in the preceding two, 1851. 8vo.

Fourth and fifth editions, 1869. 8vo. Routledge, with the 18 coloured plates. An edition of 1877. 8vo. Routledge, 18 coloured plates. Also an edition of 1892. 8vo. Routledge.

Sporting. Edited by "Nimrod" (C. J. Apperley), 1838. Impl. 4to. 38 steel plates and woodcuts, after Gainsborough, Landseer, and others; text by Tom Hood and others.

Remarks on the Condition of Hunters, the Choice of Horses, &c. By C. J. Apperley ("Nimrod"), 1831.

Demy 8vo.; mentioned here because though the book contains no illustrations in its normal state, 12 plates by Turner are often found inserted. Later editions are of no consequence.

The best-known works of Mr. Surtees are:—

Analysis of the Hunting Field. By R. S. Surtees, 1846. Oblong 8vo., with coloured title, 6 coloured plates, and 43 cuts, all by H. Alken. The papers reprinted in this volume appeared in *Bell's Life* during 1845–6.

"Ask Mamma"; or, The Richest Commoner in England. By the Author of *Handley Cross* (R. S. Surtees), 1858. Originally published in 13 monthly parts, red wrappers designed by Leech; afterwards in demy 8vo. as above. Front., 12 coloured plates and 69 woodcuts, all by Leech.

Another edition, n.d. (but 1888), Bradbury, Agnew and Co., with the coloured plates.

Handley Cross; or, Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt. By the Author of *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour* (R. S. Surtees), n.d. (but 1854). Published in 17 parts (March 1853 to October, 1854), in red wrappers designed by Leech; afterwards in demy 8vo. as above. Contains 17 coloured plates and 84 woodcuts by Leech.

Another edition, n.d. (1888), Bradbury, Agnew and Co. Coloured plates by Wildrake and others.

Handley Cross; or, the Spa Hunt. Another novel by Surtees, first published in 3 vols., post 8vo., 1843; is not illustrated.

Hawbuck Grange; or, The Sporting Adventures of Thomas Scott, Esq. By the Author of *Handley Cross; or, the Spa Hunt* (R. S. Surtees), 1847. Demy 8vo., with eight full-page etchings by "Phiz."

Another edition, n.d. (1884), with coloured reprints of the plates. This series of sketches appeared in *Bell's Life* during the winter season of 1846–7.

Hillingdon Hall; or, The Cockney Squire. By the Author of *Handley Cross* (R. S. Surtees). 1845. 3 vols. Post 8vo. This 1st ed. is not illustrated.

Another edition, 1888. 8vo., with 12 coloured plates by Wildrake and others.

Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities . . . By R. S. Surtees, 1838. 8vo. Originally published in the *New Sporting Magazine* (July 1831 to Sept. 1834).

Afterwards in volume form as above. Contains 12 full-page plates by "Phiz."

Another edition, 1839. 8vo. 12 plates as before.

Another edition, 1843. 8vo., with title and 14 plates and Title by H. Alken, all coloured.

Another edition, 1869. 8vo., with the coloured plates as before. This edition contains the extra papers "A Ride to Brighton," "A Week at Cheltenham," and "The Day after the Feast."

Another edition, 1874. 8vo. 16 coloured plates by H. Alken.

Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds. By the Author of *Handley Cross* (R. S. Surtees), 1865. Originally issued in 12 parts, red wrappers designed by Leech; afterwards in demy 8vo. as above. Contains 24 coloured plates, the first 14 by Leech and the remainder by "Phiz."

Plain or Ringlets? By the Author of *Handley Cross* (R. S. Surtees), 1860. Originally published in 13 monthly parts, in red wrappers designed by Leech; afterwards in demy 8vo. as above. First title, and 13 plates in colours, 44 woodcuts, all by Leech.

Another edition, n.d. (but 1888), Bradbury, Agnew and Co., with Leech's coloured plates and cuts.

Sponge's Sporting Tour. By the Author of *Handley Cross* (R. S. Surtees), 1853. Originally published in 13 monthly parts, red wrappers designed by Leech; afterwards in demy 8vo. as above. Contains 13 coloured plates and numerous woodcuts, all by Leech.

Another edition, 1860. 8vo.

Another edition, n.d., 1888. Coloured plates by Wildrake and others.

Bell's Life and *The Field* are known to all hunting men, but the following books may not be so well known, since forgetfulness is the recognised inheritance of posterity. Still they will repay investigation:—

The Sporting Repository: Horse Racing, Hunting, Coursing, Shooting, Pugilism, &c. 1822. 8vo. McLean. 19 coloured plates by Henry Alken.

The Sporting Review, a Monthly Chronicle of the Turf, the Chase, &c. Edited by "Craven." Illustrations by H. Alken and others. This serial commenced in 1839.

The Sporting Magazine, or Monthly Calendar of the Turf, the Chace, &c. Illustrations. This series commenced in 1792.

The Sporting Mirror. Edited by "Diomed," 1881–6. Complete in 10 vols. 8vo. Portraits.

Sporting Notions, n.d. Oblong 4to. 20 coloured plates by Henry Alken.

The Sporting Oracle, and Almanack of Rural Life, for 1841. Edited by "Vates." 12 whole-page sporting plates by R. B. Davis.

This periodical was afterwards incorporated in *The Sporting Almanack*, which was then produced as *The Sporting Almanack and Oracle of Rural Life*, 1842–4. 8vo.

Encyclopædia of Rural Sports. By D. P. Blaine. 1st ed. 1840. 8vo., with over 600 engravings by Leech, Alken, Landseer, and others.

Another edition, 1852. 8vo. By "Ephemera" (Edward Fitzgibbon) and others, with over 600 engravings on wood.

Another edition, 1858. 8vo. Illustrated from drawings by Leech.

Another edition, 1870. 8vo. Illustrated from drawings by Leech.

Another edition, 8vo. 1880. Engravings by Leech, Alken, and others.

The Encyclopædia of Sport. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedly Peek, and F. G. Aflalo. Complete in two volumes. Vol. I. A to LEO. 1897. Impl. 8vo. With 20 full-page photogravures and several hundred illustrations in the text.

The following book, which was reproduced by Mr. Blades in 1881, is merely of interest as a curio. Those who believe that "old books must be loved and their idiosyncrasies carefully studied," will appreciate it, though to my eyes the old print is illegible. Mr. Blades' reproduction is published by Mr. Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster Row. It is an excellent specimen of mediæval typography, but very hard to decipher.

Bokys of Haukyng and Huntyng, and also of Cootarmuris. By Juliana Barnes or Berners. 1st ed. St. Albans,

1486. Reproduced in facsimile, with an Introduction by William Blades, 1881. 4to.

Second edition, 1496. Folio, with woodcuts, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, under the title, "Treatyse perteynynge to Hawkynge, Huntynge and Fysshynge with an Angle."

Reprinted (150 copies only), with an Introduction by Joseph Haslewood, 1810. Folio. And also by Watkins in 1880. 4to.

Another edition, n.d. Wynkyn de Worde. Sm. 4to.

Another edition, n.d. Wyllyam Coplande. Sm. 4to.

Another edition, n.d. Wyllyam Coplande for Robert Toye. Sm. 4to.

Another edition, n.d. Wyllyam Coplande for Rychard Tottell. Sm. 4to.

Another edition, n.d. Abraham Vele. Sm. 4to.

Another edition, n.d. Hery Tab. Sm. 4to.

Another edition, n.d. John Waley. Sm. 4to.

Another edition, n.d. Wyllyam Powell. Sm. 4to.

Another edition, 1586. 4to. Edward Alde. Printed under the title, *Hawking, Hunting, Fowling, and Fishing, with the True Measures of Blowing.*

Another edition, 1596. 4to. Adam Islip. Printed under the same title as the edition of 1586.

All the above-mentioned copies are extremely scarce.

The name of Georgina Bowers will be familiar to most of my readers. I have never had the pleasure of meeting her in the hunting field, though we have

had pleasant correspondence. Her work deserves a place in a sportsman's library.

Hunting in Hard Times. n.d. (1889), oblong folio, with letterpress and 20 humorous coloured plates. By Georgina Bowers.

Leaves from a Hunting Journal, 1880. Oblong 4to. 20 large plates with lithographed text. By Georgina Bowers.

Notes from a Hunting Box. By Georgina Bowers. 1873. Oblong folio. Illustrations.

The following book is anonymous, but should be on the shelves of every hunting man :—

How Pippins Enjoyed a Day with the —— Foxhounds. 1863. Folio. Illustrated title and 12 large coloured lithographic plates by "Phiz."

Mr. A. E. Pease won the House of Commons Point to Point Race in 1891 on Nora Creina, on which he had ridden second in the race of 1890. In his younger days he was Master of the Cambridge drag. His portrait on Nora Creina forms the frontispiece to *Hunting Reminiscences.*

The Cleveland Hounds as a Trencher-Fed Pack. By A. E. Pease. 1887. 8vo. Coloured portrait of Tom Andrews, and plates. pp. viii. 257.

Hunting Reminiscences. By A. E. Pease. 1898. 8vo. Illustrations, including two based upon sketches by Sir Frank Lockwood.

The authors of the next five works are unknown to me, but I have perused their works, and consider them worthy of notice in these pages.

Reminiscences of the late Thomas Assheton-Smith, Esq. By Sir John Eardley Wilmot. 1860. Post 8vo., with 10 portraits and plates by Cooper and others.

Second edition, 1860. Post 8vo. Portrait and plates.

Another edition, 1862. 8vo. Revised.

Reminiscences of a Huntsman. By G. C. G. F. Berkeley. 1854. 8vo. Coloured and plain illustrations by Leech.

This work is included (vol. 4) in Maxwell's "The Sportsman's Library," 1896. Some copies were printed on large paper.

A Diary of Fifteen Years' Hunting, from 1796 to 1811. By John Beard. 1813. 12mo. pp. vii. 292. Woodcuts.

Triviata, or Cross-road Chronicles of Passages in Irish Hunting History, during the season of 1875–6. By Maurice O'Connor Morris, 1877. 8vo. Illustrations.

The following is one of the few books which is not in the catalogue of the British Museum :—

Meynellian Science of Fox Hunting upon System. By Hawkes. 1st edition privately printed, n.d. (1802 ?). Mr. Meynell died at the beginning of the present century, and this book appears to have been printed shortly after his death.

Another edition, 1848. 8vo.

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe was Master of the Hertfordshire Hunt from 1836 till about 1839, when he made way for Mr. Brand, afterwards Lord Dacre. He was

a man of refined taste, a scholar, and a great reader. In the work noticed below he has proved himself to be possessed of a fluent style, a wide vocabulary, and an intimate acquaintance with the writings of the best authors. The enlarged edition by Mr. W. C. A. Blew is the best.

The Noble Science. By F. P. Delmé Radcliffe, 1st ed. 1839. 8vo. D. Bogue. Illustrations. Most copies were issued with cut and gilt edges, and these are of less value.

Another edition, 1839. 8vo. Bohn.

Fourth edition, 1893. 8vo. Enlarged by W. C. A. Blew. pp. xxviii. 331, with 10 steel plates coloured by hand and 35 woodcuts in the text.

It is only necessary for me to pay a tribute of regard to "Brooksby," who is now fighting for us in South Africa at the time that I am writing. His contributions to *The Field* and to *Baily's Magazine* are familiar to all hunting men. His best volume work is:—

The Cream of Leicestershire, Eleven Seasons' Skimmings, Notable Runs and Incidents of the Chase. By "Brooksby" (Edward Pennell-Elmhirst). 1883. 8vo. pp. xvi. 435, with coloured and other illustrations by Sturgess. Portraits and a map.

Foxhound, Forest, and Prairie. By "Brooksby" (Edward Pennell-Elmhirst). 1892. Roy. 8vo. Coloured plates and woodcuts by Sturgess and Marshman.

I should add, however, that the reproduction of his articles in *The Field,* anent the hunting countries

of England, is one of the most useful books of reference that I have had the pleasure of referring to.

The Horse in the Stable and the Field. By "Stonehenge" (J. H. Walsh). 1861. 8vo. Illustrations.

There are many editions of this well-known work; a thirteenth appeared in 1890. 8vo. pp. x. 622.

The author of the above work is too well known to require comment.

Few men have done more for fox-hunting literature than Mr. Cornelius Tongue, better known as "Cecil." *The Stud Farm* is still an authority on the breeding of hunters, and should be read by every breeder.

Hunting Tours, descriptive of various Fashionable Countries and Establishments, &c. By "Cecil" (Cornelius Tongue), 1864. Post 8vo. Coloured frontispiece.

Records of the Chase, and Memoirs of Celebrated Sportsmen. By "Cecil" (Cornelius Tongue), 1854. 12mo. Plates.

Another edition, 1877. 8vo.

Another edition, 1880. 8vo.

Stable Practice; or, Hints on Training for the Turf, the Chase, and the Road. By "Cecil" (Cornelius Tongue), 1852. Post 8vo.

The Stud Farm; or, Hints on Breeding for the Turf, the Chase, and the Road. . . . By "Cecil" (Cornelius Tongue), 1873. F'cap. 8vo. Frontispiece.

As Mr. Warburton only died at Arley Hall on the 6th of December, 1891, his memory is still green. He was an ardent fox-hunter, riding thoroughbred

horses bred by himself. His verses were originally written to amuse himself and his friends.

Hunting Songs, Ballads, &c. By Rowland Eyles Egerton Warburton. 1st ed., 1834. 8vo. Coloured portrait and plates.

Another edition, 1846. 4to. Illustrations.

Another edition, 1855. Oblong 8vo, with four etchings by "Phiz."

Another edition, 1859. 8vo. An important edition, as it differs consideraby from the preceding ones.

Another edition, 1877. 2 vols. 8vo.

Three Hunting Songs. By Rowland Eyles Egerton Warburton, 1855. Oblong 8vo. 4 plates by "Phiz." Only 250 copies printed.

The two following books are worthy of mention, though they cannot claim to have been published within the nineteenth century. They should be on the shelves of every sporting library.

An Essay on Hunting. By "A Country Squire," 1733. 8vo. Frontispiece and vignettes.

Reprint. By Smeaton, 1820. 8vo. Frontispiece and vignettes.

The Art of Hunting. By William Twici, huntsman to King Edward II. Translated by H. Dryden. 1844. 4to. 9 illustrations. Only 25 copies privately printed.

The two books which I have now to review are very different in their characters. I will not enlarge upon the many various arguments which have been publicly expressed in regard to the Royal Buck

Hounds. The opinions of Lord Ribblesdale are of far more value than any that I could offer. In regard to Mr. Blew's book on the Quorn Hunt, it resembles all of Mr. Blew's works. It is written by a conscientious gentleman.

The Queen's Hounds and Stag-hunting Recollections. By Lord Ribblesdale: with an Introduction on the Hereditary Mastership by Edward Burrows. 1897. Roy. 8vo, pp. 332. 25 photogravure plates and 37 half-tone plates. 150 copies on large paper (4to).

The Quorn Hunt and its Masters. By William C. A. Blew. 1898. Super royal 8vo, with 12 hand-coloured illustrations of the Quorn country, and 12 head and tail-pieces, all by Henry Alken. This work is uniform with the same author's editions of Vyner's *Notitia Venatica* and Radcliffe's *Noble Science of Fox-hunting.*

I have been unable to discover any details in regard to the personality of "Harry Hieover" (Mr. Charles Brindley). Therefore I only append his books which I consider to be the best.

The Hunting Field. By "Harry Hieover" (Charles Brindley), 1850. 8vo. Frontispiece.

Stable Talk and Table Talk; or, Spectacles for Young Sportsmen. By "Harry Hieover" (Charles Brindley), 1845–6. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Stud, for Practical Purposes and Practical Men. By "Harry Hieover" (Charles Brindley), 1849. 12mo. Plates.

Another edition, 1858. F'cap. 8vo.

The Sporting World. By "Harry Hieover" (Charles Brindley), 1858. F'cap. 8vo. Frontispiece.

"Scrutator" and "Wanderer" were both well-known authors in their time. I append what I consider to be their best books without comment, though I must add that they are worthy of perusal, and should adorn every hunting man's library.

Horses and Hounds: A practical Treatise on their Management. By "Scrutator" (K. W. Horlock). 1855. 8vo.

The Master of the Hounds. By "Scrutator" (K. W. Horlock). 1859. 3 vols. Post 8vo. Illustrations by Harrison Weir.

Recollections of a Fox-hunter. By "Scrutator" (K. W. Horlock). 1861. 8vo. Frontispiece.

Across Country. By "Wanderer." 1882. 8vo. Coloured plates.

Fair Diana. By "Wanderer." 1st ed. (1884). 8vo. pp. viii. 360, with 22 coloured plates by Georgina Bowers.

A Loose Rein. By "Wanderer." n.d. (1886). 8vo. pp. viii. 352, with coloured plates by Georgina Bowers.

Mr. Finch Mason is probably known to my readers as a water-sketch artist rather than as an author. Yet he has done as good work with his pen as he has done with his pencil and brush. I append notices of the two works which I consider to be his best, though I think that his stories and illustrations in *Fore's Magazine* are superior to his volume work.

Humours of the Hunting Field. By G. Finch Mason n.d. (1886). Oblong folio. Illustrations.

Sporting Recollections. By G. Finch Mason, 1885. 8vo. pp. xv. 200, with 102 illustrations.

My wish is that Messrs. Fores would publish Mr. Finch Mason's stories in volume form, for they would be a valuable addition to a sportsman's library. Let me take this opportunity of stating how I am indebted to Mr. Finch Mason for his illustrations to the stories from my pen, which have appeared in *Fore's Magazine.*

I hardly know how to write about my friend "Thormanby" (Mr. Willmott Dixon), for he would be the first man to censure me if I treated him with any extravagant praise in these pages. As a friend and as a brother author I have the deepest regard for him, as have all of us who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. Mr. Dixon and myself possess many things in common, the chief of which are Rugby reminiscences. Mr. Dixon's contribution to hunting literature deserves the highest praise, for it is the work of a conscientious author who has done his best to contribute to the literature of fox-hunting.

Kings of the Hunting Field: Memoirs and Anecdotes of Distinguished Masters of Hounds and other Celebrities of the Chase, with Histories of Famous Packs, and Hunting Traditions of Great Houses. By "Thormanby" (Willmott Dixon), 1898. Demy 8vo, with 32 portraits.

I regret that I have only been able to place before my readers a bird's-eye view of what has always proved to me a most delightful and interesting study; but I think that I have demonstrated that fox-hunters do not possess those uncultivated minds with

which they have been endowed by the enemies of sport. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is the primary rule of life with all sporting authors who have won any renown. They have not been carpet-slippered men standing in their studies over tobacco smoke, but men who have gained practical experience in the hunting field. That men holding such high positions in society as the late Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Suffolk should have deemed it an accession to their dignity to join the ranks of sporting literature, that men to whom money was no object should have employed their leisure time in writing about their favourite pursuit, and that men to whom money was an object should have found hunting literature to be both a congenial and a profitable pursuit, as is witnessed by the large number of editions of their works, proves beyond all doubt that fox-hunting still holds a firm grasp on the affections of the English reading public, in spite of the evil prognostications of those faddists, to whom any outdoor healthy exercise is a bugbear. But the popularity of hunting literature is not only due to the love of fox-hunting. With few exceptions the books which I have mentioned betray signs of classical scholarship, which we rarely find in the bibliography of any other subject. The novels of Major Whyte-Melville have been read by thousands of people who have never been on the back of a horse. The same is the case with the novels of Mr. Surtees. In the case of both authors cheap editions have been called for by

the general reading public within the last few years. I have heard it gravely stated that hunting books lack refinement. This accusation I wish to repudiate in the strongest terms, for it is a gross libel on the authors. One might just as well say that the *Pickwick Papers* lack refinement, because Mr. Pickwick occasionally got drunk, or that Shakespeare's plays lack refinement. Yet the people who complain of the vulgarity of Mr. Jorrocks will devour the sexual novels of the modern female novelists. In conclusion, I must apologise to many living authors for not having alluded to them and their work, and especially to those authors who have written the histories of the hunting countries of which they have had experience, for their histories invariably show signs of deep research involving long labour. I must, however, compliment the compilers of *Baily's Fox-hunting Directory* for the usefulness of their work. I can only add now that I trust that the next century will be as prolific in healthy hunting literature as this century has been.

CHAPTER VII.

STABLE MANAGEMENT

FEW things connected with hunting would excite the admiration of our sporting forefathers more than the care which we take of our horses at the end of the century by providing them with healthy and luxurious stabling. In 1800 the science of sanitation was in its infancy, both in regard to man and beast. An ill-drained, ill-ventilated, ill-lighted barn was considered a good enough home for the average hunter. Many of these erections, I am sorry to say, are still in existence, though experience has shown that they are but hot-beds of disease, so far as thoroughbreds are concerned. It must be remembered that it was not till the last thirty years that thoroughbreds were common in the hunting field, and a thoroughbred is more delicate in his requirements than a half-bred. But I may state at once before going into detail that there should be no superfluous ornaments in a stable, and that all the fittings should be as simple as possible. The more superfluity the more dirt and dust, and the more things to be kept clean. Again, the greater the simplicity the greater will be the

tidiness. *Simplex munditiis* should be the motto for a stable and for the saddle-room.

In the case of stables built at the beginning of the century, we often find that they are situated in a valley on account of the warmth and shelter; but if the windows and doors fit properly and the ventilators act properly, so that there is no unhealthy draught, the question of shelter need not arise. The temperature should always be sixty degrees—winter and summer—but, whatever may have been the case a hundred years ago, it is not necessary now to build a stable in a low valley in order to obtain this temperature. The groom who keeps the stable hot in order to make the coats of his horses shine is like the Chinaman who burnt his house to roast his pig. What is required is that the aspect of a stable should be south or south-west, so that the horses face north or north-east. The stable will thus gain the greatest possible amount of light with the least possible amount of glare to the horses. In regard to the construction of the walls and the roofing, however, it must be admitted that many of the old hard stone walls with thatched roofs make more healthy stables than the modern brick substitutes, which are too often built only for effect. Bricks, especially new bricks, absorb moisture, thus making a stable damp. In the absence of a stone quarry, corrugated iron lined with wood forms the best wall, but there must be ample space between the iron and the wood—the more ample the better—which space should be filled

up with sawdust or some other non-conducting material; otherwise the corrugated iron will, in hot weather, turn the stable into a furnace.

Before proceeding, let me compare the beginning with the end of the century. The modern aspect is better than the ancient one, but the stone walls were better than the modern brick walls. In olden days bricks were far harder, and therefore not so liable to suck in moisture as the modern bricks. At the present time it would be nearly an impossibility to find a good thatcher outside Dorsetshire, so thatched roofs have been succeeded by tile roofs. A hundred years ago drainage was practically an unknown quantity; now it has been reduced to an exact science. But in regard to stable drainage the science is simple. Let the gutters from each stall or box run direct into one common gutter, which traverses the stable from one end to the other, and the further this gutter is extended beyond the stable in its open form before it is received into any underground drain the better. Architects may recommend elaborate systems of drainage, but they have been proved times out of number to be a mistake. In ancient days ventilation meant draught; now it means the ingress of fresh air and the egress of foul air. Let us now consider what is the best method to ensure perfect ventilation. According to Major Fisher, whose long experience of cavalry stables gives additional weight to his opinions, "there should be one or more (according to the

size of the stable) ventilating shafts in the roof itself, and one or more on each side of the stable near the top of the walls. These should have what is termed 'lower boards' and cords to allow of their being opened or closed, wholly or partially as desired. Furthermore, there should be ventilating gratings a few inches from the floor on all the walls, and these should also be furnished with closing bars, so that they can be kept open or shut."* So far so good. The recommendation is an excellent one for cavalry stables, where there is constant supervision; but in many private stables, if there were a hundred ventilators, the grooms would never dream of opening one of them, and the stables would be still found reeking with foul air, laying the seeds for every imaginable form of lung disease. Of this, however, I shall deal when I write about the different relations between master and man which existed at the beginning and at the end of the century.

In regard to the windows of a stable, our forefathers had the better of us. They invariably used lattice windows, instead of those made of squares of glass, which we see in modern stables. Not only have the old-fashioned lattice windows a more sportsmanlike appearance, but their make and frame shield the glare of the sun from the horses' eyes better than the plain glass. If the aspect of the stable is south or south-west, the windows should be behind the

* *Through the Stable and Saddle-room*, by Major ARTHUR THOMAS FISHER. Bentley, 1890.

horses; but if the aspect be north or north-east, they must be placed in front of the horses and as near the ceiling as possible. The use of windows is to give light *and not glare.* Our forefathers recognised this fact, and thus in old stables we often find trees close to the stable windows.

I went over some modern stables lately erected at large expense. They included stabling for thirty horses and a Turkish bath for the horses; but the aspect was wrong; the windows were wrongly placed, and there was not, within a hundred yards, even a shrub to protect the stable from the glare of the sun. There were not even holland blinds to the windows, which there should be to all windows. On inquiry I found that the architect knew nothing about horses. He had expended his energy on decorative art. The effect was unsportsmanlike, and cruel to the horses.

Now, our forefathers, with all their want of knowledge of sanitation, would never have allowed the eyesight of their horses to be ruined in order to satisfy the pride of a Pecksniffian architect in the elaborateness of his art. I am no admirer of the late Victorian style of architecture in any form; but to erect a building which is both uncomfortable and deleterious to those who have to inhabit it is little short of criminal We possess many modern improvements, as they are termed, which our ancestors did not know of, but unless they are put in a good case they are of no use to

us. Our forefathers were generally their own architects, so far as stables were concerned. At least, they knew what horses required. I lately saw in a paper called *The Builder* a design for stables which were to be built for a self-made millionaire. The general effect was a picture worthy of a place on the walls of the Royal Academy, but when I analysed the details in outline I concluded that the architect was not fit to design a monkey-house. The forage loft, instead of being between the ceiling and roof of the stable, was at least fifty yards away, thus causing extra labour to the grooms.

Now, I have no wish to dip my pen in bitter ink in regard to the modern architect. An architect informed me lately that it was not his business to look after stable fittings. "Perhaps not," I replied, "but it is your place to supply room for them." My reason for making this reply is that in modern stables the gangway is far too narrow. It should be at least eight feet in width, and as far wider as space permits. Then again, the doors should be at least six feet, and if possible, seven feet in width. A narrow gangway and a narrow doorway are more liable to blemish a horse than all the fences in Leicestershire; and it is the duty of the architect to provide space so that they should not be narrow. I should add here that the doors should be half-doors, *i.e.* cut horizontally in the centre, and that there should be no projections of any sort in the door. Sunken bolts and ring handles obviate any necessity

for these projections, which are apt to, and often do, injure a horse.

In regard to the flooring of a stable, we certainly have the advantage of our forefathers, for we have the corrugated or grooved blue bricks, which are specially manufactured for the purpose. If they are carefully laid, so that the grooves fit into one another, they form a miniature system of drainage; but as this flooring can be and has been laid down in the majority of old stables, I need not compare it with its predecessors.

Apparently, however, there is a difference of opinion between the sportsmen of the beginning of the century and the sportsmen of the present day in regard to the relative merits of loose boxes and stalls.

The economical objection to loose boxes was that they take more straw to litter them than stalls do; but that idea has long been exploded amongst hunting men, since it follows that the greater the space to be littered the less amount of straw will be soiled and trodden upon and have to be removed. It may be said that space often forbids the use of loose boxes, but it is easy to improvise loose boxes by placing strong bars of oak from the stall-posts across the gangway to the wall—a method which is now constantly practised in old-fashioned stables. But it should be easy for an architect to provide for the extra space which divides a loose box from a stall. The dimensions for a loose box are 12 feet by

13 feet, and the dimensions for a stall are 13 feet by 8 feet. Thus the difference is only 5 feet.

I have only one more comparison to make in regard to the structure of a stable. Now, in regard to the slope of the surface of a stall, even the late Duke of Beaufort stated that the surface ought to be flat, as was the custom at the beginning of the century. The modern opinion is that the gradient should be $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in 13 feet. This opinion was founded on experience. Thus, if the rider wants to stand still by covert-side, and leaves the position to the horse, he will choose to place his forelegs on an elevation on a proportionate gradient to the one I have given with his hindlegs. Therefore this position must be the most natural and most comfortable one for the horse. Moreover, when the surface is flat, horses contract that most pernicious habit of "standing over."

Having completed these comparisons between the old and the new ideas of the structure of a stable, and hoping that these comparisons will enable my readers to make certain alterations in their old stables without incurring a great expense, I will proceed to the fixtures of a stable. It is difficult to conceive why the hunting men at the beginning of the century should not have paid more attention to the internal arrangements of their stables. Their stall partitions were made of common deal instead of oak or pitch-pine, and their pillar-reins were common rope instead of stout leather. Some people prefer chains to stout

leather as pillar-reins because they wear longer; but if a restless horse is fastened to chain pillar-reins he rattles them, makes himself more restless, and disturbs the other horses. They may answer very well in cavalry stables, but in hunting stables there should be as little noise as possible. I have seen in some modern stables the white eight-plaited cord pillar-reins, but they require constant pipe-claying, and then do not look as smart and sportsmanlike as the leather ones. Military men seem to prefer them, so I suppose there is some subtle influence in pipe-clay.

In olden days the mangers were invariably made of wood, for enamelled iron had not been invented. Thus, in the diaries of old Masters of Hounds we often come across the complaint that such a horse was a crib biter. There can be no doubt but that wooden mangers are apt to make horses crib biters. Besides, they are more difficult to keep clean than those made of enamelled iron. In either case they should be constantly scrubbed with salt and water, for the manger is to the horse what the plate is to the human being. In olden days it was the custom to place the rack above the horse, so that he had to stretch his neck like a giraffe in order to reach his food. Now the rack is placed as close to the manger as possible, so as to enable the horse to eat his food in a comfortable position. But the most important modern improvement that we can boast of is the enamelled basin or water trough, which should be fixed in every stall or loose box, so that the horse

can drink when he is thirsty. The old habit of giving horses their water out of a bucket at stated intervals is barbarous. It is like Fagin telling Oliver Twist, when he presented him with a glass of hot gin and water on the night of his arrival at the Thieves' Inn, that he must drink it off directly, because another gentleman wanted the tumbler. The stomach of a horse is not like the boiler of an engine, though many people fail to see the difference.

Let me state here that no cupboards should be kept in a stable, as used to be the custom, but only shelves, on which nothing but the actual grooming utensils should be placed, excepting where carriage horses are kept, when a couple of pegs are necessary, on which to hang harness, while harnessing or unharnessing. Everything except the actual grooming utensils should be kept in the saddle-room. There ought not even to be a corn bin in the stable. In regard to this subject, I think that we have improved upon our forefathers, for most of us insist that our stables should be devoid of the litter, which used to be a prominent object in stables of the olden time, and take care that our saddle-rooms do not resemble that of the Dragon Inn Yard in *Handley Cross*, wherein Mr. Benjamin or Binjimin regaled himself at the expense of other people with gin and tobacco. The description given by Mr. Surtees of this saddle-room is applicable to most of the saddle-rooms of a century ago; therefore I quote it *in extenso.*

"Like all inn saddle-rooms, the 'Dragon' one was somewhat contracted in its dimensions, and what little there was, was rendered less by sundry sets of harness hanging against the walls, and divers saddle-stands, boot-trees, knife cleaners, broken pitchforks, and bottles with candles in their necks, scattered promiscuously around. Nevertheless, there was a fire to keep 'hot water ready,' and above the fireplace were sundry smoke-dried handbills of country horses for the bygone season, while logs of wood, three-legged stools, and inverted horse-pails served the place of chairs around."

Such a saddle-room, even in an inn yard, would now be impossible to find. The fixtures of a modern saddle-room are, as a rule:—

1. Racks on which bridles should be kept separately, and protected from dust by holland curtains.

2. A case with glass doors, in which to keep spare bits and stirrup irons.

3. One or more saddle-racks, slung from the ceiling, which, when lowered, become saddle-horses. N.B.—These are preferable to the old wall racks, as they keep the saddles constantly in view, and thus prevent any damage from damp or vermin.

4. A few movable shelves, which can be easily cleaned.

5. Two cupboards—one large for ordinary use, and one small for medicines and drugs.

6. A plain deal table, a bench, a short pair of

steps, and one or two chairs, made of wood only, so that they can be easily scrubbed.

7. A bar, with hooks upon it, slung from the ceiling, on which to clean bridles.

8. A large chest for spare horse-clothing.

Certainly there is a difference between the modern saddle-room and the one described by Mr. Surtees.

The difference in saddlery between the beginning and the end of the century has been most pronounced. I have no intention of entering into a discussion regarding the relative merits of "knee-rolls" and "plain flaps." The latter certainly looks smarter, and when one is accustomed to them are more comfortable, in my opinion. At the beginning of the century they were unknown. Then, even light-weights rode in large, deeply cut saddles, resembling armchairs, and the rest of the furniture of the horse was heavy in proportion. It is difficult to explain this, since for every imaginable reason there should be as little on a horse in the shape either of saddle or bridle as is compatible with the comfort of the rider. Besides, it is obvious that the nearer a man is to his horse the firmer will be his seat in the saddle. Thus in Egyptian sculptures we find no instance of the use of a saddle, the horses being ridden barebacked, although reins were used; and this continued to be the custom till the period of the Roman occupation, according to Sir John Gardner Wilkinson, whose researches in Egyptian

and Assyrian horsemanship do not require any recognition from my pen. According to Professor Sayce, the Assyrians also rode barebacked, though a high saddle is mentioned by Layard on a sculpture at Konyunjik (*vide* Layard, *Nineveh*, ii. chap. iv.). According to Pliny, bridles and saddles for horses were first invented by Pelethonius, a reputed king of the Lapithæ, a people of Thessaly. Greek legend, however, ascribes the introduction of the bridle to Athena, and the goddess was worshipped at Corinth as "Athena, the Bridler."

However, I must divest the question of saddlery of the fabulous element. In regard to the Persians, we are told by Zechariah (xiv. 20) that flowing tassels streamed from the harness, while bells made music from their necks. In my younger days cart-horses in the country made music from their necks with bells. Ezekiel (xxvii. 20) tells us that the richest embroidered cloths covered the horses' sides. We can see that now in state pageants. But even in the Middle Ages knights and ladies were not content to ride out on a plain leather seat. Their saddles were richly embroidered, gilded, carved, painted, and even studded with rare gems and precious stones. Hence the saying, that a knight often wore his castle on his back. I should like to pursue this subject of ancient saddlery, but it does not come within the province of this work. Those of my readers who may wish to pursue it will find an admirable introduction in the "Catalogue of an

Exhibition of Saddlery held in Saddlers' Hall, Cheapside, June, 1892." The Introduction is well worth perusal, as it is the work of an eminent classical scholar, namely Mr. John W. Sherwell. But while in the East, from Constantinople to Baghdad, and from Baghdad to Delhi, the traveller becomes familiar with horses proudly caparisoned with panaches, tassels, and bells in profusion, richly coloured housings and furniture in purple or crimson satin, with braid of gold, *appliqué* work, and frequently decorated with jewels, harness bright with burnished brass of showy design, everything gay, glittering, often gaudy, but never out of harmony with scenes of perpetual sunshine, nor with the picturesqueness of their surroundings, English fox-hunters have long discarded superfluous ornament.

In regard to the construction of the modern saddle, I have heard it stated that the best judge in England is unable to tell a good saddle at sight. The shape and quality of the pigskin may apparently be perfection, but the "tree," which is the foundation of the saddle, is hidden from sight. I do not propose in this place to discuss the structure of the "tree"; but should any of my readers desire information on the subject, I refer them to *A Manual of Saddles and Collars, Sore Backs and Sore Shoulders*, by Veterinary Major F. Smith, F.R.C.V.S. It is only a small shilling book, but it contains all the information which the reader needs to know, though it must be remembered that the manual was written for army purposes, and

is really an edition in volume form of the lectures delivered by the author in the Army Veterinary School at Aldershot. One thing, however, I would impress upon my readers, namely, that a good tree-maker can easily earn from £3 to £4 a week. Hence the impossibility of getting a good saddle at a low figure is apparent. If economy be an object, I would prefer to buy a second-hand saddle made by a good firm than a new saddle made by an unknown firm.

The difference between a hunting establishment at the beginning and a hunting establishment at the end of the century can hardly be better exemplified than by a consideration of the relations between master and man, whether the master be an M.F.H. and the man a huntsman, or the master an ordinary hunting man and the man his groom. It is an open question now whether or not Tom Moody, Squire Forrester's celebrated drunken huntsman, was a type of his class at the beginning of the century. Mr. Surtees used to draw his characters from life, and he has given us the drunken huntsman Pigg, in *Handley Cross*, and Tom Towler, Mr. Waffles' huntsman at Laverick Wells, in *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*. But much as we may admire and laugh over the writings of Mr. Surtees, it must be admitted by his greatest admirers that he took his characters from the lower strata of society. He could describe a Tom Moody, but he could never have described a Charles Davis. Yet these two men, so different in character, may be

said to have been contemporaries in the pigskin, for though Davis lived till the 26th of October, 1867, he was born at Windsor in January, 1788. Davis, whose father had hunted the King's Harriers, was educated either at Windsor or at Eton, and, according to Lord Ribblesdale, "he was a perfect specimen of a royal servant; a thorough gentleman, a miracle in the saddle, an example everywhere else." It must be remembered, however, that he occupied a unique position in the hunting field, for he was not only a hunt servant, but he was also a classical scholar, whose education had taken place under the patronage of George III. In the field he was respected by everybody, and his word was law. He would never drink at a meet nor on the way home, nor would he allow his servants to do so. The staidness of his private life was proverbial. Now we are confronted with this difficulty. Are we to take Charles Davis or Tom Moody as a type of the huntsman at the beginning of the century? It must be borne in mind that Tom Moody was always and entirely at the beck and call of Squire Forrester; but, though Charles Davis had four royal masters, the burden of supplying sport rested almost entirely on his own shoulders. George III. was already almost in his dotage when Davis joined the royal pack; George IV. preferred other pastimes to hunting, in addition to having been a bad horseman; William IV. was rarely seen in the pigskin; and the Prince Consort preferred hunting hare to hunting stag or fox. Thus

Davis might almost be said to have been his own master. To many of my readers now, his figure must be a familiar one on the magic-lantern slides of memory, while not a few of his doctrines are proverbs with the present generation of huntsmen. Thus his favourite doctrine in regard to hounds was, "Speak not harshly, but kindly, and even your countenance must bear the impress of friendship."

I hope that I shall be excused, if for the moment I break off the thread of my argument in order to narrate how Charles Davis became a huntsman. On returning home one day from school he went into the cloisters at Windsor Castle, where he was met by the king. He was a slim, good-looking lad, and George the Third immediately took a fancy to him, and asked him what he was going to do, not dreaming that he was talking to his huntsman's son. The boy answered that he should like to hunt, and was forthwith made whipper-in to his father, and continued in the royal service until he had reached his seventy-eighth year. According to a short biographical notice of him which appeared in the February number of *Baily's Magazine*, 1867, "he was very tall and thin, probably six feet one inch in height, and only weighing nine stone and a pound or two. He was a good-looking man, with large handsome nose, and good, dark eyes and eyebrows. The expression of his face was severe and serious, latterly with many lines about the mouth, unless when excited by conversation on his favourite topics." I

might add that, though it would have been impossible for Davis to be anything but polite to the fair sex, yet, with the single exception of a certain Miss Gilbert, he had a rooted objection to ladies in the hunting field. This, I believe, arose from his love for his hounds, as he was in constant terror of anybody riding over one of them. Woe to the man who was guilty of such an offence, for his language was straight and not always parliamentary.

I have made this excursion into the history of Charles Davis because I have constantly heard it asserted that the huntsmen at the commencement of the century were not only drunkards, but were encouraged to drink by their masters. It is always difficult to refute a general assertion, since the accuser is allowed to deal in generalities, and the defendant must particularise. Fortunately we have authentic details of the career of Charles Davis vouched for by Lord Ribblesdale. It may be said that he was an exception to the huntsmen of his period; that he was a gentleman by education; and that to all intents and purposes he was a Master of Hounds. This may have been so; but, on the other hand, it is impossible for one moment to opine that such men as Earl Spencer, the Earls of Yarborough, the Dukes of Beaufort, Mr. Assheton-Smith, Mr. John Corbet, the Lords Fitzwilliam, Mr. George Foljambe, and other M.F.H.'s of the same class, would have allowed their huntsmen to get drunk with impunity; and it is an injustice to

the memory of these huntsmen, many of whose names are still honoured in hunting circles, to suppose that they ever wished to get drunk. Because Tom Moody achieved an exaggerated degree of fame, his posterity, which loves to hit below the belt against fox-hunting, stigmatises the huntsmen of the beginning of the century as drunkards. But where and what is the evidence? So far as I have been able to ascertain, it is only to be found in the works of certain novelists who are supposed to have portrayed in the pages of fiction the habits of the period about which they wrote, and in certain hunting poems of the Grub Street style of poetry. The picture which Mr. Albert Smith penned of the younger Arden in *Christopher Tadpole*, wherein he turned his mother's drawing-room into a taproom for the benefit of his grooms and his other sporting hirelings, can only be regarded as exaggerated farce, though, when it was first published, it was criticised seriously as a reflection of the habits of the period. The only suggestion of truth that such a picture possesses is that the hospitality of the servants' hall at the beginning of the century was more extended than it is at the present day. When the kennels were adjacent to the residence of the M.F.H. it was not unusual for the huntsman and his whippers-in to repair to the servants' hall after the day's work had been concluded—not only in the hunting field, but also in the kennels and in the stables, when they were regaled with cold meat and ale. Thus upon

the evidence that hospitality was offered to the Hunt servants in the servants' hall of the M.F.H. it has been alleged that the M.F.H. encouraged them to drink.

Now it is inconceivable that if there were any truth in the allegation we should not possess circumstantial evidence to prove it. It is generally asserted that the nobility and gentry of the period drank harder than they do now, and that the men must have imitated their example. I doubt whether on the whole the nobility and gentry did drink more than they do now. At all events, their favourite drinks were home-brewed ale and sound port, and, though they might have had occasional bouts, hard drinking was not the rule. I agree that the relations between master and man were more intimate than they are now, since the fox-hunting squires chiefly lived on their own estates. There were no railways, and the majority of the roads were in such a condition as to render quick driving dangerous, if not utterly impossible. The squire was, therefore, bound to see more of his dependents than he does now. But it does not follow that the intimacy was allowed to descend into familiarity. On the contrary, these squires were excessively proud of their lineage, and it was long before their descendants would admit into their society the commercial element of the hunting field, whose ambition it was "to belong to the county." It is in the highest degree improbable that such men, who regarded trade as a social stigma,

should have hobnobbed over their cups with huntsmen and grooms.

I must, however, admit that their stable management left much to be desired, both in regard to cleanliness and tidiness. They were as a rule Tories and believed in the maxim, that what was good enough for my father is good enough for me. There was a further reason, namely, the impoverishment of many of the landed proprietors, who had inherited estates heavily mortgaged, and were deeply indebted to the merchants in the towns. Thus it was not till the railways carried commercial men into the country that any improvements are to be noticed in stable economy. And so it came to pass that the latest inventions from the manufacturing districts found their way into the country. It was useless for some of the old-fashioned squires to resent the innovations and to talk about hunting in the good old days. Even the hereditary autocrats of the hunting field, such as the Dukes of Beaufort, recognised the new order of things. It was the custom for men to hunt in Leicestershire for a season, and then to return to their own countries, and imitate the hunting establishments of the fashionable countries; and though it was not till 1877 that the foxhound show at Peterborough was founded, hound-lore had been studied for many years and kennels books were regularly kept. Meets were advertised, and subscription lists placed on a business basis. In short, by 1850 hunting had become

a recognised institution, carried on under prescribed conditions, instead of being the amusement of a few landowners and tenant farmers.

The dying century has seen more mechanical developments than any that preceded it—one might almost say than all others put together—and the machinery of the stable has shared in the general improvement. I have already alluded to the most important modern improvements, and I must now say a few words about the modern groom. At the beginning of the century in the country the grooms were more like feudal retainers than like their modern successors. Often they had been born on their master's land, and entered his employ as a matter of course as soon as they were old enough to work. In those days there were no School Boards, and the urchins of the village were left much to their own resources. That they should grow up into clumsy hobbledehoys was but natural; but as a rule they were honest and loyal to their masters. Even the sins of the black sheep seldom extended beyond poaching. They might have been little better than day labourers, but they were trustworthy, and what their masters bid them to do in the stables they did. For the rest, they were content with the knowledge that they had learnt from their predecessors. However, as a rule, they knew how to groom and exercise a horse, and, being naturally fond of animals, saw that their charges were as comfortable as their surroundings

could make them. But they took little trouble to keep either their stables or themselves smart, so that they presented an unkempt appearance even when in livery; but it must be pleaded in their favour that few of the old squires cared about smart liveries, and if they had cared there was not a tailor outside London who could have made one. They had to be content with the tailor of the local country town, whose study of the sartorial art was certainly not progressive, and whose customers wanted their garments to stand wear and tear without paying much attention to cut.

But long before 1850 a transformation had taken place not only in the liveries, but in the characters of grooms. The old-fashioned country yokel was not smart enough for the new-fashioned hunting man. I need not dwell upon the various transitions which took place in liveries before the present style was adopted. But the transition in the characters of the grooms deserves a few words. I am not going to say a syllable against the grooms of the present day, except that they are vastly superior to those of twenty years ago, as were also the grooms of twenty years ago to those of fifty years ago. When men first came from London and other large towns into the country to hunt—men who had never hunted before—they were to a very large extent dependent upon their grooms for their stable management. They wanted men of smart appearance, with an intimate knowledge of everything connected with

stables. Even in these days such a man, if he be sober and honest, is a *rara avis;* but in those days to find such a man was like searching for a needle in a whole cartload of hay. The reasons are obvious. The commercial men and their sons might be good judges of livery, but in everything connected with a hunting establishment, from the purchase of a hunter to the purchase of a curry comb, they were at the mercy of their grooms, who took a commission on every article that went into the stable. We can hardly blame them when we read nearly every day in the papers of men holding high positions in the commercial world accepting secret commissions in connection with company promoting. The temptation to impose upon the ignorance and credulity of the master was too great for the groom to resist, and the new order of hunting men had to pay for their experience. But it was only a matter of time before they learnt their experience. The intercourse in the hunting field with men who were cognisant of stable management soon taught them that they were being imposed upon. There were other reasons, too, for the abolition of this class of grooms, namely, that competition prevented saddlers and other tradespeople from giving such high commissions. A few saddlers and hay and corn dealers were exposed, and a number of grooms were summarily dismissed without a character. The veterinary surgeons had nearly put a stop to the horse-coping which had been prevalent; and last, but far from

least, the new school of hunting men had begun to see that it would be the wisest plan to learn for themselves something about stable management.

It is, of course, impossible to give exact statistics of the future of these grooms who had yielded to the temptation of imposing upon their masters. As far as I have been able to gather, many had managed to feather their nests so well that they were able to take public-houses, or to set up in business as horse dealers.

A few mended their ways before they were found out; but I am afraid the majority sank lower and lower in the social scale until they became altogether submerged. But in their way they had done good work, for they had smartened up the old-fashioned grooms. Amongst few classes of people is the rivalry keener than amongst grooms. It is the main ambition of Mr. A's groom to turn his horses out looking more fit than Mr. B's groom. So the old-fashioned grooms were dragged into the competition, and though they did not at first come well out of it, they managed to learn a lot from their new rivals. Again, these smart grooms of dubious honesty took good care that their understrappers did their work thoroughly without teaching them about secret commissions. The result was that the next generation of grooms were smart men, well educated in stable lore, and their successors, the present generation, have improved upon them.

The great thing before engaging a groom is to

find out whom he has been under while a stable lad, for if he has been under a smart, sober man the odds are that he will also be smart and sober. But also find out whether he is willing to learn, for many young grooms who come from large stables think that they have already learnt everything which there is to be learnt. Let him make suggestions to his master by all means, but never under any circumstances let him dictate, or very soon the position of master and man will be reversed. Another point which I would impress upon my readers is that a good groom likes to see his master constantly in the stables, for it proves to him that the master takes an interest in his work. If a groom evinces a dislike to seeing his master about the stables, you may be sure that there is something which he wishes to conceal.

It is seldom that a man who keeps himself and his stables smart, and "does" his horses well, drinks more than is good for him; yet how often does a man who starts well in a new service and has hitherto held an excellent character for sobriety take to drink! Obviously the reason is bad companionship. Now, the master cannot act as dry nurse to his groom and see what friends he makes, and the groom, like the master, needs companionship, which he probably seeks at the village alehouse. Nor do I see that, when the day's work is over, there is any harm in the groom smoking a pipe and drinking a glass of ale at an inn, provided that the inn be

respectable; but a public-house with a bad reputation I would place out of bounds. But how can the master know the character of a public-house? is a question which I am often asked. I admit that in a town it would be impossible for him to know, but in a country village, where the character of every inhabitant is common property, he should soon be able to learn the characters of the public-houses, either by observation through noting the class of people which he sees loafing about the door as he passes, or through information. Some masters absolutely forbid their grooms to enter any public-house, which is merely placing a premium on deceit, besides proving to the groom that you have no confidence in his ability to withstand the temptation of getting drunk. Of the two mistakes, I think the lesser is to place too much confidence in your groom than to be over-suspicious, for if he is an honest man he will not abuse your confidence, while if you are over-suspicious he will try to outwit you, and will very often succeed. It is the old difference between the schoolmaster who trusted to the honour of his pupils and the schoolmaster who treated them as a jailor would his prisoners. Nor do I see any reason why a groom should not after working hours have a friend in the saddle-room, though I know masters who will not allow another man's groom in their stable yards. Briefly, my moral is that if you want to keep a good servant you should not place any undue restrictions on his conduct outside working hours.

There are few branches of stable management which have improved more of late years than farriery, though such a diversity of opinions are held on this subject by different persons qualified to speak upon the matter that it is impossible to make definite suggestions. It may be said to have become a study of itself, apart from the rest of veterinary science. It seems to me that the reason why there are so many discrepancies in the numerous treatises which have been written about farriery is that the authors have based their deductions entirely upon their own experience, though it must be apparent that a horse ridden over a rough, stony, or flinty country requires a wider shoe than a horse ridden over a grass country. In other words, we must take into consideration local influences when shoeing a horse. I have heard people say that the structure of the foot is completely altered by a repetition of shoeing; but when such an event takes place it merely proves that the horse has been badly shod. Now when even veterinary surgeons of acknowledged ability are disagreed over the details of farriery, and when every month inventors are patenting new shoes, it is evident that it would be folly to trust a valuable hunter to the tender mercies of the village blacksmith. The village blacksmith at his forge makes a very poetical picture, but as an operator on horses' feet he has had his day. I purposely use the phrase "operator on horses' feet," for instead of making the shoe to fit the foot, he generally used to cut the foot to fit the shoe.

Of course, there are times when it is necessary to have recourse to the village blacksmith, as, for example, when we lose a shoe in the hunting-field, though this ought not to happen if your groom has carefully examined the horse's shoes on the previous day. But in any case see that the blacksmith does not pare away the sole or the frog of the foot, ragged parts excepted, which he will assuredly do if you give him the chance. The difficulty which the majority of hunting men have to contend against is that in country districts good farriers are few and far between; in which case both master and man should take a few lessons in farriery, so that either of them could superintend the shoeing at the village forge.

I am strongly averse to the practice of allowing grooms to physic horses without first consulting their masters, nor do I think that a master should allow the administration of physic where it appears that some specific complaint exists without first consulting a veterinary surgeon, for in regard to horses, verily "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." In the case of our forefathers it was different, for they were often several miles away from a veterinary surgeon, and were obliged to exercise their own discretion. Now, the medicine cupboard in the saddle-room should contain only the very simplest specifics, which had better be supplied by the veterinary surgeon. These should consist chiefly of the materials for forming purgative balls, for

which, according to Mr. Cornelius Tongue ("Cecil"), the following are the three best formulæ :—

Formula for Aloetic Purgative.

Aloes, finely powdered . .	3 to 4 drachms.
Hard soap . . .	2 drachms.
Ginger, in powder . .	2 drachms.

Mix and form a ball, varying the proportions according to circumstances.

Formula for an Aloetic Purgative when soap is an incompatible ingredient, as with calomel or tartarised antimony.

Aloes, broken in pieces . .	3 to 4 drachms.
Olive oil or lard . . .	1 drachm.
Ginger, in powder . .	2 drachms.
Treacle . . .	1½ drachms.

Formula for Aloetic Alteratives.

Aloes, in fine powder . .	2 drachms.
Nitre	2 drachms.
Soap	2 drachms.

To make one ball.

These formulæ are not only simple, but will, as a rule, be found preferable to more elaborate specifics. But it is one thing to make a ball and another to administer it.

Mr. Cornelius Tongue gives us his advice in plain words, which require no comment :—

"The rude manner too often resorted to in giving balls to horses cannot be too strongly condemned; the cruelty exercised, and the natural dread thereby

occasioned, frequently creating a difficulty in future. The violent manner in which some men will foolishly grasp the tongue, and the severity used in attempting to hold the animal, cause pain which the poor creature assuredly resists. The use of the balling-iron must be on all occasions positively interdicted. The assistant should place his right hand on the nose of the horse in such a manner as not to press on the soft portion or cartilage, and thereby interrupt the breathing; he then inserts his thumb on the bars, and, with two fingers placed on the lower jaw, opens the mouth, which being performed with tenderness, will not create alarm or confusion. The operator having his right hand defended by a glove, the two forefingers of which have been cut off, places the ball between those fingers, keeping his hand as flat as possible, not with his knuckles arched—a foolish, bad custom; then, by taking hold of the tongue very gently with his left hand, he draws it out of the mouth as far as he conveniently can without causing pain, when, by inserting the ball on the root of the tongue, he quickly withdraws his hand, and immediately shutting the horse's mouth, the ball will be swallowed without trouble. Old horses that have been frequently tortured by ruffianly treatment are naturally much averse to the operation, but this arises entirely from previous ill-usage."

There should also be in the medicine chest materials for an astringent lotion, for thrushes, cracked heels, sore shoulders, saddle galls, or any

other abrasions or wounds. The following is the most serviceable:—

Formula for Astringent Lotion.

Sulphate of zinc Acetate of lead	each 4 to 6 drachms.
Water	1 quart.

Mix. Shake the bottle when used.

Now the medicine cupboards of our forefathers were like the medicine chests of our grandmothers, inasmuch as they contained a varied assortment of medicines which it was seldom necessary to use, but nevertheless were used because they were there; but we have learnt that there is nothing more dangerous to the welfare of horses than the injudicious use of medicine.

I shall treat of the conditioning of hunters in another chapter, when I deal with cub-hunting and the commencement of the season.

I notice that there is one point which I omitted to mention when writing about the village blacksmith, namely, that the groom should never take the horse to the forge without using the exercise saddle. To ride on the cloths, holding on by the reins, as is a common custom with some grooms even now, is dangerous and apt to ruin a horse's mouth. A high-spirited hunter is more prone to shy and to bolt on the high road than he is in the hunting-field. Of this, however, I shall have more to say later on.

CHAPTER VIII.

CUB-HUNTING AND THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON

DURING the last decade of the century the practice of advertising the cub-hunting fixtures has been adopted in many hunting countries. I cannot say that this new departure is altogether pleasing to old-fashioned hunting men, but as it has evidently come to stay we must make the best of it. Not that I think that the objections to the practice are very weighty, for only the keenest of the keen will get up in the middle of the night in order to potter about and watch hounds being taught not to riot. The hard-riding contingent vote cub-hunting to be tame sport, and doubtless from their standpoint they are right. Their point of view is to regard as good sport a fast gallop with lots of jumping. In their opinion the fox and the hounds are mere accessories, and as they never trouble to learn the orthodoxy of fox-hunting it is not to be expected that they should take any interest in the preliminaries of the legitimate fox-hunting season. In one respect this apathy is a thing for which we

should be devoutly thankful, for it would be impossible for the hunt servants to enter young hounds to fox if they were hampered by a crowd of horsemen who do not understand the science of cub-hunting. Thus it has only been during the last few years that the cub-hunting fixtures have been advertised. Personally I think that the old practice was preferable, namely to give the huntsman a number of addressed post cards, and to ask him to forward date and hour of meeting, if the fixture was within reasonable riding distance of one's residence. He could then use his own discretion as to whom he should give information. The objection to the system was that subscribers who did not receive the information considered themselves personally aggrieved. Hence the present practice, which involves an entire change of principle. Thus when a card was sent out there was a tacit understanding that the men who went out cubbing went at the personal invitation of the Master, and that they were therefore bound to conform to all the rules and regulations of cub-hunting, and refrain from captious criticism. But once advertise the cubbing fixtures, and the world at large is invited to take part in a business of which few men understand even the rudiments. It is like admitting the public behind the scenes of a theatre, or like a conjurer showing his audience "how it is done." But there is a further point, involving different sporting considerations, which has to be dealt with.

Truly has it been said in regard to sportsmen that one touch of winter makes the whole world keen. Unfortunately, this keenness is sometimes apt to create friction, more especially during October, when the interests of shootists and hunting men are bound to clash in some degree. Hence it becomes the duty of those who have the welfare of sport at heart to do everything in their power to lessen the friction, so that the wishes and convenience of the followers of each branch of sport may be complied with. I cannot ignore the fact that owing to a multitude of causes, some of which I intend to refer to, this friction has increased considerably during the last decade. The system of driving game has taken the place of the old fashion of shooting over dogs, so that a big bag is essential to a good day's sport. The result is that more pheasants must be reared, and coverts are overstocked. Whether or not the system is in accordance with the strict orthodoxy of sport, it is not my province to discuss. But covert owners must remember that overstocking coverts means artificial rearing and increased expenditure. Therefore it is their own fault if pheasant shooting is accurately described by the trite phrase, "In goes a penny, up goes a guinea, and down comes a couple of shillings." The expense of artificial pheasant rearing, however, has made game preservers more diligent in upholding their legal rights in regard to fox-hunting. We cannot disguise the fact that shooting has become a com-

mercial transaction. The wealthiest and the most aristocratic landowners send their game to market like ordinary merchandise, and the words "Game sold here" might be truthfully inscribed on an advertisement board in the majority of large estates, both in England and Scotland. I am not quarrelling with the custom, for I fail to understand why a landowner should be expected to give away his surplus game any more than he should be expected to give away his surplus wheat or surplus livestock. Commercially, game is now livestock in the same sense as oxen or sheep. We read in our daily papers the market quotations for game together with those for beef and mutton. Therefore, in any dispute which may arise between game preservers and hunting men, we are forced to form our judgment upon a commercial basis, and ignore the sporting sentiment that

> "One fox on foot more diversion will bring
> Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing."

Nor will I reiterate the arguments which tend to prove that fox-hunting is the strongest bulwark of English agriculture. The gamekeeper declares that the fox is an arrant pheasant poacher, and accounts for the scarcity of game by the plenitude of foxes. If his statement be true, then we can only suppose that the live foxes occasionally for sale in Leadenhall Market have been educated to carry pheasants to the London poulterers.

Unfortunately, however, for the keeper, recent discoveries, the result of strict examination, have proved that the fox is far from deserving the poaching reputation which he has earned. The trail for these discoveries was first laid by the owner of some of the best-stocked preserves in the South of England. One of his keepers, a married man, was ill, and thinking that he was on his deathbed, sent for his master to ask him to invest his savings for his family. Briefly, the dialogue was as follows: "How much have you saved?" "A bit over eight hundred pounds, my lord." "Eight hundred pounds, and I only give you a pound a week and a cottage!" "But the're the tips, my lord." "And my pheasants," was the laconic answer. Now, if the keeper were dishonest, a supposition of which there can be little doubt, there must have been a second party to the fraud, namely the game dealer, who in all probability was the tempter in the first place. We must wait for the details of the transactions between keepers and dealers until a reformed poaching keeper preaches a sermon to his brother criminals from the pulpit of a prison chapel; but we can check the fraud by the help of the co-operation of all magistrates throughout the kingdom. In Ireland, thanks to the indefatigable energy of Mr. J. Scott Kerr, the Secretary of the Irish Game Protection Society, of 110, Grafton Street, Dublin, poaching on the part of keepers and professional poachers has in many districts been practically abolished owing

to the stringent inquiries made by magistrates before they will grant a game dealer his licence. Every applicant for a licence has to furnish a list of the people from whom he buys game; and, furthermore, to keep a register of the amount of game supplied. Thus it will be seen that it is easily within the power of the magistrates to deal such a decisive blow against illicit game dealing as to destroy it entirely. Mr. Scott Kerr concludes his official communication with this suggestion: "Allow me to add that magistrates, when granting licences, should ascertain if the applicant, besides owning a shop or stall in the district, as is required by the Act, is in the habit of travelling the country for the purpose of buying eggs, etc., *i.e.* as a higgler, which is a common practice, as this would distinctly bar his claim, according to the Act." Country gentlemen know that the old-fashioned poacher who worked with his "lurcher" is as obsolete as the dodo; while such well-known sportsmen as the late Duke of Beaufort and the late Earl of Bradford have taught us that it is feasible to preserve foxes and pheasants in the same coverts, providing that the master superintends the work of his keepers. The proviso is important, since the majority of masters are merely shooting-tenants, or syndicates of shooting-tenants, who do not reside in the district. They take little or no interest in the local fox-hunting, and though the fear of social sporting ostracism prevents them from forbidding the M.F.H. to draw their coverts, their

keepers know that it is their wish that they should be drawn blank. Briefly, it is not the resident landowners, but the non-resident shooting-tenants who cause the friction between shooting and hunting.

But it is my ambition to remove, or at least to diminish, the existing friction, and therefore I may be pardoned for giving advice which under other circumstances might be deemed impertinent, especially as I believe that the major portion of the friction arises from mistake. Let us take a typical case. The landowner lets his shooting to a non-resident tenant with the stipulation that hounds may draw the coverts, and that foxes are preserved. This stipulation is probably agreed to "over the mahogany," and is not expressed in the lease. The tenant gives a vague instruction to the keepers not to shoot foxes, an instruction which the keeper will rigidly obey, since the social ostracism of the village alehouse in a hunting country is as powerful as the social ostracism of the country-house smoking-room. Having issued this instruction, the tenant considers that he has fulfilled his sporting obligations, oblivious of the fact that there are more ways of killing a fox than shooting him or poisoning him. However, so far the contract has been drawn, sealed, and delivered on paper; but what is the practical result? The non-resident tenant arranges for a big shoot, and either forgets or does not think it necessary to notify the M.F.H. of the date. He comes down with a party of friends with the laudable ambition of

making a big bag, and finds that hounds have disturbed his coverts on the previous day. He and his friends are disappointed, and hurl imprecations against the M.F.H. Now a man does not arrange a "shoot" at a moment's notice, so that the tenant has only to send a post card to the M.F.H., stating his intention to shoot on a certain date and requesting that his coverts should not be disturbed. It must be remembered that the M.F.H. is not supposed to know the tenant, and has done his duty when he has asked the covert-owner if it will be convenient for him for hounds to draw his coverts on a certain date. The covert-owner, having no interest in the shooting, promptly says "yes" without any regard to his tenant's plans. Thus, through an inadvertency, which could have been nullified by a post card, a good day's shooting has been spoilt, and ill-feeling bred between the shooting-tenant and the M.F.H., which may result, and in many instances has resulted, in the shooting-tenant forbidding hounds to enter his coverts, and giving instructions to his keepers not to preserve foxes. The etiquette, or, as I prefer to term it, the sporting orthodoxy of the position is simple. The M.F.H. consults the covert-owner in regard to the convenience of drawing his coverts on a specified day, and in the absence of definite information the covert-owner should consult his shooting-tenant; but in order to prevent mistakes—and even the Post Office is not infallible—it is the wisest plan for the tenant to write to the M.F.H. In matters concerning

sport it is impossible for us to hedge ourselves within barriers as impenetrable as barbed wire fencing. We must leave gaps and ride through them if the attendant obstacles are too big to be jumped. I fail to understand why there should be any antagonism between hunting and shooting, since there are few hunting men who cannot handle a gun, and few shooting men who cannot ride to hounds. But the antagonism does exist, unfortunately, and I have no hesitation in stating my belief that it has been created by gamekeepers. No sooner does a man don the regulation velveteens than he begins to regard the fox as his inveterate enemy. He dare not shoot him or poison him, but he resorts to a worse method of vulpicide by "stopping-in" the earths during the daytime, so that the strongest dog-fox could not possibly dig himself out, and must rot to death through starvation. Unfortunately, the earth-stopper on his pony is now a relic of the past, and earth-stopping is left to the tender mercies of the game-keeper. Unfortunately, also, gamekeepers seldom have a master eye over them to control their actions, owing to the increase of non-resident shooting-tenants. This is the crux of the whole matter concerning the disputes between hunting men and shooting men.

Now, if cub-hunting were confined to the enjoyment of the early morning ride, the interest in the young entries, and that peculiar pleasure only known to hunting men derived from once again seeing the

paraphernalia of our favourite sport, with the knowledge that we have nearly eight months before us in which to enjoy it, I do not think that any M.F.H. would be averse to seeing the members of his Hunt at covert-side, while a few mornings with the cubs are an inestimable boon to regular followers of hounds. They can note at leisure with a view to future convenience all trivial alterations in the country, such as new bridle paths, the closing of old bridle paths, fences which have been strengthened, and, horror of horrors, new places where wire has been erected, for it is wonderful what a difference four months will cause in the riding character of a country. If cub-hunting ended here there would be no cause for complaint, but, unfortunately, malpractices have arisen which ought to be abolished with a stern hand. In the first place, there is the custom of sending out grooms to condition hunters, thereby turning the cub-hunting field into an exercise ground. Not only is this custom unjust towards the landowners and farmers and annoying to the M.F.H. and the Hunt servants, but it is also demoralising for the grooms, who are tempted to lark over fences, and to regale themselves too well at roadside inns. Another new custom is that of using cub-hunting as a means to break in young horses to hounds. The idea that we hunt cubs at the personal invitation of the Master may be exploded. It may be equitable that a subscriber should be entitled to be admitted behind the scenes and learn "how it is done." But

the man who uses the cub-hunting field as an exercise ground or as a training ground is taking an unfair advantage of his privileges, and, moreover, he is apt to spoil the sport of his shooting neighbours. When a man is going to enjoy a morning shooting over dogs, he does not care to have his birds flushed by grooms on their way home from cub-hunting.

In olden days it was the theory, and, I may add, the rule, that the months of September and October should be devoted to shooting, and that hunting commenced on the first Monday in November. Of course, the keenest shooting men allowed that the cubs must be thinned and the young hounds entered to fox; but these operations were regarded as the duties of the Hunt servants, in which a select few might participate, not as a right, but through the courtesy of the M.F.H. and the covert-owners. The result was that in those days little was heard of the friction between shooting and hunting men, while of late years the columns of the sporting papers have been deluged with accounts of paltry squabbles which should be beneath the dignity of any sportsman. On the one side it is asserted that shooting-tenants insist too rigorously upon their strict rights, and on the other side that hunting men commence the season at least a month before the proper time. It is manifestly impossible to lay down any general principle, for every dispute must be adjudicated upon its own particular merits. Thus the etiquette in a pheasant-preserving country would be far different

to the etiquette in a country where few, if any, pheasants are preserved. But whatever or wherever be the country, the cub-hunting field should not be the place in which to condition hunters.

The conditioning of hunters has always been a vexed question, and will remain so until owners and stud grooms recognise the fact that no two horses are exactly alike. One horse requires treatment which might ruin the constitution of another. Therefore it is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules, though certain general maxims, often disregarded, should be adhered to. The majority of people are apt to consider that the work of a hunter is similar to that of a racehorse, and train him accordingly. The result is that on the first Monday in November the hunter turns up at the meet, trained as fine as if he were going to run in the Grand National. The probability is that he will be knocked up before Christmas. Other horses turn up at the opening meet of the legitimate season, carrying so much flesh that they cannot gallop over three fields without its being a case of "bellows to mend." Again, some horses will always look as gross as the fat carriage horses of a nervous old lady, while others will never carry flesh, though, as a rule, the latter are the grosser feeders. But, putting aside the question of food, there can be little dispute in regard to exercise. The hunter does not require daily gallops, like a racehorse, but he wants long, steady walking and gentle trotting exercise for three hours

daily on turf. I admit that this exercise is wearisome to the rider, and few stable boys care to walk their charges round a paddock for three hours; therefore, if the stable boy has proved himself worthy of confidence, I see no reason why a portion of the exercise should not be done in grassy lanes. But in either case the lad must ride in the exercise saddle, and not on the clothing alone, as many lads will do if they are left to themselves, simply because they are too lazy to clean the exercise saddle.

Now, as grass distends the bowels and substitutes fat for muscle, or, in other words, as an unrestricted allowance of grass emaciates the muscular system and substitutes a quantity of fat, it follows that the old system of turning hunters out to grass at the end of the season was wrong. Nor do I believe that it was ever defended from a veterinary point of view, though it was not openly condemned. As far as I have been able to gather, the practice arose from mistaken kindness. It was considered that the horse deserved a holiday, and so he was turned out to fill himself with clover, vetches, and luxuriant grasses during the summer months. The natural result is a superabundance of fat, which has to be removed before the commencement of the season. Now, when a horse has been made very fat, as soon as he is put to work he is apt to "fall off" and lose his muscle, and unless great care be observed his soft, flaccid sinews and joints will give way. In any case, a considerable length of time must be

expended to bring a horse back into condition which has been so treated. Now, air and freedom are what the hunter chiefly wants for his holiday, and it is not necessary to turn him out on grazing land. I have known arable farms, which cannot at all times be made remunerative by the cultivation of wheat and barley, used for turning horses out into, as well as for breeding purposes. The late Lord George Bentinck, whose judgment in such matters was unquestionable, was a strong advocate of this plan.

If there is nothing the matter with a horse, what need is there to physic him? Yet at the end of the season the first thing that many men do is to administer a strong purgative, and to throw the horse out of condition. What is only required in the majority of cases is a judicious selection of food. It is incompatible with the laws of nature to present food during the summer months in the same highly concentrated form as one would present it during the winter. Besides, we must take into consideration the proportion of exercise or work which the horse is doing, and develop the vital power by food of an appropriate character. In other words, we must replenish the system in accordance with the expenditures or exhalations caused by exercise. Now all animals expire more carbon in cold than in warm weather, and consequently require food of a different quality in winter to that which is suitable to them in summer. Thus the fruits upon which the natives

of the warm climates usually feed when fresh gathered contain about twelve per cent. of carbon, while the fat and train oil consumed by the inhabitants of the Arctic regions contain over sixty per cent. of carbon. I cannot do better than conclude this chapter with the final remark of Mr. Cornelius Tongue ("Cecil") in his chapter on "Food, its Properties and Effects," in *The Stud Farm.*

"As it is laid down that the nourishment of the body is derived from the ingredients of the blood —that those substances alone can be estimated as nutritious which are capable of conversion into blood, and hence that the quality of the blood is dependent upon the elements of which the food is composed — the knowledge of the descriptions of food which contain the greatest relative proportions of those elements which are adapted to increase the growth and development of certain portions of the animal best calculated to augment his utility and value becomes worthy of inquiry, in order to make a judicious selection. A racehorse, a hunter, and a foxhound require food calculated to form muscle, bone, and sinew; yet it is not proper at all times to supply them with food abounding only with those principles, and thus a change is necessary. Age and condition, and the proximity to the time when their active services will be required, must be permitted to exert an influence, and the nature of the food should be regulated accordingly."

CHAPTER IX.

LADIES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD

"NO lady should hunt till she can ride, by which I mean, till she can manage all sorts of horses, easy and difficult to ride, till she knows how to gallop, how to jump, and is capable of looking after herself." So says Lady Violet Greville in her little book called *Ladies in the Field.* Not only do I agree with her, but I am perfectly sure that our ancestors would have agreed with her. That is why so few ladies turned up at covert-side at the beginning of the century in comparison with the number which turn up now. A few pages later on Lady Greville says, "I would impress upon all women the great danger of hunting, unless they are fully capable of managing their horses, choosing their own place at a fence, omitting to ride over their pilot, or to gallop wildly with a loose rein, charging every obstacle in front of them, and, finally, unless they have some experience in the art of horsemanship." In olden days it was not Lady Greville, but the male relations of the aspirant to hunting-field honours that impressed the maxim.

Now fox-hunting is not merely an idle amusement: it is an outlet for man's natural instincts; a healthy way of making him active and training his character. I mentioned this in somewhat similar words to a lady. Her reply was, "What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose." It was an awkward position, for if I agreed I practically called her a goose (which she certainly was not), and if I disagreed I should not get another invitation for a pleasant Friday to Monday visit in the country; so I replied that if geese and ganders could both swim, then ladies and men could both hunt. Still, the problem is a difficult one to solve.

The side saddle for ladies is said to have been introduced by Anne, Queen of Richard II., towards the close of the fourteenth century; but according to the sketches which I have seen it was a very clumsy contrivance, and continued to be so until the beginning of this century. The truth appears to be that, though ladies in the olden days were often compelled to make long journeys on horseback, they seldom took part in the chase, unless under the term of "the chase" hawking is included. There were notable exceptions, such as the Marchioness of Salisbury, who kept a pack of hounds at Hatfield and hunted them herself, while Sir Walter Scott would not have created Diana Vernon, unless such a character were to be met with in real life. But if at the beginning of the century ladies attended the meets, it was seldom that they jumped or

attempted to follow hounds. Thus little encouragement was given to improvements in the side saddle, and it is only within the last few years that Messrs. Champion and Wilton brought the side saddle to its present state of perfection.

It appears to us living at the end of the century to be an anomaly that it should have been considered *outré* for a lady to hunt at the beginning of the century, especially when we remember that, during the Regency and the reign of George the Fourth, there was, to say the least of it, much greater freedom in feminine manners than the customs of modern society permit. It has been said that the general atmosphere of the hunting-field was not as refined as it is now, and that the habits of ladies who lived in the country were far different to the habits of ladies who frequented London and Brighton. The truth of the latter assertion is universally admitted, but for many reasons I doubt the truth of the first assertion. It is a question whether the very best horsemen of the century have not been clergymen. Thus Mr. G. S. Lowe, the present editor of the *Sporting Life*, who was formerly on the hunting staff of *The Field*, writes as follows :—

"I have often heard good sportsmen say that the Rev. Harry Taylor, uncle to Lord Willoughby de Broke, was the best man in a run they had ever seen. He always rode cheap horses, but they would go with him to be ever in the front line, and as to refusing, it seemed out of their power to do so.

Such hands, such a seat, and always so quiet, he was indeed a model horseman! Seeing Lord Willoughby de Broke riding the different candidates once at a Peterborough Show, it struck me how much his manner and style resembled that of his uncle, such as I remembered as a boy, and, as everyone knows, Lord Willoughby de Broke was a magnificent horseman. Another great parson with hounds was the Rev. Mr. Lanude, the breeder of Apology, said to be perfect on a well-bred one, and the Rev. J. Houson, of Belvoir fame, cannot be forgotten in a list of this sort, as he was one of the hardest riders ever seen. The Rev. Loraine Smith, of Passenham Rectory, Bucks, was about as bad to beat in his time as anyone, and so was the Rev. Mr. Bullen, of Eastwell. The Pytchley, like the Belvoir, has been well off in seeing the right sort of clergymen always well to the front, and the Rev. Mr. Benu and the Rev. Cecil Legard recur to me, whilst names like the Rev. John Bower, the Rev. Hyde Smith, Vicar of Brewood, in the Albrighton, the Rev. Courtney Bulteel, and several in Yorkshire are scattered about in hunting history as great horsemen."

Now, I ask my readers whether it is conceivable that the manners and language of the hunting-field could have been coarse when fox-hunting was the favourite recreation of such men whose names I have quoted? Again, if I were asked to specify a date when the presence of ladies in the hunting-field first

began to be regarded in a favourable light, or, at all events, without disfavour, I should mention 1837, the year of Her Majesty's accession to the throne, and the year which witnessed a refining revolution in the *morale* of English society. The truth rather appears to be that at the beginning of the century women were reared and educated like hothouse plants, so that they cared little for outdoor exercise of any sort. It is absurd to think that the beauties of the Court of George the Fourth would have troubled themselves about the opinion of the Mrs. Grundy of the day; but I think that it is obvious that if a lady during childhood and girlhood neglects outdoor exercise, and is not even taught to ride a pony, her nervous system will not allow her to ride to hounds when she is a woman, though she may have learnt the art of horsemanship, and be able to sit her horse over any reasonable jump. For a lady to become a good woman to hounds it is essential that her nervous system should have been educated during girlhood. Of course, the same dictum applies to men, but boys, especially boys who have been educated at a public school, have been taught that courage is a virtue and cowardice is a crime, while girls, unless they have brothers, are rather discouraged than encouraged in acquiring pluck and self-reliance. Even now, amongst a certain class of elderly spinsters, the term "tomboy" is a term of reproach, used in reference to girls who prefer healthy outdoor exercise to the stifling atmosphere

of the schoolroom; but, fortunately, these ladies do not direct public opinion.

On the 24th of December, 1837, at the Château of Poszhenhofen, on the lake of Starnburg, in Bavaria, the late Empress of Austria was born, whose indirect influence over the English hunting-field has probably been greater than that of any other lady during the century, though it was not till January, 1878, that she first hunted in England, and she never hunted again after the 1882–3 season. Of her assassination by the anarchist Luccheni, at Geneva, on the 10th of September, 1898, it is unnecessary to speak at length, for the details of the dastardly crime which aroused the universal sympathy and horror of Europe must be fresh in the memories of my readers, as also must be her biography. She is a notable proof of my postulate, that the nervous system should be educated during girlhood, for while only a child at her Bavarian home she was encouraged in her fondness for swimming and riding, with the result that when she was past forty her nerve was as strong as that of any woman who ever rode in an English hunting-field. During her first season, however, it was rather the fashion to decry her riding abilities; but the Kaiserin soon lived, or rather rode, down the petty jealousy which had given birth to the fashion. It is true that she had the best and safest hunters that money could buy; that her three successive pilots, namely Captain "Bay" Middleton,

Mr. Trotter, and Colonel Charles Rivers Bulkeley, were three of the finest horsemen in England, and that it was considered to be a breach of etiquette for anybody to ride in front of her, either at her fences or on the flat. But great as these advantages undoubtedly are, they would be valueless unless the possessor of them had a strong nerve, fine hands, and a firm seat. Nor do I think that there are many ladies who would like to follow Captain "Bay" Middleton over the Northamptonshire pastures, and where he led the Empress always followed. Her peculiarity in carrying a fan in the hunting-field has been much discussed, and at one time certain ladies tried to imitate her, but the attempt was not a success and was soon abandoned.

Her first essay in English hunting was in the Pytchley country, where she rented Cottesbrooke Park for the end of the 1877–8 season, and was piloted by Captain "Bay" Middleton. In 1879 she elected to follow the Meath, where she was piloted by Mr. J. O. Trotter, the present Field Master of the Worcestershire. In 1881 she went to Cheshire, where she rented Combermere Abbey, and was again piloted by Captain "Bay" Middleton. The Captain is reported to have tumbled about a good deal during this season, having fallen into the mistake that Cheshire was a country that could be galloped over like Northamptonshire. In the following season the Empress was again in Cheshire under the pilotage of Colonel Charles Rivers Bulkeley, and

this was her last season in England, where she had made herself so popular with all classes, especially with the Hunt servants whom she had come across. Her thoughtfulness for her servants was one of the leading traits of the Empress's character; thus when she was in London she always gave her servants one or two days' holiday, and had them escorted round London to see the sights by an experienced guide at her own expense, remarking that it was a shame to bring people so far from their native land and let them see nothing but hotels and railway stations. It is well known that she found little enjoyment in Court ceremony, and when in London she invariably stayed at an hotel, in order that she might be more independent. Dinners she rarely gave, as she liked to retire to rest early; but she entertained largely at luncheons, especially in the country.

As was only to be expected, these visits of the Empress did much to increase the popularity of fox-hunting amongst ladies, until nearly every lady who possessed a horse, a side saddle, and a riding habit was ambitious to be seen in the hunting-field. If this ambition had sprung from love of sport alone, nothing could have been said against it; but I am sorry to say that this large increase of riding habits in the hunting-field was due to many other causes, for the ladies who loved sport had ridden to hounds for many years before the Empress visited England, and were thoroughly familiar with the orthodoxy

of the hunting-field. But hunting was now the fashion, and the hunting-field was regarded as the door to the best country society. How far this opinion was correct I will not venture to assert; but it certainly did not meet with the approval of many Masters, who had already begun to abandon the old practice of coffee-housing at the meet. Nor were many of the new recruits remarkable for "the calm repose of Vere de Vere." They were rather prone to chatter at covert-side than to watch what hounds were doing, and I am sorry to say that a few of them were guilty of jealous riding. Not that this was entirely an innovation, for it will be remembered that the old groom in *Punch* gave it as his opinion that it was the cutting one another down at the fences, which was the chief attraction of fox-hunting to ladies.

Now I do not wish to write a syllable which can be construed into want of gallantry. Nor is there any possible necessity why I should do so, for many of the errors of the early eighties have disappeared. I think that women are quicker than men in perceiving what is considered bad form; and, as noisy chatter at covert-side is distinctly bad form, it was not long before ladies abandoned it. Again, the number of the new recruits prevented the hunting-field from being of much advantage to ladies struggling upwards in the social scale. Another error had been perpetrated which was sure to be cured by time. When the hunting fever was first

caught by ladies many could not afford to hunt, and were obliged to ride cheap horses. Major Whyte-Melville had been killed in 1878, or even his ire would have been aroused at this dangerous custom, against which he was always warning his readers in his writings. A lady should have as safe a conveyance across country as it is possible to procure. Her horse should have been so thoroughly schooled over every description of fence that it should be almost an impossibility for him to put a foot wrong, and his temper should be perfect. The habit of mounting ladies on thoroughbreds, which have been weeded out of racing stables, is dangerous to a degree bordering on crime. Yet even now it is no uncommon thing to see a young girl riding a broken-down polo pony.

To tell a lady that she should not hunt until she can ride is rather like forbidding a little boy to go into the water until he can swim. Outside London and the large towns, so far as I am aware, there is not a single riding school where ladies can be taught to jump. Certainly, many dealers have paddocks with every description of made fence erected in them, and some of them are willing to give lessons, especially if they scent a future customer. Where the lady has a male relation who can ride and is capable of giving instruction he should be the riding master. In the country it is not difficult to fix up a miniature steeplechase course on which not only could ladies be taught

to ride, but horses could be schooled. Jogging along country lanes, or cantering in the Row, will not make a lady a good horsewoman from a hunting standard. As for the riding masters and mistresses who profess to teach schoolgirls, my experience is that they generally require teaching themselves. This may sound severe criticism, but I believe it to be the truth, and I base my belief upon personal observation. The very first lesson that a lady should be taught is to sit square in the saddle, so that her eyes look straight through her horse's ears. Yet not only the pupils, but the mistresses whom I have observed, as a rule, ride all on one side. Such a seat is not only ungraceful and unfirm, but is almost certain to give the horse a sore back. Again, it is rarely that I have seen the pupils with their elbows close to their sides, and equally rarely does a pupil rise properly and gracefully in the saddle. Now, if these rudiments of the art of horsemanship are neglected in the first place, and the pupil is allowed to acquire a wrong seat, it will take her a long time to get rid of the pernicious habit, for the training of the girl forms the woman in horsemanship as in most other things. The best women to hounds with whom I am personally acquainted were taught by their fathers when they were little girls, though I know fair women to hounds who never hunted till after they were married, when they were taught by their husbands, who wished for their companionship in the hunting-field.

Nobody, man or woman, possesses a seat so firm that it cannot be made firmer by constant practice outside the hunting-field; but during the summer months, beyond hacking along country lanes or riding in the Row, which is slow work, few hunting people take much horse exercise. Latterly, however, there has been a craze for what I may term popular polo, and in 1898 I drew up a set of rules for ladies' polo, which were published in the July number of the *Ladies' Field* for that year. These rules were a modification of the Hurlingham Club Rules, and the principal alterations which I suggested related to Rules 7, 8, and 17. I think that my simplest plan would be to quote these rules, giving after each rule my suggested amendment, which should apply not only to ladies, but also to hunting men whose financial capabilities do not permit of them entering the ranks of first-class polo players. Besides, I have heard it stated that it requires a finer horseman to be a first-class polo player than to win the Grand National. If this be true, it follows that even casual practice with stick and ball will serve to make us sit firmer in the saddle. Any grass field, the more level the better, ranging from three hundred yards long to two hundred yards wide, will serve for the purpose of such practice.

RULE 7. *Duration of Play.*

The duration of play in a match shall be one hour, divided into three periods of twenty minutes, with an interval of five minutes between each period.

The two first periods of play shall terminate as soon as the ball goes out of play after the expiration of the prescribed time; any excess of time in either of the first two periods, due to the ball remaining in play, being deducted from the succeeding periods. The last period shall terminate immediately on the expiration of the hour's play, although the ball is still in play.

In case of a tie the last period shall be prolonged till the ball goes out of play, and if still a tie, after an interval of five minutes, the ball shall be started from where it went out of play, and the game continued as before, until one side obtain a goal, which shall determine the match.

SUGGESTED AMENDMENT.

"The duration of play in a match shall be divided into periods of eight minutes, the number of periods to be played being decided before the commencement of the match."

N.B.—This decision would depend on the number of horses and ponies on the ground. I am presuming that there is no rule as to height.

RULE 8. *Changing Ponies.*

As soon as the ball goes out of play, after the expiration of the first ten minutes of each period of play, the game shall be suspended for sufficient time, not exceeding two minutes, to enable players to change ponies. With the above exception, play shall be continuous, and it shall be the duty of the umpire to throw in the ball punctually, and in the event of unnecessary delay in hitting out the ball, to call upon the offending side to proceed at once. Any change of ponies, except according to the above provision, shall be at the risk of the player.

SUGGESTED AMENDMENT.

"In no case shall less time than five minutes be allowed for changing ponies."

N.B.—It will take even a first-flight man fully five minutes to change from his first on to his second horse in the hunting-field. Ladies would require a longer time.

RULE 17. *Crooking Stick.*

No player shall crook his adversary's stick, unless he is on the same side of the adversary's pony as the ball, or in a direct line behind.

SUGGESTED AMENDMENT.

"Crooking sticks shall not be permitted under any circumstances."

N.B.—The danger of crooking sticks amongst experienced players is so great that it would be folly to permit it under any circumstances amongst novices and ladies.

Now when the idea of popular polo for ladies was first mooted it met with universal ridicule. The leading players at Hurlingham and Ranelagh declared that it would be dangerous for ladies to attempt to play with stick and ball. To the best of my belief the idea was first exploited in the pages of *Fore's Magazine* in the early nineties, so far as England is concerned, though in India, the birthplace of polo, contests with stick and ball had for some time been a favourite item in gymkhana

programmes; but as late as 1898, during the summer of which year I was engaged on the staff of the *Polo Magazine*, my editor, Captain F. Herbert, late of the 9th Lancers, laughed at me for suggesting ladies' polo. I am afraid that his vision did not extend beyond the aristocratic clubs, though he ought to have remembered that the brothers Peat, probably the finest players who ever handled a stick, stated that they derived more enjoyment from practising amongst themselves in the early hours of the morning on Wimbledon Common than from playing in big matches. But Captain Herbert was also the editor of *The Hurlingham Club Polo Calendar*, and had a contempt for any imitations of the genuine game. Yet in this same year, 1898, Mr. T. F. Dale was telling us in the columns of *Baily's Magazine* that "as men grasp the real science of the game, and separate it from pleasant but quite unnecessary surroundings, I anticipate an even greater expansion in the future than in the past, great as that has been during the past four years."

It may appear that I have broken loose from the hunting-field in order to graze upon the polo ground. Nothing was further from my intention. What I wish to contend is that casual practice with stick and ball during the summer months will not only add to the firmness of a lady's seat, but will also make her more lithesome in the saddle, and give her experience in the art of riding by balance. I know that it is difficult during the summer in

the country to find eight ladies to form a match at polo, but a lot of healthy excitement can be got from playing two, or even one aside, while there is no exercise which tends to make the rider part of his or her horse more than playing with stick and ball.

I should be guilty of a grave sin of omission if I did not in this chapter make some allusion to the difference in female hunting costume between the beginning and the end of the century. The long skirt is now only familiar to us through the drawings of Mr. John Leech. The marvel to us is that our forefathers allowed ladies to wear such a dangerous garment, which gave the wearer no chance of extricating herself if she met with an accident. A lady might just as well go for a country walk in a drawing-room dress, with long train and feathers, as attempt to ride to hounds in the skirts which Mr. Leech has depicted. But though the long skirt was discarded before 1850, it is hardly five years since the apron usurped the place of a skirt in a riding habit, in spite of the fact that for many years experts had declared in favour of some such garment as the present apron. Not only was the skirt liable to catch in the pommel of the saddle, causing the wearer to be dragged in the event of a fall, but its continuous flapping was liable to irritate a horse. Many were the remedies suggested and patented before the apron was adopted. At first the scantiness of the apron was objected to, and if Mrs. Grundy

could have had her way, the garment would never have been seen in the hunting-field. Fortunately, Grundyism, or false modesty, has been at a discount for many years. Even Lady Florence Dixie's proposal that ladies should hunt in rational costume was abandoned chiefly because it was demonstrated that a lady riding like a man could have no grip on a horse. When this had been demonstrated the proposal was regarded as a crank and relegated to oblivion. But it will be remembered that at the time it had many advocates, who wished to assert by outward and visible signs the independence of the sex in the same way as certain lady cyclists are doing at the present day.

The pity is that there are also lady cyclists who wish to assert their independence of fox-hunting etiquette by attempting to follow hounds on their machines. A meet may be considered as a public spectacle, like a review of troops, but when hounds move off to draw their first covert the spectacle should be at an end so far as the cycling contingent is concerned. Yet I have seen ladies trying to thread their way down a narrow lane through a cavalcade of excited horses at the risk of being kicked to death.

CHAPTER X.

FOX-HUNTING AND WARFARE

WHEN the Volunteer force was disbanded after peace was declared at the final conclusion of our long war against the first Napoleon, in 1815, the Yeomanry was the only branch of the Volunteer service which was suffered to remain in existence. This was owing to the influence, or perhaps I should say the command, of the Duke of Wellington, who stated that his best officers were hunting men. But if this were the case at the beginning of the century, when scouting, as defined by Major-General Baden-Powell, was little understood and seldom practised, how much stronger is the case at the present time? In modern warfare scouting is of equal, if not of more importance that correct shooting, and where can it be learnt better than in the hunting-field? I have been told, and General Baden-Powell has told all of us, that Indian pig-sticking is the best school in which to learn the science of scouting. Judging from what I have read and heard of the sport, I do not doubt that such is the case; but only a small percentage of our soldiers have had the good

fortune to take part in pig-sticking in comparison to the numbers who have followed hounds. The officer who leads his men into an ambuscade is the man who will probably head the fox in an English hunting-field.

But in spite of the recommendation of the Duke of Wellington and the consequent exemption of the Yeomanry from disbandment, it was not till 1859 that the Yeomanry were recognised as an important auxiliary force, although Lord Brougham had characterised the force as a national defence. The Yeomanry had been tolerated by the military authorities, but had not received any encouragement. On May 12th, 1859, however, a circular letter was issued authorising the Lord-Lieutenants of counties to form Yeomanry corps. This notice I will quote *in extenso*.

"War Office, Pall Mall,
"*May 12th*, 1859.

"Her Majesty's Government having had under consideration the propriety of permitting the formation of volunteer rifle corps under the provisions of the Act of 44 George III. cap. 54, as well as of artillery corps and companies in maritime towns in which there may be forts and batteries, I have the honour to inform you that I shall be prepared to receive through you and consider any proposal with that object which may emanate from the county under your charge.

"The principal and most important provisions of the Act are:—

"That the corps be formed under officers bearing the commission of the Lieutenant of the county.

"That its members must take the Oath of Allegiance before a Deputy Lieutenant, or Justice of the Peace, or a commissioned officer of the corps.

"That it be liable to be called out in case of actual invasion, or appearance of an enemy in force on the coast, or in case of rebellion arising out of either of those emergencies.

"That while thus under arms its members are subject to military law, and entitled to be billeted and to receive pay in like manner as the regular army.

"That all commissioned officers disabled in actual service are entitled to half-pay, and non-commissioned officers and privates to the benefit of Chelsea Hospital, and widows of commissioned officers killed in service to such pensions for life as are given to widows of officers of Her Majesty's regular forces.

"That members cannot quit the corps when on actual service, but may do so at any other time by giving fourteen days' notice.

"That members who have attended eight days in each four months, or a total of twenty-four days' drill and exercise in the year, are entitled to be returned as effectives.

"That members so returned are exempt from militia ballot, or from being called upon to serve in any other levy.

"That all property of the corps is legally vested in the commanding officer, and subscriptions and fines under the rules and regulations are recoverable by him before a magistrate.

"The conditions on which Her Majesty's Government will recommend to Her Majesty the acceptance of any proposal are :—

"That the formation of the corps be recommended by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county.

"That the corps be subject to the provisions of the Act already quoted.

"That its members undertake to provide their own arms and equipments, and to defray all expenses attending the corps, except in the event of its being assembled for actual service.

"That the rules and regulations which may be thought necessary be submitted to me in accordance with the 56th section of the Act.

"The uniform and equipments of the corps may be settled by the members, subject to your approval; but the arms, though provided at the expense of the members, must be furnished under the superintendence and according to the regulations of this department, in order to secure a perfect uniformity of gauge.

"The establishment of officers and non-commissioned officers will be fixed by me, and recorded in the books of this office; and, in order that I may be enabled to determine the proportion, you will be pleased to specify the precise number of private men which you will recommend, and into how many companies you propose to divide them.

"I have only to add that I shall look to you, as Her Majesty's Lieutenant, for the nomination of proper persons to be appointed officers, subject to the Queen's approval.

"I have the honour to be, etc.,

"J. PEEL."

But though the effect of this circular letter was to arouse enthusiasm amongst hunting men on behalf of the Yeomanry, the enthusiasm did not extend to the War Office. A tardy permission had been granted, but little, if any, provision had been made

for the equipment and organisation of the volunteer cavalry. To Colonel Bower, of Droxford, in 1860, belongs the honour of first training hunting men to act as a corps of mounted riflemen and to occupy ground from point to point across country. He was a prominent member of the Hambledon Hunt, then ruled over by the late Earl Powlett, and was eminently the proper person to judge of the difference between hunting men and trained cavalry soldiers. His idea was only to make the Yeomanry a means of national defence against invasion, as may be gathered from his own words: "When the number of hunting men in Great Britain is considered, all of whom would be ready to turn out to harass the flank of an invader, beyond reach even of his cavalry, some estimate may be formed of the value of this contribution to the plan of defence." The gallant Colonel could hardly have dreamt of such a corps as the Imperial Yeomanry, capable of rendering efficient service on the battlefield, nor probably, with the exception of Lord Chesham, had anybody dreamt of the enrolment of such a corps. When Lord Chesham's scheme became definitely settled on a satisfactory basis, I wrote in the columns of the *Sporting Life* of the 19th of January, 1900:—

"The enrolment of the Imperial Yeomanry has proved beyond all doubt that the hunting-field can supply men and horses for the defence of the country, while the zeal of first-flight men to fight for the Queen and Empire, as exhibited by the number of

hunting volunteers in the Imperial Yeomanry, has largely increased the popularity of the sport. People who have hitherto regarded hunting as an extravagant pastime, only to be indulged in by the wealthy few, now recognise the sport as a training school for light cavalry. Directly the call to arms was sounded in the hunting-field there was a response which has been the wonder of all foreign nations. The number of volunteers was so great that the difficulty has been the task of selection."

Only Yeomanry officers can understand the difficulties against which Lord Chesham had to contend. The authorities at the War Office had never considered mobilisation in regard to guerilla warfare, and, in spite of the remonstrances of cavalry officers, refused to pay any attention to the question. But Lord Chesham had long determined to do everything in his power to make the Yeomanry effective. He had retired from the regular forces in 1879, when he immediately devoted his attention to the Yeomanry branch of the Service in Buckinghamshire, and was ably seconded by his father-in-law, the late Duke of Westminster, Honorary Colonel of the Earl of Chester's Yeomanry Cavalry. He was a first-rate horseman, and, in addition to being a first-rate man to hounds, had won the Spear of India, the blue ribbon of pig-stickers. His knowledge of the farmers, gleaned from the hunting-field, combined with his own experience of drill and stable management, learnt whilst serving with the Prince of Wales'

Own, 10th Hussars, and the Scarlet Lancers, soon enabled him to make his corps as smart as any Yeomanry corps in the country. But if his personal activity was limited to Buckinghamshire, his moral influence extended all over England, and there was a crusade amongst the occupiers of the land to arm themselves and to be prepared for war either in home defence or in active service. The hunting-field was the recruiting ground, and hunting squires came forward to help the movement. Unfortunately, the majority of hunting squires were not, nor are now, as wealthy as public opinion would make them out to be, so that the expenses of equipment had to be borne by the rich minority, who were willing to sacrifice their private interests for the sake of what they deemed to be patriotism. But their efforts were regarded by the War Office with an apathy little short of disgraceful. The authorities in Pall Mall gave the Yeomanry no facilities for rifle practice nor for learning swordsmanship, but regarded the cavalry volunteer movement as a mild amusement for country gentlemen and their tenants. Let me not be misunderstood. It is not within the scope of this work to censure the War Office, even if that department of the Government had not been already censured, but it is necessary to point out how from the beginning till the end of the century the hunting-field has been one of the bulwarks of the army.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that the army has done much for the support of fox-

hunting. The necessities of the Service demanded that an officer in the army should be a peripatetic rather than a resident fox-hunter; yet, though he may have no permanent interest in the country in which he happens to be quartered, he seldom forgets to subscribe to the local hounds. In addition, there are the regimental subscriptions, the money spent in fodder, the purchase of horses from the tenant farmers, local saddlery, and other items too numerous to mention, which increase agricultural welfare.

But though the hunting-field is a good school for warriors, so far as riding and scouting are concerned, I am unwillingly forced to admit that it is not a good school for shooting. Let me ask my reader, How many friends does he know who are first-flight men to hounds and famous rifle shots? Time and expense are against the combination under present existing circumstances. Few of us can afford both to hunt and to shoot. I have lived among sportsmen all my life, but I have never met a man who was in the first-class division at both hunting and shooting, though I have met many men who are in the second-class division at both sports. "Good all-round sportsmen" is the term usually applied to them, and good luck to them. But the chief duty of cavalry is reconnaissance. Major-General Baden-Powell says, "Fights and charges of cavalry against cavalry are merely used to clear the way for efficient reconnaissance," and "in the Peninsular War the British scouting officers

won the admiration of our enemies, the French, by the way in which they rode across difficult country, so that they came in view of the enemy from unexpected directions; and having got all the information they wanted they rode away again over fences and bad ground, where the French cavalry were unable to follow them. Our officers of those days had picked up their excellence in riding across country when hunting in England." At the end of the century history repeats itself, though in the modern hunting-field there is not so much necessity for scouting and tracking as there was a hundred years ago, when a run lasting three hours was not an uncommon occurrence, and at the finish the belated fox-hunter would often find himself in a strange country with no guide to tell him his nearest way home. He was thus obliged to study the country during the run, and to form a map of it in his mind's eye. But now, when forty minutes is considered a good thing and fields are so large that there is always somebody to put one in the right direction for home, I am afraid that few men take the trouble to study the country. How often does one hear a really good man to hounds say, "I've no eye for a country," when the cause is that he has never taken the trouble to train his eye? On the other hand, ride from home to covert-side with a man who has a good eye. He will never look you in the face, but is gazing around him the whole time that he is talking, fixing landmarks in his mind

in order that he may not be misled on the return journey. Such is the man who would make a reliable scout in times of war, and would not be likely to allow his retreat to be cut off. Probably you will not want to return by exactly the same route as you went out, but if you have kept note of your landmarks you can take a line running in a similar direction, which will bring you back to your starting point. Again, keep looking behind you as well as in front and around you, for a landmark such as a small covert often looks very different when viewed from behind than viewed from the front.

During a hunting day the fox is your enemy in the same way as an opposing army is in warfare. You want to view him without his seeing you, and when you have viewed him to convey the information to "the field officer of the day," *i.e.* the huntsman. A loud "view halloa" will often make a fox return to sanctuary, like an ill-directed bombardment will cause the enemy to retire to his trenches. If the huntsman is in sight it is sufficient to wave your hat in order to attract his attention. At the beginning of the century noise was the fashion, both in the hunting-field and on the field of battle. Now the preliminary arrangements on both fields are conducted in silence, or ought to be. Many a fox will not take to the open owing to the noisy chatter of people at covert-side, and it is difficult for the sternest M.F.H. to restrain the

chatter, especially when ladies are the culprits. I have been told that if an M.F.H. were to insist upon his orders being obeyed there would be a decrease in the subscription list, but this I venture to doubt. Stern generals have invariably won the respect and admiration of the men serving under them, since they are more likely to be victorious than a general who allows discipline to become lax. So it is with fox-hunting. A stern M.F.H. will show better sport than the man who allows his field to rule him, instead of ruling his field. Of course, there are different degrees of sternness. Bad language does not add to the sting of a reproof nor to the authority of an order; but I uphold the etiquette which demands that the M.F.H. should be the commanding officer of the day, with the covert-owners as his staff.

Nothing is of more importance to a scout in warfare than the proper care of man and horse, and few things are of more importance to the hunting man, especially when he cannot afford to have a second horse out. The scout is dependent for his life upon his horse; the hunting man is dependent for his pleasure upon his hunter. The secret of getting over a long distance rapidly is not to tire your horse out by overriding him, and there is no school in which this secret can be learnt better than in the hunting-field. A man who can ride through a long day with hounds, see what sport there is to be seen, and bring his horse home without having

overtired him would make a good scout. Now, our forefathers, though many of them were welter weights, covered distances on the same horse which appear to us incredible. They knew that it is the pace that kills, and recognised the truth of the proverb, "The more haste the less speed." The modern thrusting scoundrel could never have lived through those long runs. There is a class of men who, if they get a bad start, race along as hard as their horses can go in order to get in the first flight. Then in ten minutes they are surprised if it is a case of "bellows to mend." They do not know, and will not learn how to save their horses. Well, of course they are at liberty to ride to hounds in whatever way they please, so long as they do not spoil the sport of their neighbours; but when it came to man-hunting they would probably find themselves in the position of the fox, instead of in the position of the hounds. Such men would be worse than useless as scouts, for a scout must be a judge of pace, and thoroughly understand the capabilities of his horse, for it will be at the end of his reconnaissance that he will probably have to ride for his life.

But it must be remembered that we cannot all become scouts, as the rule is for each squadron to have one officer and eight men trained as scouts; and though the hunting-field is an excellent preliminary school, much special training is necessary. In regard to this special training, I would refer my

readers to *Aids to Scouting*, by Major-General Baden-Powell, published by Gale and Polden at the modest price of one shilling. No member of the Yeomanry should be without it. But I wish to point out that irresponsible scouting by individual civilians is not encouraged by the farmers, who regard it as indiscriminate trespass. Nor do I think that the farmers are to be blamed. Scouting by Yeomanry under trained instructors is very different to amateur scouting, which is merely hare and hounds on horseback. I should not have mentioned this but for the fact that letters have appeared in the papers blaming farmers for not permitting promiscuous scouting on their land, though they allowed hunting. As what I may term the scouting mania amongst civilians did not commence till after the end of the hunting season 1899–1900, when the land was not fit to ride over, the prohibition of the most patriotic farmers is hardly to be wondered at.

Now in regard to the South African War, the issue to the *levée en masse*, or augmentation of the volunteer cavalry, came not from the War Office, but chiefly from the hunting-field. Hunting men like Lord Tredegar, who is Honorary Colonel of the Royal Monmouth Engineer Militia, and one of the keenest and most generous supporters of fox-hunting in South Wales, have willingly lent their horses to the Government. I should mention that Lord Tredegar, as Captain Godfrey Morgan, of the 17th Lancers, took part in the Balaclava Charge.

Another Crimean veteran who gained the V.C. for his bravery at Alma and Inkerman is Lord Wantage, Colonel of the Royal Berkshire Volunteers from 1860 till 1895, and an ex-chairman of the English Red Cross Society. His energy in the interests of the Yeomanry in Berks is well known.

Few men are better known in the hunting-field than the Earl of Lonsdale. When, in 1883, he accepted the Mastership of the Quorn he was regarded as a martinet by a certain section of his followers, but he was popular with the farmers. A Yeomanry officer who is popular with the farmers is sure to be popular with his troopers, while a man who can keep a Quorn field in order should be able to lead men to victory. Not that I consider that the Earl of Lonsdale was a martinet in the sense in which the term is usually applied. He made rules, and took care that they were obeyed. But the rules were reasonable. He objected to men larking or jumping fences unnecessarily when hounds were not running, and he insisted that second horsemen should follow the second horsemen of the hunt servants. He has had plenty of military experience, for he is the Hereditary Admiral of the coasts of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Lord Warden of the West Marsh, Honorary Colonel of the 3rd Battalion Border Regiment, Honorary Colonel of the Cumberland Artillery Volunteers, and Colonel of the Westmoreland and Cumberland Yeomanry Cavalry. He is now in his forty-fourth year, is as strong as the pro-

verbial lion, and is, moreover, an excellent judge of horseflesh. His services in reference to the latter qualifications have been and will be valuable in the extreme. As a rider he is more renowned for strength than for elegance in the pigskin. No day is too long for him, and he does not seem to know the meaning of fatigue. As all my readers know, he is on terms of intimacy with the German Emperor, and it will be interesting to watch whether his Imperial Majesty has given him any hints, and whether he will adopt them. One thing, however, we may take for granted, namely, that Lord Lonsdale will be a strict disciplinarian ; but he will never ask his officers or troopers to do anything which he would not be willing to do himself.

There are few better all-round sportsmen than the Earl of Essex, Major of the Herts Yeomanry. Though only forty-three, he has already won his spurs in the hunting-field as a first-flight man. Perhaps he is better known in the world of sport for his fondness for driving unicorn. The Earl of Dudley, the present Master of the Worcestershire Hounds and Major of the Worcestershire Hussars, is only in his thirty-fourth year, though he has already made his name in politics as the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade. Though not such a fine horseman as his brother, the Honourable Reginald Ward, he is more devoted to hunting. Still, he is a familiar figure in racing circles, and seldom misses a meeting at Dunstall Park. Viscount

Valentia, Colonel of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry, was Master of the Bicester from 1872 till 1885. He is in his fifty-eighth year, but is as keen a sportsman as ever. Lord Harris, Colonel Commanding the East Kent Yeomanry Cavalry, is fifty. He is better known as a cricketer than as a hunting man, but he is a good man to hounds, and is generally to be seen in the first flight. The Duke of Marlborough was only twenty-nine this November, but is a familiar figure in the first flight with the Quorn, where he is celebrated for riding greys. The Honourable T. A. Brassey is in the West Kent Yeomanry. Mr. Ralph Sneyd, the owner of Keele Park and founder of Keele Park Races, has gone to South Africa with his Yeomanry regiment; and Major Dalbiac, of Portsmouth Park, well known at one time between the flags and as a good man to hounds, has, alas! been slain in the service of his country. Captain Pennell-Elmhirst, better known to our readers as "Brooksby," also went out to serve his country.

Let me state in this place that Welsh and Devonshire horses standing fifteen hands are more serviceable in guerilla warfare than the thoroughbreds, who can hold their own in the first flight in Leicestershire. It is not often that we meet a hunter who is capable of being made into a charger at a moment's notice.

While arranging my notes for this chapter, it was with the most sincere regret that I learnt of the death of Major H. S. Dalbiac, who was commanding the Middlesex Yeomanry in South Africa. He was

killed whilst leading a mixed force, composed of Middlesex, Leicester, and Wiltshire Yeomanry against the Boers at Senekal. Major Dalbiac was formerly in the Royal Horse Artillery, and had seen plenty of active service. At Tel-el-Kebir he was wounded so severely that the doctor said he could not possibly recover. Dalbiac at once offered to bet him a "fiver" that he would be out hunting next season, and, as a matter of fact, he returned, fit and well, to duty within six weeks. He was a brave and dashing officer, and withal discreet, and the army can ill afford to lose such a man. His funeral, which took place at Senekal with full military honours, was attended by General Rundle, to whose division he was attached, and the whole staff. The sad news of Major Dalbiac's untimely death was received with keen regret in sporting circles generally, for he was an ardent sportsman, and took a special interest in horse-racing and polo. He was an excellent horseman and steeplechase rider, winning a rare number of soldiers' races, amongst others the Grand Military Gold Cup at Rugby with his own horse, Cymew.

The character of James Thomas Brudenell, seventh Earl of Cardigan, has, however, been freely criticised with inconsiderate praise and unmerited censure, both in the annals of sport and in the annals of warfare. He has been called a hero, and he has been called a coward.

> "Which, wherever the word Balaclava is spoken,
> Shall shed a sad lustre o'er Cardigan's name."

Lord Cardigan's conduct on the day of the ever memorable charge is still the subject of criticism. There can be no doubt that he was first amongst the Russian guns, galloping many yards in front of his men, and receiving only one slight wound in the leg; but though he was the first man amongst the Russian guns, he was not the last to leave them. Yet when he returned to England in January, 1855, he was treated as a hero. His portrait and his biography were in every shop window. But he bore his honours indiscreetly, and when on the 6th of February, 1855, he was invited by the Lord Mayor to a banquet at the Mansion House he publicly boasted of his prowess after the dinner. To say the least of it, this betrayed a weak mind; but, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and I prefer to allude to those chivalrous qualities which are essentially characteristic of an English nobleman and sportsman.

Therefore let me quote from the obituary notice of him written by Major G. J. Whyte-Melville, published in June, 1868: "Old war-worn veterans mourn for the stern commander who never shirked a duty, for the staunch comrade who never failed a friend. Young rising soldiers are sad to think that their ideal has been quenched, that their hero, too, has vanished like another. Magnates of the land, his peers and equals, find time to grieve for one who was an ornament of his rank, an honour to his order; but sorrows far more precious than these,

tears fall quick and fast from the widow and the fatherless while they sob out a blessing on the memory of their lost benefactor, on the kindly heart always ready to console, on the generous hand always open to relieve, on the gallant handsome face that never hardened towards a suppliant, as it never blanched before a foe." Not the least pleasing incident of his life is that he met his death while riding out to visit and console the bereaved family of a late dependent. The animal he was riding, young and restive, reared and fell, crushing him to the earth beneath its weight. Assistance was near at hand, for the house was hardly a mile off; but it came too late, and Lord Cardigan never spoke again. Thus beneath his tall ancestral trees, amongst the green slopes and woodland scenery of the home he loved so well, but quitted so readily at the call of honour, there is rest for the last of the Brudenells.

But it is not my duty to discuss in these pages the conduct of Lord Cardigan in the Crimean War; it is my duty to describe him in the hunting-field.

Major Whyte-Melville has described him as one of the finest and boldest horsemen in Europe. Certainly many of his doings in the hunting-field are still talked of in Leicestershire. Once he rode a tired horse into the Welland. On another occasion he and his relative, Mr. Wilbraham Tollemache, had interchanged some good-humoured badinage as to who should go first in a certain run. The commoner was as brilliant a rider as the peer, and a better

swimmer. The run came off, and on nearing the Wreake both raced for it, Lord Cardigan afterwards exclaiming, "Mind, Wilbraham, I was in first." On other occasions also he nearly met his death under water, but escaped with the good fortune that had attended him under fire. Of falls he had many, some being very serious. The worst, excepting his last fatal one, was over a gate into the Uppingham Road at the end of a tiring run, which deprived him of sense and motion for twenty-four hours. But he always took his falls with perfect good humour and *sang-froid*, and unless very much hurt was sure to be in the front again as soon as he regained the saddle. To be soft was a weakness which he would not tolerate, and in regard to pluck he was unrivalled. When not engaged in military duty he lived either at his own home or within easy reach of that grassy range of uplands known as High Leicestershire, and having been blooded when a boy was devoted to hunting during his manhood, and up to threescore years and ten could have sailed away on a good horse from nine out of ten men who got a start on even terms with him from covert. His spare frame and length of limb gave him exceptional advantages in the saddle, and as his horses were the best that money could buy, it is not surprising that he was generally to be found in the first flight. It must not be supposed, however, that Lord Cardigan was a man who hunted in order to ride, for no man could be more disposed than he was to give hounds

every chance. He had kept staghounds in Leicestershire from 1839 to 1842, when after serving with his regiment he returned to England as Earl of Cardigan, and showed good sport, though his heart was in the more legitimate pursuit; and if hunting be the image of war, he loved the reflection only next to the reality. Perhaps he was keener on a quick thing with difficult fences to be jumped, in which he could relish the emulation of competing with those whom he used to class together as "the short list," than on the charms of a woodland run, though he hunted regularly with the Pytchley and Mr. Fitzwilliam's Hounds whenever they came into his neighbourhood in the spring. He used to boast that he never sacrificed a duty to a pleasure, but it is a curious coincidence that he always found or made time to go out hunting whenever a pack of foxhounds met within reach—and Deene Park was within reach of the finest hunting country in England. In 1828, however, he rented Brooksby, and again, in 1851, he rented a house at Melton once occupied by Mr. Gilmour. But after his second marriage he became more attached than ever to Deene Park, and spent the winter months there unfailingly, dispensing hospitality, and fulfilling the duties of a great English proprietor with considerable tact and unbounded liberality. In regard to horsemanship he admired the dashing courage of a horse more than any other quality, as might only be expected from the leader of the Balaclava Charge,

and the horse which did not possess this quality was soon weeded out of his stables. Again, he relied upon his horses, letting them take their fences in their own way, a habit which was not nearly so common then as it is now; but the horses had to jump. Indeed, the Earl of Cardigan was a man to whom the epithet "undeniable" was especially applicable in the hunting-field. He would not be denied.

I am sorry to say that now it behoves me to be somewhat pessimistic. It has been the boast of England for more than two hundred years that she can produce more good riders than all other nations can do, in spite of the fact that the Arabs, the Cossacks, and the Zouaves have been acknowledged to be finer light cavalry horsemen than our Mr. own cavalry. G. S. Lowe, the editor of the *Sporting Life*, stated in his paper of the 24th of February, 1900, that the riding forces from the hunting-field would be 20,000; but he adds, "of these a great many would be poor horsemen, and excepting through an augmentation from those who confine themselves to harriers, there would not be many good riders."

Mr. Lowe further says:—

"The patriotic noblemen and gentlemen who are now taking the recruits for South Africa in hand could give the best information on the subject, but side rumours are circulated that where they have

found one good horseman they have seen nineteen that knew nothing whatever about it. This, in comparison with Boer statistics, is not altogether satisfactory, for in their case we know there is an army of between 70,000 and 80,000 men that can all ride well enough to at least keep out of danger. Is it that free trade has so changed the country as to have barred the farmers' sons who used to ride so well from joining in the enjoyments of their ancestors? and the youths of the present generation have gone into the cities and towns, where they have exchanged the horse for the bicycle? Some good may come out of the present war in directing the attention of the nation to its riding qualifications, as lessons have been given already that mounted infantry and cavalry must be our main source of defence in case of future need.

"Now every profession has been blessed by fine riders, the army more extensively than any other, and this is not very surprising considering that the officers are mostly drawn from the hunting families of England. Eight Grand Nationals have been won under men in the Service, and although the navy has not yet provided a winner it has not been for want of the right material, as no man ever went better over a country than Admiral Sir Harry Keppel, and a contemporary of his was Admiral Sir Maurice Berkeley, seventh Lord Fitzhardinge, and a very famous man to hounds. Then there was a Captain Sicklemore terribly hard to beat, often

riding steeplechases, and the three riding lieutenants of Devonshire — Tom Wells, Tom Twysden, and John Holberton—all three bruisers who could not be shaken off in any country. Added to these and many more there is Lord Charles Beresford, who was as good between the flags and over a country as his brothers—and that is saying a good deal."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SUPERVISION OF GAMEKEEPERS

THE gamekeeper is supposed to look after the poacher, but who is to look after the gamekeeper? This problem has been before the sporting world since the class of non-residential shooting-tenants was established; and the problem has never been solved. The residential landowner knows, or ought to know, the delinquencies of his gamekeeper; but the non-residential shooting-tenant seldom takes the trouble to inquire about the doings of the servant, whose duty it is to supply him with game. It is sufficient for him if he gets a good bag. He does not understand the etiquette of sport, nor does he take any interest in country life. This may appear to be a sweeping accusation against shooting-tenants; but I think that shooting-tenants will admit that they are careless in regard to the supervision of their gamekeepers. This carelessness may not constitute a criminal offence, so far as the master is concerned, but it encourages the gamekeeper to transgress the law of the land, and the unwritten laws, disobedience to which means the extinction of sport.

Let us consider in the first place the law of the

land. It is an open secret that illicit traffic in game and in eggs takes place between gamekeepers and poulterers. Yet how often is the culprit prosecuted? The poacher who snares a hare to provide food for himself and his family is awarded six months' imprisonment at the county sessions, and the gamekeeper is complimented by the bench for his zeal in having caught the poacher. Now organised gangs of poachers have long ceased to exist, because they cannot find a market for their spoil. The most reckless poulterer fights shy of being accused of being a receiver of stolen goods. Thus poaching as a means of earning a livelihood belongs to ancient history, though gamekeepers may assert the contrary as an excuse for their own defalcations. The truth is that the poulterer takes it for granted that the gamekeeper has authority to sell his master's game, and seldom asks to see the authority in writing. The master keeps a record of the bags which he has made during the season, and considers such record to be a sufficient check upon his keeper, without inquiring about the consignments of game sent to market from his coverts. The remedy is simple. The gamekeeper should be compelled to show a licence signed by his master before selling any game, and the books of the poulterer should always be open to inspection. Even then there might be a fraudulent conspiracy between the keeper and the poulterer, but it would be comparatively easy of detection.

It is constantly urged that we should be a little blind in regard to the perquisites of our servants, for a suspicious master is never as well served as an easy-going master. But there is a vast difference between perquisites and wholesale robbery. Besides, laxity on the part of the master only encourages dishonesty in the servant, and thus a particular class of servants gain an unenviable notoriety. The keeper to a non-residential shooting-tenant has innumerable temptations, and if he yields to them there is little chance of detection. But the worst of it is that the honest keeper has to suffer for the sins of the black sheep, and gets no credit for his honesty in resisting temptation. He is regarded by his neighbours as being accessible to bribery, and if he refuses the bribe he is considered churlish. Amongst the lower classes of the rural population he is looked up to as a petty potentate, and flattered accordingly. He is king of his company in the village alehouse, and the terror of all small boys. We can hardly wonder that he has an overweening sense of his own importance, especially when he has no residential master to keep him in his proper position.

Now, if the master were the sole sufferer from the faults of the keeper, the general public would have little right to complain, except on sentimental grounds. Of course, the relations which exist between master and man should be such as are conducive to morality. This is a primary axiom of

political economy; but like many other theories it is difficult to compel the practice of it. If a man allows himself to be cheated by his keeper, it is difficult for even his best friend to interfere. The busybody who meddles about other people's servants generally receives for his pains a polite hint to mind his own business. So, even when the gamekeeper is a notorious public nuisance to the neighbourhood, his employer, if he does not reside in the neighbourhood, is probably the last person to hear about his faults. He gives the keeper certain orders, but he does not see that those orders are carried out. Thus he tells him to preserve foxes, or at all events not to destroy them, and is indignant when he is told that his coverts never hold a fox. He may ask the keeper for an explanation, but he is generally content with the simple denial of the keeper, that he has not destroyed any foxes. Besides, I am sorry to say that in many instances this indignation on the part of the non-residential shooting-tenant is only assumed. He does not hunt with the local pack of hounds, and may not know the M.F.H. and his followers. He does not care whether or not he is locally popular, as he has no interest in the land. Being only a bird of passage, the opinion of county society has no weight with him. His sole object is to get as big a bag as he can for his money. Finally, the keeper knows this and acts in accordance with his knowledge, and though he dare not openly shoot a fox he will destroy him

in other ways. Let me give an instance which came to my own knowledge, and which I believe is far from uncommon. A tenant farmer had a litter of cubs in a small covert on his farm, of which, being a hunting man, he was justly proud, and told the Hunt Secretary of the fact. His landlord let the shooting, and the covert was always drawn blank. Can anything discourage the tenant farmer from preserving foxes more than this? We are told that owing to agricultural depression the proportion of tenant farmers who can afford to ride to hounds is less than it was even a decade ago, and that since they cannot enjoy the sport they do not preserve foxes. The tenant farmer, however, tells a very different tale, and says that he is blamed for the faults of the non-residential shooting-tenant and his keeper.

It is to be feared that the fashion of letting shooting to non-residential tenants and syndicates of non-residential tenants has come to stay with us. There are not many fine old English gentlemen who live on their own estates now, and every year sees the number decreasing. In olden days the tenant farmer and the keeper rubbed along together smoothly enough, and even petty disagreements were rare, since they both had a mutual respect for the judgment of the landowner. Now the gamekeeper can snap his fingers at the landowner with the expression, "He's not my master!" The result, unfortunately, is that there is often bad blood between the farmer and the keeper.

The latter has the ear of the shooting-tenant, and can backbite the farmer with impunity. Now, if the shooting-tenant would remember that his sport could be vastly improved by the goodwill of the farmer, he would sternly rebuke his keeper for telling tales which he cannot substantiate. As a rule, however, he does not take the trouble to inquire into the merits or demerits of the story. What is the result? At the end of the season he is dissatisfied with the shoot, and blames the lessor for misrepresentation, while on the other hand the lessor is angry that the foxes have not been preserved.

I have been told that the majority of non-residential shooting-tenants are not competent to supervise their own keepers, that they are commercial men ignorant of country life, who merely rent a shoot because they consider that it is the proper thing to do. I think, however, that this opinion is exaggerated, in spite of the caricatures of the South African millionaire which have constantly appeared in the pages of *Punch*. My own experience has been that these shooting-tenants have businesses to manage, but can spare a couple of days a week for sport, though they have not the time to devote to the details of sport, and to check the abuse of sport by their keepers. Very often they do not even take the trouble to inspect their shoot before renting it, but rely entirely upon the representation of the agent. Such men are not likely to inquire closely into the antecedents of their keepers, who *ex necessi-*

tate rei seldom remain in one situation for long, so that they take good care to make hay while the sun shines. Now I am certain that if the shooting-tenant were to take the trouble to call upon the neighbouring farmers, he would not only gain valuable information, but by his courtesy would secure their goodwill. As a class, tenant farmers respond cordially to overtures of friendship, though the overtures must never be made in a patronising spirit. Further, if the keeper knows that the farmers are friendly disposed towards his employer, he will be very careful about his behaviour in his employer's absence.

Now, although it has long been a recognised fact that fox-hunting is dependent upon the goodwill of the farmers, shooting-men rarely take the trouble to propitiate the farmers, though the advantages of doing so are obvious. I know a little shoot of between 400 and 500 acres some six miles out of a commercial town in the Midlands, which for many years was not worth the trouble of shooting over; so the lessee refused to rent it any longer, and it was let at a nominal rent to two of the directors of the principal hotel in the town, which catered for the farmers on market day. These gentlemen engaged a keeper on the recommendation of the neighbouring farmers, have always got a bag fully up to their expectations, and their coverts are seldom drawn blank. Within a short distance is another shoot of about 1,200 acres, where game was scarce, and where

it was an open secret in the village that foxes were murdered. On the death of the owner, his nephew, a real good sportsman, succeeded to the estate. He now has plenty of birds and pheasants, and his coverts are a sure find for foxes. The late owner left everything to his keepers; the present owner superintends the work of his keepers. I may add that the present owner retained the head keeper of his predecessor because he had been an old servant—a fact which goes far to prove the need for supervision.

I am forced to admit that the most honest gamekeeper regards the fox as his mortal enemy, and that it is only by the most stringent injunctions that he can be restrained from proving his enmity. It is useless to tell him that a fox will rarely touch feather in the same covert as that in which his earth is, but prefers to forage abroad for his food, even when the snow is on the ground. I am inclined to think that the fox, like the fox-hunter, loves the excitement of hunting his game, and does not care about chopping it in covert. I remember an old gentleman propounding the following theory at a country-house dinner party: "I preserve foxes because they will not poach game in my coverts, and will prevent strange foxes from doing so." The theory may savour of selfishness, but I do not think that that will prevent it from appealing to the gamekeeper.

I have only one more point to lay before my readers, namely, the wholesale destruction of wild

birds by keepers throughout the year. Whatever might be the floral beauty of our English lanes and fields, more than half their charm would be gone if the birds went. Apart from the music of their songs, their movements create an animation whose absence we can hardly realise, unless we have strolled through the birdless grove in the Duke of Richmond's park at Goodwood. Even in winter, when the time of the singing birds is gone, the sharp cries of the sparrows, or the plaintive notes of the robin or tit relieve the lanes of their loneliness. Yet how many birds which once flourished in England are now practically obsolete! The kite (*Milvus regalis*), with its long forked tail, and the hobby (*Hypotriorchis subbuteo*) have now migrated to Algeria and the southern shores of the Mediterranean. The kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*) is so rare as to be almost extinct. The heron (*Ardea cinerea*) is seldom found outside Norfolk. The kingfisher, than which no bird has a lovelier plumage with the metallic sapphire blue of the wings, has been shot to such an extent that we rarely see it. The bearded tit (*Panurus biarmicus*) can only now be seen amongst the reeds of some tarn or broad in Norfolk. The ruff and reeve (*Machetes pugnax*) can only be found in the same locality. The peewit or lapwing (*Vanellus cristatus*), the hawfinch (*Coccothraustes vulgaris*), the siskin (*Fringilla spinas*), the nuthatch (*Sitta Europæa*), and the goatsucker (*Caprimulgus*) are now rarely visible in our fields and woods. We may see them in London shops stuffed

in ugly glass cases, in close proximity to the masks and brushes of foxes, and we wonder how they got there. If you ask the keeper, he will lay the blame upon the professional birdcatcher, ignoring the fact that these birds are only found on preserved land, which the keeper is supposed to preserve. Moreover, in the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge, where the shooting interests are in excess of the hunting interests, and where the supervision of gamekeepers is more stringent than in any other county in England, our rare birds find their last home. Where, therefore, do these stuffed birds come from? Where does the plumage come from which we see in the outrageous headgear of "smart" women? Where do the masks and brushes of foxes come from? They must come directly or indirectly through the agency of the gamekeeper.

At the present time there is a strong inclination to attack all existing institutions. The War Office is now the target for both responsible and irresponsible archers to direct their arrows against; so that the Board of Agriculture has escaped censure. Personally, I am not an advocate for parliamentary legislation in regard to sport, for I believe that no such legislation is needed so long as the professed followers of sport are sportsmen. But when we have unreformed poachers as gamekeepers and retired mercantile clerks as shooting-tenants, there must be friction in the world of sport. Shooting is now in the hands of the game-

keepers, who can make their own terms, not only with the local poachers and villagers, but also with the poulterers in the large towns and with the big buyers who rig the poultry market. During the last twelve months we have been deluged with abuse anent the pampered popinjay of Pall Mall; but the pampered popinjay was always capable of seeing that his own or his relative's coverts were properly stocked with game. Moreover, he had the happy knack of seeing that the keepers performed their duties. Let us, therefore, without undue interference, do all in our power to increase the popularity of country life and country sport. Let us abandon the feuds which exist between the followers of what have hitherto been considered rival sports. There should be no unfriendly rivalry in sport, for, to quote the words of Coleridge—

> "He prayeth most who loveth most
> All things, both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

And the words of Coleridge are an apt *Te Deum* for the gamekeeper.

CHAPTER XII.

SPORT AND ITS RELATION TO THE STATE

THE relationship between the numerous branches of sport, the object of which is to provide healthy excitement for the population, and the political economy of the State has, to a limited extent, already been defined by those arithmetical politicians whose science is confined within the narrow boundaries of blue books and statistics. Annually we have figures placed before us telling us the exact profit and loss of the multitudinous institutions connected with our national sports and pastimes, whereby we can calculate the amount of money which sport brings into the coffers of the Treasury. The student, if he be of a prying disposition, can discover the rents paid for sporting estates and the increased income tax paid by the lessors of such estates. The amounts of the dividends paid by companies who manage race meetings are published in the "money article" columns of the newspapers, together with the price of consols. The finances of county cricket clubs and football league clubs are known to all the office boys

who attend the Oval and the Crystal Palace. The prices obtained for horses used for sporting purposes, such as racing, hunting, and polo find a prominent place in high-class journals. We know, or can know, the subscription lists of every pack of hounds in the United Kingdom. We do know the part which game licences play in the annual budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, We have the financial reports of the conservancies which govern the fishing in our principal rivers. Finally, we may say that we have statistics placed before us, from which we can form an accurate opinion of the financial relationship between sport and the State.

But I do not intend to base my arguments on the foundation of finance, but rather to use finance as a cement with which to strengthen my basis, for it is my contention that sport is a bulwark of national prosperity of such strength that it has no need of the protection of that department of the State over which the Chancellor of the Exchequer presides. I must firstly define sport before I discuss the details of my argument. Fortunately, I have no difficulty in giving a definition, as I think that no better one could be found than that delivered by the late Admiral Rous. He declared that sport was a medium for healthy enjoyment and healthy excitement. This declaration must meet with the approval of all lovers of sport; but, unfortunately, in every community, whether it be a small school or a powerful state, there are always

members who are incapable of appreciating healthy amusement. These members may be divided into two classes, namely, those who practise cruelty and those who profess Puritanism. The English-speaking races have abandoned the practice of cruelty. Dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and bull-baiting have been condemned on account of their cruelty to animals and their tendency to foster unhealthy excitement.

But it must be admitted that reformation in regard to sport is constantly necessary, and therefore we must consider to what extent it is the duty of the Legislature to ensure reformation. In the first place we must remember that, with the exception of the Royal Buck Hounds, sport is not subsidised by the State, but, on the contrary, pays a large subsidy to the State. In the second place, most branches of sport possess governing bodies fully competent to deal with the majority of disputed questions. In the third place, English people have a rooted objection to be dictated to by a legislative assembly in regard to their amusements. It is the boast of English sportsmen that in this country sport is independent of the support of the State, though the sanction of the State is necessary for the maintenance of the game laws, of close seasons, of fishing rights, and of protection against poaching and against cruelty to animals. In other words, we require the strong arm of the law to protect us against the malpractices of enemies to sport. This axiom is capable of wide interpretation.

Certain members of the Anti-Gambling League argue that because the police are employed to keep order at race meetings, the State should have the power to dictate to the Jockey Club the regulations under which race meetings should be held. I have seen policemen both outside and inside Exeter Hall, but I have not heard of the House of Commons resolving itself into committee for the consideration of the rules under which the May meetings should be held. The Anti-Gambling League was ostensibly promoted in order to prevent betting on sporting events, since people lost money who could not afford to do so. If the League had been consistent in its practice, it would have agitated for an Act of Parliament to prevent ladies suffering from religious mania giving donations out of proportion to their incomes for the benefit of unscrupulous hypocrites. The late Mr. Charles Dickens, writing of the "No Popery" riots of 1780, has told us "that what we falsely call a religious cry is easily raised by men who have no religion, and who in their daily practice set at naught the commonest principles of right and wrong; that it is begotton of intolerance and persecution: that it is senseless, besotted, inveterate, and unmerciful." From the time of Simon de Montfort history tells us that it has been the wisest policy of English governments to allow the people to govern themselves in regard to national sports. When the interests of sport demand the interference of the Legislature, then it is

the duty of the recognised leaders of sport, as, for example, the stewards of the Jockey Club, to ask the State to take such measures as, in their opinion, would promote these interests. It may be said that it is the duty of a government to promote the welfare of the people. Such is one of the favourite *obiter dicta* of political theorists who would ruin all private enterprise by the frivolous interference of the Legislature. So far English common sense has proved itself to be an effective defence against the abuse of sport. Our national love of fair play is sufficient to prevent favouritism. In matters of sport all men are equal, from the prince to the peasant, and nobody would dare to use his private influence for his own personal benefit. In this respect sport embodies the quintessence of Socialism, for it makes no distinction of persons, nor does it recognise the political opinions of its votaries.

If we regard sport merely as a recreation common to all classes of society and to all shades of political opinion, we must assume that it is a safeguard against class warfare and the tendency of difference of opinion to develop into vehement animosity. In France, previous to the Revolution, sport was confined to the aristocracy, and the plebeian classes were forbidden to participate in it. I will not assert that if sport had been common to all classes the Revolution would never have taken place, though I firmly believe that it would have been devoid of those sanguinary atrocities which disgraced the

First Republic. Neither the hatred on the part of the oppressed nor the contempt on the part of the oppressors would have assumed such violent proportions. It is true that we have had our own civil wars, but they have never been caused through class hatred. The squires of Shropshire and Cheshire hunted with William of Orange, while they were plotting for the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. Briefly, our internal disputes have generally been conducted in a spirit of fair play without treachery or cruelty; and I feel justified in assigning sport as one of the principal causes for this. The effect of sport upon our external disputes has been repeatedly acknowledged. If, as the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, it is equally true that many of our soldiers received their first lessons in warfare on the village green. It would seem that a love of sport and of a military life are generally to be found together. Both require discipline, obedience, and physical training. Similar qualities are necessary to make a good sportsman and a good soldier. From the earliest times sport has been regarded as a training school for the army, as is witnessed by the games of ancient Greece and Rome and the tournaments of the Middle Ages. In modern times every encouragement to sport is given by the officers to the men. To the best of my belief there is not a regiment in England which does not boast of a cricket club or a football club: generally it boasts

of both. The friendly rivalry between regiments in sport urges them to a friendly rivalry on the battlefield to emulate each other in bravery. Certainly there is truth in the old definition of sport, that it is the image of war without its guilt. If, therefore, sport aids the State by making its army more efficient, should there not be some reciprocity on the part of the State?

Of late years there has been a slight tendency in public opinion to answer this question in the affirmative. Games are permitted in the majority of public parks, and visitors to the parks can see to what a large extent this concession is appreciated. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the acreage of village greens and other common land has been much curtailed, so that if it had not been for the concession many small clubs with limited incomes would have been abolished. Besides, it is absolutely necessary that the working classes of our large towns should be provided with healthy outdoor recreation for the sake of the protection of society, since, in the absence of healthy recreation, they will devote their time to those unhealthy amusements, which are productive of drunkenness, immorality, and crime. Public attention has lately been called to the ruffianism which exists amongst the youths of the Pentonville district of London, in regard to which it was my duty to make inquiries. It appears to me that the primary cause of this ruffianism is that the perpetrators

possess no outlet for their legitimate animal spirits, which become debauched into a savagery, which is a disgrace to any civilised state. We have numerous Acts of Parliament dealing with education, chiefly remarkable for the absence of the main principle of education, aptly expressed in the Latin axiom, *Mens sana in corpore sano.* We hear of lengthy discussion anent the introduction of pianos into Board Schools, but we hear no mention of cricket fields and football clubs. Long before he has left school the London boy can be seen in the streets smoking cigarettes and taking surreptitious drinks out of the can, which contains his father's supper beer. Every week we read of parents complaining to police magistrates that they are unable to manage their own children. Let us mark the result. It is obvious to everybody, who cares to notice the youths of London. They are undersized, with a physique which no insurance doctor would pass as sound. They have a slouching gait, rounded shoulders, thin chests, pallid complexions, and the vicious expression which plainly denotes that a mischievous boyhood has been developed into a criminal manhood. Recent police-court disclosures have told us that they do not even possess the bulldog courage of a Bill Sykes, but that their crimes are the outcome of cowardice and cruelty. Last and worst, they beget children who, according to the law of probabilities, will be less useful and more dangerous members of society than them-

selves. When amongst the commonwealth of nations the question of the survival of the fittest has to be fought out, one shudders to think of the miserable part that these men and their descendants will play in the struggle with their minds diseased through the disease of their bodies. Yet it seems that without State aid little, if anything, can be done to provide this class with healthy enjoyment. The efforts of muscular Christianity are generally derided as an amiable but theoretical philanthropy, and meet with no financial response; so we have to fall back upon the aid of the State, in the absence of private enterprise.

It must be clearly understood that, whatever form this aid takes, it should be confined to boys and youths. The State has usurped the duty of educating her children, which used to belong to the Church, but it seems to have confined its duty to founding a system of examinations, which means cramming a boy with knowledge, which he will forget within a few weeks after he has left school, and which would be of little use to him if he did remember it. Even presuming that this system is good for the education of the mind, which I venture to doubt, it does not even pretend to provide a medium for healthy enjoyment. When school hours are over the boy is turned out to play in the streets, where he is more likely to learn deceit and vice than courage and skill in physical exercises. I do not think that I should be exaggerating if I

were to say that this neglect to provide healthy recreation is responsible for more than half of our crimes; but, if it is only responsible for a small number, then the expenses of our prisons would be diminished in proportion as the neglect diminished. The money thus saved might be devoted to promoting healthy games amongst the youths of the lower classes, and this money might be supplemented by diminishing the expenses of the present Board School education, which now err on the side of extravagance, so that no further burden would fall upon the ratepayers. This may not be the loftiest point of view from which to regard sport in its relationship to public morality; but the ideas of the theoretical philanthropist are of little value, unless they can be reduced within the practical limits of financial politics.

I have been told by large employers of labour in the Midland Counties that there never was a time when the working classes were provided with so much sporting amusement, and they point to the large crowds which attend football and cricket matches and race meetings as evidence of their statement. I rejoice to hear it, though the statement was made to me in the form of a complaint, for it proves that the working man prefers to spend his playtime watching sport in the open air to loafing about in public-houses. Country gentlemen have told me in bitter sorrow that sport has now become a matter of commerce, and refer me to

the gate-money meetings. But what would be the result if sport were not carried on by private enterprise, as represented by gate-money meetings? A sporting meeting requires a managing executive, whose duty *inter alia* is to maintain order, so that its patrons may be protected from ruffianism. It would clearly be impossible to perform this duty without the help of paid officials.

Let me for one moment particularise! A man pays his money at a gate-money meeting, expecting that he will not only witness good sport, but also be protected against thieves and bullies. If he is disappointed in either expectation, he will not patronise the meeting again, and ultimately the private enterprise which founded the meeting will be ruined. What would become of Sandown Park, Hurst Park, and Kempton Park, if order were not enforced? They would follow the fate of Hampton and Croydon races, and be killed by the bullies and thieves who haunt every place where a crowd is to be found. The same arguments hold good in the cases of cricket and football, with the addition that without doubt the play is infinitely superior to what it was in the days of open gatherings, so that young players watch the game with the motive of learning a lesson, which will benefit them when playing in their own small matches. Thus a general improvement in the game takes place, the reputation and local popularity of the small clubs are increased, membership is eagerly sought for, and young men who had been

accustomed to spend their half-holidays and evenings in useless philandering become reinvigorated for the toil of the counting-house or the shop. Even employers of labour recognise the benefits of this enthusiasm. One of the largest firms in London, namely the Prudential Assurance Company, were in the habit of annually giving their employees a dinner. The dinner has now been abolished for some years, and the Ibis Club instituted in its place, for which any of the employees are eligible on payment of a nominal subscription. Nor were any of the employees sorry that cheap means of outdoor recreation had been substituted for a rich dinner, generally followed by indigestion. I have only quoted one out of multitudinous instances. Banks, City firms, newspapers, and theatres invariably possess cricket clubs, financially encouraged by their several authorities, and, short as has been the experience, a difference can already be seen in the physiques of the City clerk and the shop assistant. But this difference will be more observable in the next generation, since women follow where men lead. Amongst the wealthier classes our women hunt, follow the guns, fish, scull, play golf and lawn tennis, and are the companions of their husbands and brothers out-of-doors as much as indoors. Half a century ago they were, with few exceptions, treated as hothouse flowers, and nurtured in an artificial atmosphere, which they only quitted for the tame exertions of archery and croquet. The women of the lower middle classes had not even

these amusements. Their exertions were confined to the dull routine of constitutional walks. Now at least we see them playing lawn tennis in the parks, watching cricket matches, sculling, and cycling. Even amongst the poorer classes the working man will take his young wife or sweetheart to a football match instead of to the public-house. I have mingled with the crowd and heard working men explaining to their female companions the intricacies of sport, to which they listened with rapt attention, proving that if they could not take an active part, they at least took an interest in sport, and from their ability to talk about it would probably increase their domestic happiness. If sport gives our women the robust health resulting from fresh air and physical exercise, which, in accordance with the laws of heredity, they will transmit to their offspring, it must endear itself to the State for producing a generation of healthy citizens.

Now, if sport promotes sobriety, morality, and health without any financial aid from the State, if it supplies material for our armies, if it encourages horse-breeding and agriculture, if it brings a revenue into the coffers of the State, if it brings prosperity to trades, such as the saddlery trade, if it brings employment to tens of thousands of men, such as keepers, grooms, stable helpers, *et hoc omne genus*, if, in short, it increases the moral, physical, and financial welfare of the State, with no subsidy from without, then it is at least entitled to the protection of the State against

its enemies. If the executive managements have proved that they are capable of conducting their sporting meetings without transgressing the common law of the realm, then State interference is unnecessary. If these suppositions are correct, which I maintain them to be, then any attempts on the part of the State to dictate to the executive managements of the various branches of sport must be suicidal to the State. This is only an example of the laws which govern humanity. If we in private life offend the person upon whom we are mainly dependent, that person will withdraw his help. The son dependent upon his father disobeys the latter's legitimate requests with the penalty of disinheritance. So wise statesmen who recognise the value of sport to the community are unwilling to take any action which would have any hostile effect upon the present amicable relationship between sport and the State.

A man's life should be divided into two parts, one devoted to work and the other to recreation. We have been told by certain politicians that it is the duty of the State to find work for the unemployed. I will not discuss this question, since it is sufficient for me that the State protects a man in his work by various means, such as the Factories Act and the Employers' Liability Act. The law grants compensation for wrongful dismissal and settles trade disputes. It is the theory of our constitution that an able-bodied man must support himself in the same way as a schoolboy is compelled

to learn his lessons. I may with justice extend this last analogy still further, for the government of a state represents in many particulars the headmaster of one of our large public schools. The headmaster regulates the work, takes an interest in the school sports, but leaves the regulation of the sports in the hands of the boys. Such should be the relationship of the State and sport. I judge of a school as much, if not more, by its prowess in games as by its success in scholarship. Thousands more people know which side won the last Eton *v.* Harrow cricket match than know the scholars which either school sent up to the universities. The English have the reputation of being a nation of sportsmen, a reputation which carries prestige in the commonwealth of a nation as much as any stroke of masterly diplomacy. Therefore it is the duty of the State not to hamper sport with frivolous interference by imposing restrictions which the leaders of sport consider objectionable, but rather to sweep aside any restrictions which the law unwittingly has imposed. If, moreover, the State could reform the present system of Board School education, as I have ventured to suggest, I feel certain that the result would be a diminution of crime, since it is the proud boast of sport that it creates brave soldiers and useful citizens.

Let me now make a few remarks anent "The Agricultural Wage." The report of Mr. Wilson

Fox, Assistant Commissioner for Labour, which was published in August, was universally admitted to be concise and intelligible, so far as the statistics connected therewith were concerned. Unfortunately, these statistics only deal with a small section of the rural population, so that the summary of the main conclusions is inadequate. Mr. Fox considers the agricultural wage only in reference to unskilled labour, and seems to forget that in these days of machinery, artificial manures, wire fencing, and an improved system of drainage, unskilled labour is at a discount. The migration from country districts into towns and cities is not a sign of agricultural depression, but a different distribution of the industrial population. We are told that agriculture offers less encouragement to the rural labourer now than ever it did, but we have no concise definition either of agriculture or of the rural labourer. If agriculture is limited to the tillage of arable land, I admit at once that the soil has lost its attractiveness; but if agriculture embraces all rural industries, I contend that a healthy man can earn a better wage in the country than he can earn in a town. One critic of Mr. Fox's report asks, "Why should a strong and healthy young agricultural labourer remain on an eastern county farm at a wage of fourteen shillings a week if he can go into the towns or on railway works and earn twenty-five?" The inference derived from the question is that the man who is only worth fourteen shillings

a week to the farmer is worth twenty-five shillings a week to the employer of labour in the towns. Unfortunately, there are many people who believe this inference to be correct, so that many young men are persuaded to leave their native villages in exchange for a life in the slums of manufacturing towns. We should also consider the perquisites of the agricultural labourer, and his cost of living, including house rent, before comparing his condition with that of the town labourer. These perquisites, or, as they are technically termed, allowances in kind, vary according to the district and the generosity of the individual farmer. Thus, in Durham and Northumberland there is a considerable excess of earnings due to allowances in kind. In Norfolk and Suffolk a sum ranging from £7 to £7 10*s.* is paid for the harvest month. The excess of earnings over wages is—

	s.	*d.*
In Essex and Lincoln . . .	2	11
In Beds	3	3
In Hants	3	11
In Cambridge	4	1

There were two counties in England where the actual earnings of ordinary agricultural labourers in 1898 were 20*s.* or upwards, namely Durham and Northumberland; six counties where they were between 19*s.* and 20*s.*; six counties between 18*s.* and 19*s.*; seven counties between 17*s.* and 18*s.*; nine counties between 16*s.* and 17*s.*; eight counties be-

tween 15*s.* and 16*s.*; and four counties between 14*s.* and 15*s.* In 1899 wages rose by 4*d.* a head in the districts reported upon, and in June, 1900, by 8¼*d.* a head over June, 1899, or 1*s.* 0¼*d.* within two years. Certainly on these figures agriculture offers more encouragement to the labourer now than it did in 1898.

In England particulars were received for the report relating only to 18,059 labourers, though 9,000 returns were sent out to employers asking for information. Now the total acreage under crops and grass in England is 24,735,961 acres; thus each of our 18,059 labourers would be responsible for the tillage of 1,369 acres, exclusive of mountain and heath land, where the cattle have to be tended. Of course, it is absurd to suppose that such an enormous acreage could be cultivated by 18,059 labourers. I can only presume that Mr. Wilson Fox has based his report upon the price of the cheapest and therefore the most unskilled labour in the market, and that his critics compare this price with the wages earned by a skilled labourer in a manufacturing town, who has learnt a trade. Again, we have had before us for years the problem of housing the poor in London and other large towns in districts whence they can easily reach their work. We have only to compare a village cottage with a tenement in a London slum to learn that the housing of the poor in the country is infinitely better than it is in large towns. Food is

cheaper and more healthy, fuel is generally a perquisite, and many farmers give their labourers vegetables. Finally, the connection between the farmer and his servant is of a closer nature than is the connection between the manufacturer and the employee. To be wealthy, according to Mr. John Stuart Mill, is to have a large stock of useful articles. Money is only a means of exchange. The agricultural labourer who has plenty to eat and drink and a sound roof over his head is richer on a sovereign a week than the town mechanic or City clerk on two pounds a week.

It would have been interesting if Mr. Wilson Fox had been able to tell us how many agricultural labourers who had migrated to large towns had been successful in their venture in comparison with those who have failed. I have tried to learn this for many years. My experience has been that most men, who spent their boyhood in the country as the sons of agricultural labourers, do not succeed in London, unless they had some special training and have influence. Thus many London 'bus-drivers and cabmen are country-bred, but they possessed a knowledge of horseflesh before they came to town. The same applies to the employees at livery-stable yards. As a rule, however, the unskilled son of the soil has to resort to cleaning the streets and similar menial work. He may elect to become a porter in one of our big markets, where he does have a chance of success if he takes the trouble

to learn the business, or he may enlist. Often it is his sad fate to tramp back to his native village, a man disappointed with the world at the outset of life. This is a gloomy picture, so I will pen a lighter one.

What is the career of a bright lad who at fourteen is placed in the garden or in the stables? For the first two years he may not earn much money, but if under a good man, who will take the trouble to teach him, he is earning experience and enough to pay his mother for his clothes. If he has no chance of promotion in his situation, he leaves with a good character in order to better himself. If he is steady and shows ability, by the age of twenty-five he has a cottage and wages varying from 40*s.* to 50*s.* a week, or perhaps more, with every prospect of a rise and a comfortable old age. Unless some unforeseen accident happens he is provided for for life. Very similar is the history of the gamekeeper. It may be contended that I am writing about gentlemen's servants. Perhaps so; my object is to write about the rural industries which are within reach of the son of an agricultural labourer. I admit that many boys are too dull to rise to the top of the tree, either as grooms, gardeners, or gamekeepers; but, if they are too dull to succeed in country life, they are not likely to set the Thames on fire in London.

There are two problems, which the stern school of political economists, who base their conclusions upon

statistics, never appear to consider. The first I will call "the influence of surroundings upon human beings, especially during their youth"; the second I will call "acclimatisation." Yet it is on these two problems that the choice of a livelihood depends. There may be exceptions, but as a rule the boy who has been educated in the village school becomes an entirely different man, both mentally and physically, to the boy who has been educated in a town boarding school. The country lad may not be as sharp as his town cousin, though he be equally intelligent, and physically stronger. The London arab and the Paris gamin have had their wits sharpened by street life. Few of them, I am sorry to think, know anything of the comforts of home life. The small amount of attention paid to them by their parents is visible in their ragged clothes and dirty faces, often pinched with poverty. The country lad has clean clothes, however shabby they may be, and a healthy face, denoting the care of his parents. The best that we can say about the street arab is that he is a merry little rogue, though police-court statistics show that he is not always an honest one. Would the country lad be happy in his society?

The regulation of wages must depend upon supply and demand. So far as I have been able to gather, there is a strong demand for skilled agricultural labour, though in the present days of scientific farming there is not much demand for Hodge. If my information is correct, then Hodge's children should

be taught the elements of scientific farming. I am glad to hear that much has already been done in this direction by landowners in their own districts, with the result that they have not to go out of their own districts in order to find skilled labour. But why are not the efforts of the landowners seconded by the Parish Councils? Why do we not have a system of secondary agricultural education conducted on lines which would be interesting to the youthful agricultural population?

FINIS

WILLIAM
BRENDON & SON
PRINTERS PLYMOUTH